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THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTH.*

It is impossible to defend slavery as an institution. The ownership of a human being from birth until death, and the power of sale over his body, or of the transfer of a right in a fellow-creature's existence, are so abhorrent to every principle of humanity, and so opposed to the great basis of Christianity, that no argument in its favour will bear a moment's consideration. But since the institution does exist, and the opposition brought about by its existence has involved civil war, and has overwhelmed, in all probability for ever, the great principle by which the United States held together—the separate sovereignty of each state—it is well to know what that institution really is, in order to form, in the first place, a correct notion of what is the condition of the slave; in the second, to understand the chief influences affecting the belligerent parties; and, thirdly, to be enabled to form an opinion as to the future downfal of the institution.

It is quite certain that, carried away by a just prejudice against slavery, there is no state of society in the world that has been so grossly misrepresented and so grievously misunderstood as that which exists in the Southern States. Those writers who, during the last few years, have flooded the book mart with sensation tales of slavery, have, it has been justly remarked, injured the cause which they, no doubt, sincerely thought to serve. Horrible scenes have undeniably occurred in the Slave States, as in other countries; but let any upright reader judge whether it would be a fair representation of English society to collect from a year's, or even a week's, newspapers the terrible list of crimes and sufferings, and, concentrating them in one volume, to send it forth to the world, saying, "Such is England."

We gladly avail ourselves, then, of the experiences of a lady who, as a governess, lived in the bosom of different families in different states in the South, and who was thrown into the mixed society of town, camp, and boarding-house during the trying times that preceded secession, and the still more stirring and eventful episodes that followed upon open hostilities. A residence in various homes of the Southern States, indeed, afforded the author—who writes under, we suppose, the pseudonym of Miss Sarah Jones—opportunities of becoming acquainted with traits of character and domestic manners which could never have met the eye of the mere wayfarer, and which at once rivet the attention, as conveying a

* Life in the South; from the Commencement of the War. In Two Vols. Chapman and Hall. 1863.

true picture, not only of the condition of the slave, but also of the social condition of the slaveholder, and, consequently, of the reaction of one upon the other.

Our author's first home in the South was at Dr. W.'s, Forest Rill, a plantation in the neighbourhood of Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, and the family one of the F. F. V.s, or fine old Virginian families, who suddenly became transformed, on seceding from the North, into "brutes" and "tyrants" in the eyes of their enemies. It was here she first became acquainted with the natural and graceful dignity of character and deportment, and with the simple and unostentatious kindness and hospitality of the descendants of the old families in Virginia, as also with the "uncles" and "aunts" (for mister and mistress are titles never applied to negroes), and with the innumerable "Topsies" — their progeny. The negroes, growing up as they do in the same family, call its members, however old, by their christian name. Even a grandfather is "old Master Harry, or Willy," and the ladies are always "Miss Molly," or "Miss Sue." They were Master Willy and Miss Sue when children, and marriage does not change them in the eyes of the old servants. The scene on arrival at this first home in the South is peculiarly characteristic:

Several little Topsies and Carlos came running down to the gate on seeing the carriage approach, the younger ones climbing upon it for a swing, and to peep in at the windows to greet "Mi' Cinta" with a grin; setting off again for another run back to the house, where they all stood round the door with eyes and mouth agape to stare at the new comer. They are soon dispersed by an elderly negress, very black, and very ugly, but dressed with extreme neatness, even to the gay yellow turban which covered her wool with the exception of two stray locks on the temples, which were unmercifully braided into two stiff tails, and left to hang in imitation of ringlets. We enter a large hall which ran entirely through the house, opening into rooms on either side, and with a large open door opposite the entrance. The yellow turbaned dame is accosted as "Aunt Ailsey," who curtseys to me, and takes my parasol, &c., which she gives to one of the Topsies to carry up-stairs. The Doctor has already arrived before us, and meets us with another welcome to me, hoping I have enjoyed the ride to Forest Rill. Mrs. W. proposed to conduct me up to my chamber, whither we were followed by the "aunt" and several negro children, leaving Cinta screaming after one of the Topsies, who were all too intent on their observations of the stranger to think of their young mistress's claims on their attention. "Aunt Ailsey" again drives them off, sending one for wood and another for water, and a third is to tell somebody to come and "build" a fire. Mrs. W. invites me to feel at home and ask for what I require, and appoints the eldest Topsy to be my especial waiting-maid. On leaving the room she said supper would soon be ready, and no doubt a cup of tea would prove very refreshing. Immediately appears another negro woman, with three or four huge logs of wood upon her head and a lighted stick in her hand, followed by Topsy No. 1, with a great basket of "chips," also poised without holding upon *her* head; Topsy No. 2, with an apron full of "corn cobs," and Topsy No. 3, with a pitcher of fresh water, also on her head. The woman dropped a curtsey, with "*How*'dy, missus?" which salutation, not comprehending, I could only nod in return. She tumbled the logs on to the capacious hearth, and knelt down before it to arrange them upon the andirons, the two assistant Topsies squatting down on each side of her to get rid of their burdens, and then fix their great black eyes again on me, as if they had no other business on earth to occupy them. The log fire, aided by the contents of basket and apron, soon sent its roaring flames and sparks half up the chimney, and lighted up the room quite

pleasantly, for it was only the beginning of April, and the evenings are the more chilly after the mid-day warmth of the sun in that latitude. Mrs. W. and Cinta reappeared to see if there was a good fire, and hope I had all I wished. They said the trunks would arrive in about an hour. The ladies expressed no surprise to see the invasion of negroes in my apartment, neither were the Topsies at all abashed by their presence, and continued their undisturbed study of my physiognomy; but Aunt Ailsey's ingenuity was put to the test to find errands to get rid of them, for they reappeared so quickly, each time opening the door without rapping or ceremony, and resuming their places on each side of the fire.

The eldest Topsy's name proved to be Flora, and as night came on, this dark flower showing no signs of departing, her new mistress ventured to observe that she had better go to bed.

"Missus done said I was to sleep heah, ef you'd want me to."

"Sleep here, child! Where?"

"I gits my blanket, an lies down afore de fire."

"Oh no! I do not want you, you may go."

So she raised herself from before the fire, where she had been leisurely squatting, and departed, grinning as she went, and displaying two splendid rows of teeth. She stopped at the door to say, "Does ye please want any fin mo'?" and then curtseyed, adding, "Good night, mum."

Next day, we have a visit to the garden and poultry-yard. When they sallied forth they were followed by three or four negro children, who ran towards them at the sight of "Mi' Cinta." Miss Cinta patted the head of one she called "Jim," saying he was the youngest child and pet of Aunt Ailsey. Topsy No. 2, was found to be his elder sister Sally, Cinta's little waiting-maid, who followed with the keys of the hen-houses and food for chickens, while some younger woolly heads were toddling in the rear. A want of finish and untidiness about the yard and buildings, and that amid signs of wealth and abundant labour, for in every direction negroes were to be seen, not only men and women working in the fields, but children, whose business appeared to consist in waiting on the elder ones, otherwise in doing nothing, was one of the first, as it is the most constant, characteristic of slave labour. As they passed these people they greeted Miss Cinta thus, "Oh, Mi' Cinta, how'dy?" meant for "how do you do?" and the common salutation of both white and black throughout the South. Cinta greeted them all with a nod and smile, calling them by name, and stopping to speak to one or two to inquire after a child or parent, when they invariably offered their hand for a shake.

This, to any one who is familiar with the treatment of the black in the Free States, or who has studied "Uncle Toms" and "Topsies" in the pages or orations of the Beecher Stowes, will appear a startling amount of intimacy, and a great extent of consideration; yet is it one of the invariable characteristics of the relations between the slaveholder and his slave. When the doctor spoke of his slaves, he did not so designate them —he called them "his people." They, on their side, addressed their master thus: "Massa Fred, hab you done got me dem nails to fix dat ar fence?"

"Massa Fred, I wants you to git me a new saw nex time you goes to Richmun', dis eah wone do nohow."

"Why, Cæsar, what have you done to wear it out so quickly?"

"Whew! Massa Fred." And some excuse would follow, as if to persuade the "massa" of his unreasonableness. Many of these replies and arguments sounded to the new comer very much like impudence, but the doctor did not appear to regard them as such, and surprised our author by the calmness with which he tolerated the seeming impertinences. She could not "realise" that all these leisurely, slouching, argumentative negroes were slaves, nor that the easy-tempered, courteous gentleman who was addressed by them could be a slaveholder. A word, however, sufficed to break the spell. They were passing a pretty-looking mulatto girl in field costume, who curtseyed with a smiling, trustful look, and the usual "How'dy, Mi' Cinta."

"That's Rosa," said Cinta. "Grandpa *gave* her and her two sisters to me when I was ten years old, and I am going to take Rosa into the house to have her taught different kinds of needlework, and be my own maid."

The words "gave her to me" fell upon sensitive ears, whilst equally discerning eyes also saw that Rosa looked proud and happy at the idea of her promised promotion.

All these Uncle Toms, Aunt Ailseys, and Topsies had their cabins, each detached, having a pigsty and hen-house, and patches or gardens, and some with rough porches, with vines or flowers creeping over them; but otherwise the spaces were vacant, trampled, or littered with rubbish. The young children were left in the care of one or two elder ones, or an old negress at her spinning-wheel. During this first walk a great deal of shaking of hands had to be gone through, the negroes offering the new comer a welcome, as if, she remarked, it were as much their business as their master's to make her feel at home, but possibly also equally to avail themselves of a privilege granted to them.

Our author returned to her home, after this first walk, with "an immense dread off her mind" that no "very harrowing scenes" were likely to endanger her position in the slaveholder's family.

Owing to the extent of farms or plantations, some estates being from three hundred to three thousand or more acres, neighbours in Virginia are few and far between; yet the greatest amount of sociability prevails, and distance is scarcely regarded in making visits, and all the families are described as distinguished by the same mild, courteous, and cordial manners that characterised the W.s. The manners of the negroes upon these visits were also just the same everywhere. Thus, at Oakfield—Colonel Harry W., the doctor's brother's—the hall door is opened by an old white-headed but very black negro, iron-black by contrast with his silvery wool:

"Why, Mis' 'Liza"—addressing Mrs. W.—"ye's quite a stranger," shaking hands with the lady. "An' how's you, Mis' Cinta?" who also shook hands. "An' how's Massa Fred?"

"Quite well, Uncle Cassius; how are you?"

"Well, I thank'ee, marm. An' be's ye come to stop wid us now, Mis' Cinta? Ye han't been heah dis long time. An' how be you, mistis?" continued the "Uncle," with a deferential bow to Miss Jones, followed by the shake of a hand, which that delicate person declares to have felt very much like iron. Uncle Cassius was attended by a little boy, of a pale

complexion, silky black hair, and beautiful eyes and teeth, so pretty and genteel that it was difficult to know how to accost him. This old "Uncle" thus narrated his story at an after-period:

"I b'long'd to ole Massa Harry ebber sin' he was married," began Uncle Cassius, alluding to the colonel's father. "He an' me was jes' about of an age, 'n' I tended him all his life, an' when he married Miss Molly, my ole massa (the colonel's grandfather) gie'd me to him. I allers 'tended to him when he was a boy, an' went out hunting and shooting wid him in vacations; 'n' I trabbled wid him all over de Norf, an' down to New Orl*eens*, an' wharebber Massa Harry went he allers took *me*. Den he married, an' my ole massa gave me to him 'long wid my wife an' family, an' some o' th' others dat b'longed to dis heah estate, all to young Massa Harry; lesewise he *was* young Massa Harry a' *dat* time. So he took me into de house, an' my wife, Miss Molly took *her* into de house, an' all our children was bringed up in de house to be house-servants too, till dey married. Dat ar leetle yallow boy in de dining-room now, he's my gran'son; his muvver was my younges' daughter, an' she married a servant what b'longed to old Capp'n Planter over to Caroline (county); so de capp'n he bought her, an' she went and libbed 'long'd her husband over thar. Den I outlib ole Massa Harry an' Miss Molly too, an' I outlib my wife, but young Massa Harry (the colonel) he's boun' to take care o' me, an' he *will* too; an' I lib an' die on dis heah place whar I b'longs to."

It is from the circumstance of negroes growing up in a family in this manner that the custom has arisen of calling all its members, however old, by their christian names. And upon these visits there were so many old family "uncles" and "aunts," who in their turns presented their ebony palms to the stranger, that she confesses her philanthropy was sorely tried by this perpetual shaking of hands. The short-comings of negroes are, however, so numerous, that they are incessantly pressing upon those placed in contact with them. Our author had not been long settled before Flora was detected unlocking and exploring the contents of her boxes. To the question, "What are you doing with my things?" all the answer that could be obtained was, "Do' want t' 'rouble an' yer things." And even Aunt Ailsey took the sulky girl's part. "She didn't want to trouble the things, she jes' wanted to look at 'em; she wouldn't trouble 'em nohow." This promising young negress expressed a wish to learn to read. This was simply because she preferred sitting by the fire than fetching wood and water: she never got beyond ba, be, bi. In almost every family you meet with an Uncle Cassius or Aunt Ailsey, and sundry little Jims and Nellies, the children of old house-servants and favourite negroes, who are, consequently, much indulged, and sometimes very troublesome:

Sometimes one would be tempted to wonder how these young negroes ever grow up with notions of obedience and respect towards their masters, as so great a want of discipline and good training is observable. But a natural reverence and awe of "white folk" keep them in check as they come to years of discretion, strengthened by a devotion to their owners which seems instinctive, an affection and devotion which no others than their owners and their owner's family are ever lucky enough to share. Negro servants will wait upon visitors very well until the novelty has worn off; but they only continue to do so from compulsion; they will hover about strangers from curiosity, but their service is dictated by quite a different feeling from that which actuates the same towards their masters. Perhaps some share of fear is blended with

their obedience, but this is a necessary influence upon an unreflecting nature. All this I soon discovered in the neglect of various matters in Flora's work. The same thing was daily recurring; but to say, "Be sure to do this every day," is as useless as hopeless. They must be told at the time and *every* time continually. It by no means follows that a prompt obedience is always rendered to their true masters and mistresses. Far from it. You now and then find old and trusty servants like Cassius and Ailsey, who do not require constantly watching; but old or young, no idle dunce was ever so ready to "shirk" his task as the genus negro; and no hypochondriac ever so ready to discover grievances and to imagine maladies as these poor timid slaves.

A capacious medicine-closet is an inseparable part of a Southern establishment, and the master will get up any time of day and night to go and tend upon his wayward black helps: not a word of complaint at the disturbance and trouble of going half a mile off in the middle of the night, and often for some trifling ailment. "It is well," our author remarks, "that, either by nature or education, the Virginians are of so easy and tranquil a mood, for they would otherwise enjoy no peace in their lives, with their lazy, unreflecting, child-like servants, the negroes."

Mrs. W.'s sister had proved a very intelligent friend during her stay at Forest Rill. Her home was in the State of Mississippi, and from her I learned a great many particulars as to the management of slaves in the more Southern States. She did not pretend to disguise the fact, that during the cotton and sugar harvests they perform extra labour, but it is usually followed by extra indulgences when the harvest is over. There are strict regulations for enforcing cleanliness; and persons are kept, on large plantations, for the express purpose of visiting the cabins, which undergo a regular purifying every Saturday, and looking after the health of the negroes. She related some instances of the easily transferred affections of negroes, which, coming from so truthful a source, afford strong proof that a vast amount of morbid sympathy is wasted upon their imposed family separations. The following case happened in her own brother's family.

Mr. A. had a negro servant whose wife lived on the adjoining plantation, the two slaves being in the habit of meeting constantly. When they had been married several years, the woman's master being about to sell his Mississippi property, and move to Missouri with all his family and servants, offered to sell Lydia to Mr. A. in order that she might not be separated from her husband. Mr. A. had already as many servants as he desired, and declined to buy her, but gave his own servant Sico permission to go to Missouri with his wife. Sico, in spite of the connubial tie, objected to leave his master. He considered a good deal, and looked very grave. "Massa Harry, I'se boun' not to lebe you, sah! I likes her mightily, an' I be right smart sorry she be a goin', but I likes dis heah place too. If my wife's got to go, she'll *have* to. Massa Harry, I can't lebe you an' Miss Liza, and all de childern." Mr. A. expostulated, and endeavoured to dissuade Sico from giving up his wife so easily. "Massa Harry, I reckon she better go wid Massa Arthur, she's a right good-looking nigger anyway, an' she'll soon find annuvver man to hab her, an' dis nigger couldn't lebe you anyhow. Dis year place is my home, an' I don' want any uvver." So Sico being inexorable, his master gave him a holiday, with permission to accompany his wife as far as Memphis, in order to enjoy her society to the last, and make an affectionate adieu. On his way home, he passed the night at Dr. C.'s, where he had acquaintances among the servants. About a week after his return, he told his master he had seen a "right pretty yaller gal" up at Dr. C.'s, and he would like to marry her, with his permission.

"What! Sico, so soon forget your wife?"

"Ah, well, Massa Harry, it's no use to 'grebe over spilt milk,' what's done

can't be undone. I see dis young 'ooman as I was a comin' home; an' I courted her, an' tole her I'd come nex' week to marry her, if you'd no 'bjection, and so she's a 'spectin' on me."

Mr. A. knowing the damsel in question to be a desirable match, and knowing also that his refusal might result in worse evils, gave his permission; so in one week from the tender parting, Sico took another holiday; but this time on a wedding trip. In a few months he received tidings that his first wife, acting on the same philosophic principles, had also solaced herself with another helpmeet.

It will be observed that in both cases the wives lived apart from their husbands, or it might be inquired how, if Mr. A. could not afford room for Lydia No. 1, he should allow Sico to contract marriage with Lydia No. 2. The negro is not, however, always so insensible to the evils of a forced separation. Here is an instance to the contrary, which occurred at a boarding-house at Richmond:

One day Mrs. Smith's favourite servant Pete, the husband of Charlotte, whom the young ladies had pronounced such a "perfect gentleman," was performing a little job of carpentering in my room. His manners and appearance, though quite negro-ish, were undoubtedly those of a superior rank; a thing one often perceived in house-servants, which may be accounted for in their strong power of imitation, and from being in contact with well-bred people all their lives. This man, "Uncle Pete," never presumed on these things, even if he were aware of his superior address. It was a gracefulness and polish of demeanour, blended with obsequiousness and humility, that was almost painful to contemplate; and his mind partook of the same refinement. I was asking him about his children, the three pretty little mulattoes who were often in the house, and always clean and well dressed. This touched a tender chord in the father's heart, and I repeat his words, not to expatiate upon the "cruel separations" so commonly censured, but to declare to my readers that this was the *only* case I met with during my whole residence in the South where I heard a negro speak so feelingly on the subject. Their wounds are generally but transient smarts, and quickly healed.

"Oh! Mistress Jones, we can none of us tell when our turn will come. I was sold away from my father when I was so young that I shouldn't know him now if I was to meet him. That's a mighty hard thing to think of. And my brother, he went to another part, an' I hain't never seen him since; and we don't know whose turn may come next."

I asked him how many brothers and sisters he had, and spoke of Charlotte; and then turned and asked Frances how old she was.

Pete said, "*She* don't know how old she is."

"Why so?"

"'Cause she's never been taught. How can *she* know, when she's never learnt anything, never had no eddication, and no one to tell her anything? Her mother knows, tho', maybe, Miss Jones, and she's got a sister older than she is, and *she's* only sixteen, so this'n can't be as old as that."

I did not permit myself to encourage Pete in this desponding mood, but the fountain of his thoughts was loosened, and he continued: "If I'd had *my* will I'd a gone to Liberia ten years ago. We can none of us tell when our turn will come, and maybe I'll lose my children as my father lost me."

It was while the author was at Richmond that secession became a "fait accompli," and that hostilities commenced. The confidence of the Yankees in being able to bring the South to submission with scarcely an effort, according to the author, who had many friends in the North, and many means of acquiring good information, was one of the chief causes of the war; while the erroneous views entertained in England of the

real condition of the "domestic institution" in the South, previous to Russell's tour through the Southern States, led to as many vexatious mistakes in politics. The dependence of the Southerners on the recognition of England and the breaking of the blockade, led to great relaxation on their part in their preparations for war and for self-sustenance. There is no doubt that our government has by the adoption of such policy been wise for the time, it is still questionable if it will prove so for the future. To have had a positive ally in the South would, perhaps, when the turn of Canada comes, have been found to have been of more avail than to have at the end of the war, whichever way it goes, no ally at all on the continent of America. The price of that alliance might for a moment have been fearful to contemplate, but great nations should be prepared for great emergencies. Neutrality, which is at once wisdom and justice on the continent of Europe, is scarcely so where we have ourselves such interests at stake as a famishing population and a broken-down trade; with the north-east provinces, Canada, British Columbia, the West Indies, and other important possessions, all as it were in abeyance.

Our author's next place of residence was at a Mr. Quence's, a Baptist minister, dwelling at Milbank, in Caroline county. Baptists were not in favour with "Miss Jones," and Mr. Quence was not the best specimen of his class, so she was not quite as happy as she had been at the W.s, yet had she nothing to complain of in the way of kind, hospitable, courteous, and even generous treatment. "Miss Jones," a young person of decidedly good education and excellent abilities, and whom we especially sympathise with in her ardent love of nature and her exquisite appreciation of the goodness of all God's works, is manifestly one of a class most difficult to please. Her yearnings for letters, for change of circumstances, and during the blockade for extricating herself from every new position she became placed in, although, save a sad attack of sickness in Florida, and some privations from the blockade, everything that could be desired in a pecuniary point of view, as well as in respect to the most kind and considerate treatment, become at times very trying to the reader. There were at Milbank the usual "aunts," and "uncles," and troublesome "Topsies," but not, however, either so tidy, obliging, or numerous as at Forest Rill:

Our pleasantest walk at Milbank was down to a mill from which the place was named. A beautiful piece of water lay in a picturesque hollow, leading down to which a winding road opened suddenly upon the mill itself, and a very neat, pretty cabin, occupied by Uncle Junius, the miller, and Aunt Ony, his wife. Our Baptist minister combined the business of farmer and miller with his pastoral duties. He employed an overseer to manage his farm, but kept a faithful surveillance over his servants and profits. Uncle Junius came to the house every evening regularly, just as we had assembled in the parlour for family worship; and opening the door and inserting his grey and yellow head (nothing but the head was ever visible), summed up the business of the day, which his master duly entered upon a book: "Muster Brown, two bushel—Corn. Muster Black, five bushel—Wheat. Muster Green, one sack—Flour. Miss Molly White, three bushel—Corn." These entries answered the double purpose of a check upon the products of the farm, and the amount of Junius's daily labour. Sometimes the report was varied by a message from somebody concerning an order on the miller, or some requisite repairs, which after

being made known, a surly "Go now," was followed by the retreat of the grey head, and the closing of the door. Uncle Junius was so fair, or rather "yellow," besides being quite good-looking, as to be easily mistaken for a white man. He was an intelligent and trustworthy negro, and, I used to think, deserving of a little more urbanity and sympathy than that gruff "Go now" testified. It did not seem a very likely method of securing the affection of the servant, but I never discovered that Junius felt sensitive on the subject. Mrs. Quence did not ever turn her head and eyes from the contemplation of the blazing pine stems, nor seem at all conscious whether Junius's head was admitting the cold draught or not. Perhaps she pursued the same course as the Misses Smith and their "first circles" did, never to take any notice of the servants; but I had seen many other people whom I should have placed rather in front of these "first circles," who always gave a kind and encouraging "How'dy" to the negroes, particularly the out-door servants, who were not so often visible at the house.

All slaveholders are not like the W.s—Shelbys in the country—and even at Mr. Quence's some new features in the "institution" presented themselves to an inquiring observer. Here are the results of a little conversation with Aunt Ony:

Little Molly I knew, and her son Pinto, also, whose chief business was to drive the waggons and attend to the stables. This youth was by a former marriage, and I asked Ony if she had any more children.

"Oh yes, mistis; Rose, what you see a milkin' de cows t'other night, she's my darter."

"Is she married?"

"No, mistis, she ain't married, but she's got three children tho'."

"Is her husband dead?"

"No'm, she ain't 'zactly had no husband. Phil, he dat 'tends de tan-yard down thar, her children b'longs to *him*."

"But that's not right, Aunt Ony. Does Amelia (Phil's wife) know about that?"

"Ye'es, mistis; I *tell* ye she an' Rose gits to quarrellin' mightily when they meet. Rose 'd have Phil any day, an' Phil 'd have her, but Aunt Mealy won't give him up."

"No, of course not—it would not be right; he's her husband."

"No, mistis, 'tis *not* right; I 'clar I don't think it *is* right. Do you, mam?"

"No, Aunt Ony, it is a great pity that such things happen. What do Mr. and Mrs. Quence say to such things?"

"Oh, dey giv 'm a good talkin' to, both on 'em. But Phil he won't allow he's wrong. He'd marry Rose if Mealy 'd let him, but she ain't willin' to give him up."

"Rose and Pinto are not at all alike; I should not have taken them for brother and sister."

"No, mistis, my first husband was a merlatter man, pretty nigh white, an' my second husban' was mighty black—whew! rale black nigger; den Junius, he's a yaller man agin'."

"What! you have been married three times? You are quite lucky, Aunt Ony, to have two handsome men, nearly white, too!"

"Eh—eh—eh-e-e-e," laughed Aunt Ony. "Ye-e-e-s, mistis, I gits 'em. I know how to git 'em."

"Indeed! and how is that?"

"I 'hāves myself like a lady, den I gits 'em. I don't do like some o' dem nigger gals. I allis 'hāves myself jes right. *Dat's* the way I gits 'em."

Returning to Richmond, the following interesting conversation ensued at the boarding-house:

"What do you think of our domestic institutions by this time, Miss Jones?" said old Mr. Tyler, at the dinner-table.

"I wish our own working classes were as well provided for and protected as your slaves, Mr. Tyler. It is almost provoking to witness their grinning faces and light-hearted indifference at this season of anxiety and alarm, which is causing so much suffering to the white class."

"Yes, madam, they are the last to suffer, always. Look here," handing me a slip of newspaper, "almost daily we read of these things."

The paragraph stated that "another family of free negroes, at Charleston, had applied to be sold into slavery in order to avoid the hardships consequent on the panic, and depression in business."

"They know that they are sure of a home, and plenty to eat, with a master to protect them," continued Mr. Tyler.

To judge by an anecdote related by the Baptist minister, the negroes were afraid of their would-be protectors, the Yankees—at all events, at the commencement of hostilities. A Mr. Talbot had to hurry away from his plantation to join his regiment. Before starting, he hurriedly assembled his servants together, and addressed them in the following words:

"Now, my people, I must go and help to drive away these Yankees, who are coming here to rob us, and to destroy our houses, and perhaps to kill us, or carry us off. But they are good friends of *yours*, so you need not be at all afraid. The Yankees are very kind to negroes, and will do you no harm at all. If they come here while I am gone, and want you to go with them, you can go if you like, any of you; because I cannot take you all with me, and perhaps they will be able to take better care of you than I shall, if they burn my house down, for we have no home in Richmond, and no other plantation to live on. So you must stay here and take care of the place, and do the best you can until I come back." Captain Talbot was absent several days, and on his return found the place just as he had left it. The house was locked up, but everything wore the appearance of order, only not a creature was to be seen. He walked all over the farm, and not a soul could be found. He felt quite sure that all the negroes had not run away, although it was possible some few might have done so. Most of the cabins were locked up, and the dogs were chained to their kennels, yelping and whining with hunger. He shouted, and whistled, and was proceeding to some more distant cabins, when he perceived a negro peeping from behind a tree on the outskirts of the woods. The man perceiving his master ran forward, exclaiming, "Halloo, mast'r, here's I."

"Why, Jim, what are you doing there? Where are all the people?"

"Dem's in de woods, mast'r."

"What are they all doing there?"

"Oh, massa, massa, we'd like to have starved, we darn't put our heads out of dem woods; fear'd de Yankees 'd cotch us."

"Why, I told you the Yankees wouldn't hurt *you*, didn't I?"

"Yes, massa; but we couldn't 'suade de wimmin to stay when you was a gone; said they afeard Yankees cotch 'em."

Every man, woman, and child had fled to the woods to hide, and there had remained until the return of the master. There was no persuading the people, no arguing with them; the master was gone, and all self-dependence vanished with him.

It had become plain from the outset that it was not sympathy with the negro, but the loss of the best states of the ci-devant Union, that was galling and goading on the North to this fearful war. One could

not, the author says, be blind to the ardour which fired the Southerners to fight for their beloved country with their life's blood:

Such courage and fortitude compelled one's admiration. During the previous winter had not thousands of white people been supported by charitable contributions in all the large towns of the South, while the slaves were untouched by public calamities? Did we not read at that very time of our own English poor being limited in their labours on account of the probability of reduced importations of cotton? While the so-called *slaves* were fattening on good food, and parading to their Sunday meetings, in such an astonishing display of flounces, feathers, and shirt collars, that it was almost impossible to recognise the "Aunts" and "Uncles" of one's every-day acquaintance, were not the legislators of my own honoured England experimentalising on *how little it was possible for a man to live upon?* What could one argue when these comparisons were made between free labour in our boasted England, and "slavery with plenty?" "Your terms of labour are to get as much as possible out of a man, for the least possible payment; you pay him for what he does, and if he is sick or maimed his payment ceases. Thus capital taxes labour to the utmost: with us capital *protects* labour. The most selfish man would argue thus: this is my labourer; he is sick; I lose his assistance; send for a doctor to cure him quickly; he is valuable to me. Selfishness alone secures aid to the enfeebled slave. But we have other ties, and stronger ones in caring for *our own*. 'Slave' is a mere political term, and while you engage a labourer by an hour, a day, or a year, and pay him so long as he is useful to you, we engage our people for life, and support them when they are no longer useful to us. Our servants enjoy more privileges and indulgences than any other labouring class in the world."

"Doubts and fears" having at length invalided the author, it was by mutual agreement that she left the Quences once more for Richmond, and where the impossibility of getting out of the country entailed a trip to Yorktown and the camps—the narrative of which constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in the work—and ultimately the entering upon a new engagement at Warrenton College. Nothing could be more agreeable than the sojourn at this latter place, notwithstanding the privations entailed by the war. Professors, ladies, and pupils were all alike courteous and kind, there was very little work, and offers were made of an increase of salary to induce our author to stay, but the temptation of better society in the family of the Governor of Florida was too great, and change of quarters once more ensued.

The Miltons, a rather numerous progeny, were as smiling, amiable, and obliging as were all other Southerners, but the talents, manners, disposition, and character of this pretty family were, we are told, wholly untrained and undeveloped. They and their negroes were in some respects of congenial temperaments:

For a time I laboured hard to establish some system of order and tidiness, but in spite of blockade and scarcity, torn, worn, scribbled books, broken slates and lost pencils were of every-day occurrence. A great long row of books that I had arranged on the old piano, was one morning missing entirely; no one knew what had become of them, no one had touched them or seen them, but they were gone!

"I bet a dollar that Jim" (a negro boy) "has carried them off into the woods," said Johnny.

"Why should he do that?"

"Oh, just for mischief. I left my violin here one evening, and the next day it was gone. A long time afterwards, when I was hunting in the woods, I

found it smashed up under the trees; and I know Jim broke it up, just for mischief." Thus the row of books vanished, their loss borne amiably and unconcernedly, without an effort to recover them.

The author's negress attendant—Jane—is described as being uglier and more stupid than even Barnes of Milbank. Never, she declares, did she see such a hideous picture of sullen, dogged stupidity. She had never yet witnessed the infliction of corporeal punishment on the negroes of the South; but the sullen obstinacy of this Jane, and of another Arcadian negress with the ill-merited name of Flora, tried her temper so much that she was tempted to try the effects of summary chastisement; with what beneficial results we must leave her to relate in her own words:

She never would bring in firewood before a storm came on, and after keeping one waiting shivering in the sudden change of temperature, she invariably brought in three wet, straight logs, which she lay in a compact bundle on the andirons, with a few ignited pine-wood chips, spread half a foot below on the bricks. Of course, by the time she got down stairs the fire was out, and call as I might I could not induce her to bring any more. One of the young ladies, or her mistress, on hearing my voice, made her come back, which she never would do at my summons. Time after time I showed her how to lay the logs loosely, with the pine chips between them; but no, always just the same three wet, straight pieces compactly placed. Mrs. Milton thanked me more for doing my own scolding, than for troubling her to do it, and had even said, "Why don't you cuff her, Miss Jones?" I "cuff" a negro!

The incorrigible chattel was, however, so very aggravating and stubborn one day about those three wet, straight, unignitable logs, while she persisted in burning up all the little dry pieces of pine-wood, without arriving any nearer at a fire, that I thought I would try the effect of cuffing, and I got my hand quite ready, doubled my fist up, and began to study where the "cuff" could be applied most effectually. Then I moved a little so as to aim very straight, and while she remained sprawling there, playing with the chips in a most provoking manner, I gave her two great blows, just as hard as ever I could, upon her shoulder. I had so little physical strength just then that the exertion put me dreadfully out of breath, and I do not believe she would have known what touched her, if she had not turned round and caught sight of my hand still doubled up. It seemed to dawn upon her mind that she had been struck, and getting up and fixing her black eyes on me with a terrible scowl, holding up her arm, as if to defend herself from a pugilist, she growled out in her underground voice, "My missus never hooped (whipped) *me*." Of the two, I was by far the more terrified, and the more injured; but still kept my eyes on her as one would on a wild animal. I did not know whether she was going to strike me, and she certainly thought I was going to renew the "cuffing," the first having been scarcely perceptible; but it was much too fatiguing a process, and I said, "Why don't you do right without obliging me to do so?"

"My missus never hooped *me-e-e*," was repeated, with the eyes still frowning at me.

The result was that my "cuffing" was wholly ineffectual. The negro was more dogged, stolid, and stubborn than ever; and I found that it would be best to let her alone until she had quite forgotten the insult offered her, and then to seize the first opportunity of healing the wound, and henceforth try to "overcome evil with good."

That girl, in spite of her temper, respected herself, and was really unhappy, from loneliness and want of sympathy.

Some time afterwards, when very warm weather had brought on the summer tornadoes, my second case of corporeal discipline occurred.

Little Jeff's nurse, Flora, was one of the most troublesome, impudent negro specimens I ever met with. It was pleasant enough to have Jeff Davis (the baby) with Flora in my room—a beautiful apartment, with a piazza opening from it, all to myself; and there were many kinds of toys to entice little Jeff, which Flora scattered all over the floor, where Jeff crawled about to play with them.

When the room was completely covered, until there was not a stepping place left, and Flora felt inclined for a change, she had a plan of exclaiming suddenly, "Missus calls;" and snatching up the child, quick as an arrow away she darted, in spite of my calling and screaming, leaving every scrap on the floor for me to pick up.

The next time she came, pretending Jeff wanted very much to come and see me (intelligent baby of six months old!), she promised to put away the toys if I would allow them to be on the floor for Jeff. Perhaps she would collect one or two, and then contrive an excuse to run off with the baby, saying she would be "back directly," and that was the last of her.

One sultry afternoon, I was sitting by the door opening upon the piazza, opposite the room door, and between two open windows. Suddenly a summer tornado came on, and before I had time to collect my brushes—for I was copying a flower—the curtains were flapping, one chair was blown half across the room, the little table at which I sat would have been upset by the gale had I not leant heavily upon it, and my papers were whirling like feathers about the floor.

Flora was in the hall outside, and I called to her to come quickly to shut the windows, while I held the table, and kept my arms over the things upon it. Flora came as leisurely as a person walking in her sleep. "Quick, Flora! shut the door!" She was not quick by any means, and gave the door a little push, the wind instantly dashing it open as if to tear it off its hinges.

"*Shut* it, Flora!" (another little push). "Shut it firmly—*latch* it!" No, she would not; and I was pinned to the table, to keep paint-box, glasses, flowers, and papers together.

About the fourth or fifth time of trying, she latched the door, and then advanced in the same slow, impudent manner, staring about her without an effort to close the window, which, by this time had admitted the rain and hail two or three yards into the room, in a large pool, with everything saturated near it. The door once secured, the current of air was checked, and my hands released. As the "she imp of darkness" sauntered past me to stare at what was on the table, instead of going directly to close the window, I gave her a tremendous (to *me*) slap on the side of her head, and said, "Quick! shut the window."

"Oh, laws-a-me, Miss Jones! see what mighty big hail!"

Was I sleeping or waking? The latter; for my hand was tingling dreadfully, and my wrist was nearly dislocated by the force I had used. I was trembling all over with the effort, and she was not aware of the blow! I don't believe the creature had even felt me.

Those were the two instances in my Southern experience of punishing negroes. In both cases I came off so much the greater sufferer, that I concluded the means did not answer the purpose; and if I lived twenty years more in the South, nothing would ever induce me to strike a negro again.

These delightful specimens of black humanity monopolised all the fruit in the garden and orchard, just as some white servants do at home. Until water-melons came into season, one plateful of plums was the first and last fruit that was rescued from a whole garden and orchard full, and that in Florida—the land of flowers and fruit! It has been said that President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was as much aimed at the combatants in the South, with the view to drive them home to their

plantations to look after their negroes, as intended to raise the negroes themselves in revolt. The following anecdote of the negro "boss," or steward, in the cotton plantations, illustrates the point in question, and is the more interesting, as occurring in Florida, the very state recently invaded by armed negroes under Federal officers:

These people, whom I used to come upon quite suddenly, on emerging from our little path in the woods upon the cotton-field, evinced the same fearless freedom of manner towards "white folk" that was so remarkable in Virginia. Whether I noticed them or not, a salutation was not long in greeting me.

"You be allers a hunting weeds, arn't you, missus? What's the use an' them?" On seeing me examine the cotton plants, and no doubt investing me with the qualities of a connoisseur, the "boss" uncle asked, "How's Muster Milton's cotton crop a comin' on, mistis?"

"It's very fine indeed—already in bloom."

That was the beginning of June, and the news did not appear very welcome to the man.

"Well! I reckon there isn't many that can beat *us* at making cotton. We can make more out o' one piece o' land than most folks, *I* reckon."

"Your field looks very fine, but General Milton's is nearly two weeks forwarder. It has been in blossom more than a week, and some of it is nearly in boll."

That was worse news still, and the man became quite self-important as he replied, "I allers likes what *I* do, to be just about the best as can be done. I don't like for no other hands to get a head of ours. That's what I allers aim at," he added, as he took a self-satisfied survey of his crop. That negro was one of ten thousand: such emulation is very rare among them.

Home-sickness—sickness induced by climate, despondency, and morbid anxiety—soon drove the author forth from Florida (where, by-the-by, she was within an ace of buying a noble estate at ten cents an acre) up the Chattahoochie, and across Georgia to Charleston and Richmond, at which latter city she ultimately obtained a pass to the Northern States. She thus speaks, or rather writes, of what she saw of the "down-trodden slaves" in Georgia:

Necessity compelled me to continue my journey on the Sabbath-day; and what did I see throughout that Sunday journey? Crowds of slaves in gayest attire, both men and women, getting on and off the train at every country "stopping place;" more particularly at Americus and Cuthbert, two towns of Georgia. Where were they going, in dresses more expensive than many of their own masters and mistresses, in those times of blockade and economy? Some to a distant church, some to exchange visits at a neighbouring plantation, and some merely to enjoy the ride—merry, noisy, loquacious creatures, wholly unconscious of care or anxiety; while on the platform at the roadside station stood groups of grave-looking thoughtful men, who only lifted their eyes from the ground to give a nod to the negro slave, who persisted in attracting the attention of "massa." My heart grew sick at the contrast, while I reflected that it is these very slaves for whom the whole world is now being brought into calamity. I took particular notice of the dresses of some of the negro *belles*, which were not only expensive, but in excellent taste; and so were those of their *beaux*, who sported heavy gold rings and chains, tasteful neckties, and who held the fans and parasols of their companions, assisted them into the carriages, and treated them to water-melons, with all the dignity of New York or Washington.

Once among the Federals, she both conversed a great deal about the Southerners, and heard much that was said about the prospects of the war. One Federal officer said, among other things:

"Much as it would have been against my feelings a year ago to harbour such a thought, I am now convinced that we must go on with this war until the country is cleared of them" (the Southerners).

"And you *must* annihilate them before you conquer them, for they will *never* come back to the Union," I told him.

"Oh, you need not tell us that. When we get possession of Richmond we shall bring them to their senses. We are now preparing to attack them by a concerted movement on all sides at once. Nothing can save them: look at our vastly superior numbers compared with theirs."

Just think of my listening to such things, and not being able to warn the "vastly" *in*ferior "numbers" of devoted rebels; though I knew they possessed one advantage that their enemies could not boast, which was a spirit and courage that made up for their deficiency of numbers. But I merely said, "Excuse me, you may possess Richmond and all Virginia; Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile besides, and it will make no difference."

I said that, and a great deal more, and was quite surprised at my own boldness; but I resolved that if I *could* do anything to convince them of the uselessness of prosecuting the war, I would do so. We also talked on the emancipation question, and he asked me what the "rebels" thought of it. I told him they thought that the Northern President in this, only gave fresh proof of his short-sightedness, and total misapprehension of Southern character.

"How will Lincoln's proclamation scheme affect these people?"

"Some will never know of it, God be thanked! Some will never leave their homes and masters, if they do hear of it. But some, no doubt, will hear of it, and also take advantage of it, as the negroes of New Orleans are doing."

"Do you not think that the greater part of them will rise, and try to escape to our people?"

"How can they escape to the borders from the far-off interior without the risk of discovery, which would be certain death, or else the risk of starvation and of suffering which they have never known before? Nothing but misery can result from such a scheme; misery to the slaves and grief to their masters, when compelled to resort to such fearful extremes as will be forced upon them."

"Well, to tell the truth, there are very few of our people who approve of the scheme, nor yet that of arming the negroes to fight in the ranks. I believe three-fourths of us would resign if Lincoln persists in carrying it out."

"Besides, what right has Mr. Lincoln to send messages to the Southerners' servants any more than you have to give permission to your neighbour's coachman to take a trip in the *Great Eastern?*"

"We don't really want to interfere with slavery, it isn't *that* we care so much about; but it's this thing of having the Union broken up: we can't allow *that*. I have been in the South myself, and I don't find so much fault with slavery; but you see the niggers stay at home and work while all the white men go and fight. Now if it were not for them, their masters would be obliged to stay at home and cultivate their own land, as our men do, or starve, and that would so reduce their army that there would be no chance for them. That's what our government is up to."

"Supposing they do hear of the proclamation, as a few of them may, but with very confused notions of what it means; how are they to get away? Would any of the Southern army allow a band of negroes to pass their lines with the intention of escape without shooting them down, after such a proclamation as Lincoln's? It will simply drive the negroes to their destruction. Removed from authority the negro is a savage."

"They are so confounded proud, those Secessionists. The worst thing in slavery is, that labour is disgraced by it. Those slave-holding aristocrats

look down upon us for the very thing that we pride ourselves most upon. We respect people all the more when they help themselves."

"That is very true and praiseworthy. I have observed with regret what you mention to be the case. Slavery is certainly an obstacle to progress, both of the white and the coloured race."

"They keep their negroes ignorant, to hide their degraded position from them."

"Excuse me, I think *not*. I have met with many very intelligent negroes, slaves, and feel convinced that when left entirely under the influence of their owners, they will be educated much more than at present. The Southerners choose to manage their own servants, and have been more rigorous of late years on account of the abolition rage. Slavery will wear itself out, and this is its only remedy."

An innkeeper at Baltimore declared that, if any of the Southern generals were to appear in that city, they would rise as one man. They were only waiting their opportunity. Of the grand Corcoran ovation, she heard one gentleman say: "They are only making a tool of him, to get up an Irish brigade." We cannot leave this interesting and decidedly very instructive work, without culling another specimen of transatlantic discussion:

Colonel or General Corcoran was being upheld by a Northern gentleman, and was represented to have been imprisoned in the "Tombs," and to have been kept "over a dead-house"—no such places existing in the South, that I ever heard of.

An English gentleman, who had not long since left the South, took up the subject, and warmly exclaimed, "I was in Richmond while Colonel Corcoran was imprisoned there, saw many persons who visited his prison, and know that this statement is entirely false, and that until his condition was changed, as a means of warning to the Federal government that it should, by undue violence to Southern prisoners, be held responsible for his life, he was treated as a gentleman and prisoner of war, and amply furnished with whatever comforts Richmond itself afforded."

A Southerner added, "These things are written in order to deepen the hatred and stimulate the revenge with which the war is now being carried on."

"If the Union party in the North are firm in proclaiming 'Death rather than dismemberment,' the Southerners are much more determined in saying 'Extermination rather than submission,'" said a gentleman from New Orleans.

The former replied, "And as to union, it is not power we crave, but peace. It is to escape the contact of 'Yankees' altogether, under any and every circumstance; and if President Davis were appointed Military Dictator, King, or even Emperor of the North, I firmly believe he would decline the privilege of ruling Yankee subjects."

"The Yankees leave no stone unturned to weaken the power of the South; and one object is to lure away the negro labourers in order more easily to 'starve their masters into submission,'" rejoined the Louisianian.

"*Starve!* that's the old story again. Can they starve us in such a country as ours? Look at Virginia and Tennessee, what large wheat-growing states they are; they would supply the English market as well as our own, so soon as our own ports are opened, as they have already done through Northern ports before the war. There will be no lack of 'bread stuffs' when peace and agriculture go hand in hand, not only for ourselves, but others. There is not much danger of our starving; we have only to plant corn instead of cotton."

"Exactly so," replied the gentleman from New Orleans; "but no cotton will be planted if there is no prospect of a sale, and another year of bloodshed, which is a disgrace to humanity, will ensue, and another year of suffering for your English factory hands."

"Let neutrality display itself in trading with all ports, or none, and then the war would soon be over—that's what I think," said the Englishman from the South.

"But we should not permit you to open our ports: the raising of the blockade would be followed by war," said the Northern gentleman; "and what would be the use of your attempting to fight us? you would only get whipped again, as you were before."

"As to that, it was our blood that fought your battles," retorted John Bull; "the States were inhabited by people of different mettle then than they are now. You have too much on your hands already, and are going headlong to ruin. Recognition of the South would be more likely to bring your government to its senses, with so large an anti-war party already rampant; and you find it too hard a matter to raise men and furnish artillery to conquer the South to attempt the conquest of England or Canada either; and what would you do between all three?"

"Excuse me, sir," said the Yankee, "you underrate our power; we have had upwards of a million in the field, and don't miss our men. We shall now raise six hundred thousand more, and as many more to back them when they are gone."

What a wholesale extermination way of talking, and how horrible that sounded! though it was but too true, as I had seen so lately, and where their armies were composed chiefly of foreigners; but I could not help wishing that they did miss their men much more, and realised the horrors of the war they were waging, which perhaps would have induced them to put an end to it without such reckless sacrifice of life. Yet I had heard the Northern people declare (among themselves) that the factories were losing their best hands; and out West, that the farmers offered three dollars a day for labourers.

Another day they were talking of slavery, and the Yankee gentleman was speaking of the Southerners leaving their negroes to take care of themselves, while they made good their own escape.

My fellow-countryman again took up the cudgels, and spoke of the sacrifice the owners were obliged to make when they had fled, with the Federal gun-boats firing on them. He said one lady had informed him that she had saved three negroes out of two hundred. Another had brought away one out of fifty, and so on. And these were carried away in preference to clothing, jewellery, or other valuables, which would have occupied less space, less care, and required no food and lodging. Valuables of all description were left to the enemy.

An English lady observed, "If the helpless and old ones were left behind, I am inclined to think that it was a sad consequence of the invasion, and not the neglect of owners."

I thought of sable Jane in Florida.

"The negro slaves are better off than our paupers," said the Englishman, "under ordinary times, but now are in a more enviable condition in every way, as they know not the want of food or clothing, while the state of our starving poor is only one of the frightful consequences of the war."

There is something very suggestive in the last remark, which we have before alluded to in other words. And yet we are told by the Manchester School that political economy is a science! Is it science that, in England, a whole nation should be encouraging idleness by continuing a prolonged support, when other fields of labour, or other regions for employment, are open to the industrious and enterprising? or is it science that, in the Southern States, the fine old families should be fighting and their families suffering all kinds of losses and privations, while their negroes and negresses are living in luxury, and wallowing in insolence, dress, and extravagance, if not wantonness?

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTIETH.

I.

MY LADY WASHES HER HANDS.

THE summer was drawing towards its close; and so was the bankruptcy of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin.—If we adhere to the style of the old firm, we only do as Prior's Ash did. Mr. Crosse, you have heard, was out of it actually and officially, but people, in speaking or writing of the firm, forgot to leave out his name. One or two maddened sufferers raised a question of his liability in their hopeless desperation; but they gained nothing by the motion: Mr. Crosse was as legally separated from the Godolphins as if he had never been connected with them.—The labour, the confusion, and the doubt, attendant upon most bankruptcies, was nearly over, and creditors knew the best and the worst. The dividends would be, to use a common expression, shamefully small, when all was told: they might have been even smaller (not much, though) but that Lord Averil's claim on the sixteen thousand pounds, the value of the bonds, was not allowed to enter into it. Those bonds and all connected with them were sunk in silence so complete, that at length some outsiders began to ask whether they and their reported loss had not been a myth altogether.

Thomas Godolphin had given up everything, even to the watch in his pocket, the signet ring upon his finger. The latter was returned to him. The jewellery of the Miss Godolphins was given up. Maria's jewellery was given up. In short, there was nothing that was not given up. The fortune of the Miss Godolphins, consisting of money and bank shares, was of course gone with the rest. The money had been in the bank at interest; the shares were now worthless. Janet alone had an annuity of about a hundred a year, which nothing could deprive her of: the rest of the Godolphins were reduced to beggary. Worse off, were they, than any of their clamorous creditors; since, for them, all had gone: houses, lands, money, furniture, personal belongings. But that Thomas Godolphin would not long be in a land where these things are required, it might have been a question how he was for the future to get sufficient of them to live.

The arrangement hinted at by Lord Averil had been carried out, and that nobleman was now the owner of Ashlydyat and all that it contained. It may have been a little departing from the usual order of the law in such cases, to dispose of it by private arrangement; but it had been done with the full consent of all parties concerned. Even the creditors, who of course showed themselves ready to cavil at everything, were glad that the cost of a public sale by auction should be avoided. A price had been put upon Ashlydyat, and Lord Averil

gave it without a dissentient word; and the purchase of the furniture, as it stood, was undoubtedly advantageous to the sellers.

Yes, Ashlydyat had gone from the Godolphins. But Thomas and his sisters remained in it. There had been no battle with Thomas on the score of his remaining. Lord Averil had clasped his friend's hands within his own, and in a word or two of emotion had given him to understand that his chief satisfaction in its purchase had been the thought that he, Thomas, would remain in his own home, as long—as long—— Thomas Godolphin understood the broken words: as long as he had need of one. "Nothing would induce me to enter upon my habitation in it until then," continued Lord Averil. "So be it," said Thomas, quietly, for he fully comprehended the feeling, and the gratification it brought to the conferrer of the obligation. "I shall not keep you out of it long, Averil." The same words, almost the same words that Sir George Godolphin had once spoken to his son: "I shall not keep you and Ethel long out of Ashlydyat."

So Thomas remained at Ashlydyat with his broken health, and the weeks had gone on; and the summer was now drawing to an end, and more things beside it. Thomas Godolphin was beginning to be better understood than he had been at the time of the crash, and people were repenting of the cruel blame they had so freely hurled upon him. The early smart of the blow had faded away, and with it the prejudice which had unjustly, though not unnaturally, distorted their judgment, and buried for the time all kindly impulse. Perhaps there was not a single creditor, whatever might be the extent of the damage he had suffered by the bank, but would have stretched out his hand and given more gold, if by that means he could have saved the life of Thomas Godolphin. They learnt to remember that the fault had not lain with him: they believed that if by the sacrifice of his own life he could have averted the calamity he would have cheerfully sacrificed it; they knew that his days were as one long mourning, for them, individually—and they took shame to themselves for having been so bitter against him, Thomas Godolphin.

Not so in regard to George. *He* did not regain his place in their estimation: and if they could have hoisted Mr. George on a pole in front of the bank and cast at him a few rotten eggs and other agreeable missiles, it had been a comforting relief to their spleen. Had George been condemned to stand at the bar of a public tribunal by the nobleman he had so defrauded, half Prior's Ash would have gone to recreate their feelings by staring at him during the trial, and made it into a day of jubilee. Harsh epithets, exceedingly unpleasant when taken personally, were freely lavished on him, and would be for a long while to come. He *had* wronged them: and time alone will suffice to wash the ever-present remembrance of such wrongs out.

He had been at Prior's Ash. Gay George still. So far as could be seen, the calamity had not much affected *him*. Not a line showed itself on his fair, smooth brow, not a shade less of colour on his bright cheek, not a grey thread in his luxuriant hair, not a cloud in his dark blue eye. Handsome, fascinating, attractive as ever was George Godolphin: and he really seemed to be as gay and light of temperament. When any ill-used creditor attacked him outright—as some did, through

a casual meeting in the street, or other lucky chance—George was triumphant George still. Not a bit of shame did he seem to take to himself—but so sunny, so fascinating was he, as he held the hands of the half-reluctant grumbler, and protested it should all come right sometime, that the enemy was won over to conciliation for the passing moment. It was impossible to help admiring George Godolphin; it was impossible, when brought face to face with him, not to be taken with his frank plausibility: the crustiest sufferer of them all was in a degree subdued by it. Prior's Ash understood that the officers of the bankruptcy "badgered" George a great deal when under his examinations, but George only seemed to come out of it the more triumphant. Safe on the score of Lord Averil, all the rest was in comparison light; and easy George never lost his good humour or his self-possession. He appeared to come scot-free out of everything. Those falsified accounts in the bank books, that many another might have been held responsible for and punished, he emerged from harmless. It was conjectured that the full extent of these false entries never was discovered by the commissioners: Thomas Godolphin and Mr. Hurde alone could have told it: and Thomas preferred to let the odium of loosely-kept books, of reckless expenditure of money, fall upon himself, rather than betray George. Were the whole thing laid bare and declared, it could not bring a single fraction of benefit to the creditors, so, in that point of view, it was as well to let it rest. Are these careless, sanguine, gay-tempered men always lucky? It has been so asserted; and I do think there's a great deal of truth in it. Most unequivocally lucky in this instance was George Godolphin.

It was of no earthly use asking him where all the money had gone—to what use this sum had been put, to what use the other—George could not tell. He could not tell any more than they could; he was as much perplexed over it as they were. He ran his white hand unconsciously through his shining golden hair, hopelessly trying his best to account for a great many items that nobody living could have accounted for. All in vain. Heedless, off-handed George Godolphin! He appeared before those inquisitive officials somewhat gayer in attire than was needful. A sober suit, rather of the seedy order, than bran new, might be deemed appropriate at such a time; but George Godolphin gave no indication of consulting any such rules of propriety. George Godolphin's refined good taste had kept him from falling into the loose and easy style of dress which some men so strangely favour in the present day, putting a gentleman in outward aspect on a level with the roughs of society. George, though no coxcomb, had been addicted to dress well and expensively; and George appeared inclined to do the same thing still. They could not take him to task on the score of his fine broadcloth, or of his neatly-finished boot; but they did bend their eyes meaningly on the massive gold chain which crossed his white waistcoat; on the costly appendages which dangled from it; on the handsome gold repeater which he more than once took out, as if weary of the passing hours. Mr. George received a gentle hint that those articles, however ornamental to himself, must be confiscated to the bankruptcy; and he resigned them with a good grace. The news of this little incident travelled abroad, as an interesting anecdote con-

nected with the proceedings, and the next time George saw Charlotte Pain, she told him he was a fool to walk into the camp of the Philistines with pretty things about him. But George was not wilfully dishonest (if you can by any possibility understand that assertion, after what you know of his past doings), and he replied to Charlotte that it was only right the creditors should make spoil of his watch and anything else he possessed. The truth, were it defined, being, that George was only dishonest when driven so to be. He had made free with the bonds of Lord Averil, but he could not be guilty of the meanness of hiding his personal trinkets.

Three or four times now had George been at Prior's Ash. People wondered why he did not remain; what it was that took him again and again to London. The very instant he found that he could be dispensed with at Prior's Ash, away he flew; not to return to it again until imperatively demanded. The plain fact was that Mr. George did *not* like to face Prior's Ash. For all the easy self-possession, the gay good humour he displayed to its inhabitants, the place had become utterly distasteful to him, almost unbearable; he shunned it and hated it as a pious Roman Catholic hates and shuns purgatory. For that reason, and for no other, George did his best to escape from it.

He had seen Lord Averil. And his fair face had betrayed its shame as he said a few words of apology for what he had done—of thanks for the clemency shown him—of promises for the future. "If I live, I'll make it good to you," he murmured. "I did not think to *steal* them, Averil; I did not, on my solemn word of honour. I thought I should have replaced them before anything could be known. Your asking for them immediately—that you should do so seemed like a fatality—upset everything. But for that I might have weathered it all, and the house would not have gone. It was no light pressure that forced me to touch them—Heaven alone knows the need and the temptation."

And the meeting between the brothers? No eye saw it; no ear heard it. Good Thomas Godolphin was dying from the blow, dying before his time; but not a word of harsh reproach was thrown to George. How George defended himself—or whether he attempted to defend himself, or whether he let it wholly alone—the public never knew.

Lady Godolphin's Folly was no longer in the occupancy of the Verralls or of Mrs. Pain: Lady Godolphin had returned to it. Not a day aged; not a day altered. Time flitted most lightly over Lady Godolphin. Her bloom-tinted complexion was delicately fresh as ever; her dress was as becoming, her flaxen locks were as youthful. She came with her servants and her carriages, and she took up her abode at the Folly, in all the splendour of the old days. Her income was large, and the misfortunes which had recently fallen on the family did not affect it. Lady Godolphin washed her hands of these misfortunes. She washed her hands of George. She told the world that she did so. She spoke of them openly to the public in general, to her acquaintance in particular, in a slighting, contemptuous sort of manner, as we are all apt to speak of the ill doings of other people. They don't concern us, and it's rather a condescension on our part to blame them at all. This was no concern of Lady Godolphin's. She told everybody it was

not. George's disgrace did not reflect itself upon the family, and of him she—washed her hands. No: Lady Godolphin could not see that this break-up caused by George should be any reason whatever why she or the Miss Godolphins should hide their heads and go mourning in sackcloth and ashes. Many of her old acquaintances in the county agreed with Lady Godolphin in her view of things, and helped by their visits to make the Folly gay again.

To wash her hands of Mr. George was, equitably speaking, no more than that gentleman deserved: but Lady Godolphin also washed her hands of Maria. On her return to Prior's Ash she had felt inclined to espouse Maria's part; to sympathise with, and pity her; and she drove down in state one day and left her carriage with its powdered coachman and footman to pace to and fro before the bank, while she went in. She openly avowed to Maria that she considered herself in a remote degree the cause which had led to her union with George Godolphin: she supposed that it was her having had Maria so much at the Folly, and afterwards on the visit at Broomhead, which had led to the attachment. As a matter of course she regretted this, and wished there had been no marriage, now that George had turned out so gracelessly. If she could do anything to repair it she would: and, as a first step, she offered the Folly as a present asylum to Maria. She would be safe there from worry, and—from George.

Maria scarcely at first understood. And when she did, her only answer was to thank Lady Godolphin, and to stand out, in her quiet, gentle manner, but untiringly and firmly, for her husband. Not a shade of blame would she acknowledge to be due to him; not a reverence would she render him the less: her place was with him, she said, though the whole world turned against him. It vexed Lady Godolphin.

"Do you know," she asked, "that you must choose between your husband and the world?"

"In what way?" replied Maria.

"In what way! When a man acts in the manner that George Godolphin has acted, he puts a barrier between himself and society. But there's no necessity for the barrier to extend to you, Maria. If you will come to my house for a while, you will find this to be the case—that it will not extend to you."

"You are very kind, Lady Godolphin. My husband is more to me than the world."

"Do you approve of what he has done?"

"No," replied Maria. "But it is not my place to show that I blame."

"I think it is," said Lady Godolphin, in the hard tone she used when her opinion was crossed.

Maria was silent. She never could contend with any one.

"Then you prefer to hold out against the world," resumed Lady Godolphin; "to put yourself beyond its pale! It is a bold step, Maria."

"What can I do?" was Maria's pleading answer. "If the world throws me over because I will not turn against my husband, I cannot help it. I married him for better and for worse, Lady Godolphin."

"The fact is, Maria," retorted my lady, sharply, "that you have loved George Godolphin in a ridiculous degree."

"Perhaps I have," was Maria's subdued answer, the colour dyeing her face with various reminiscences. "But surely there was no sin in it, Lady Godolphin: he is my husband."

"And you cling to him still?"

"Oh yes."

Lady Godolphin rose. She shrugged her shoulders as she drew her white lace shawl over them, she glanced at her coquettish blue bonnet in the pier-glass as she passed it, at her blush-rose cheeks. "You have chosen your husband, Maria, in preference to me; in preference to the world; and from this moment I wash my hands of you, as I have already done of him."

It was all the farewell she took: and she went out to her carriage thinking what a blind, obstinate, hardened woman was Maria Godolphin. She saw not what it had cost that "hardened" woman to bear up before her; that her heart was nigh unto breaking; that the sorrow laid upon her was greater than she well knew how to battle with.

II.

A BROKEN IDOL.

GEORGE GODOLPHIN leaned against a pillar of the terrace opening from the dining-room. They had not left the bank yet as a residence, but this was their last day in it. It was the last day they could stop in it, and why they should have lingered in it so long was food for gossip in Prior's Ash. On the morrow the house would be, as may be said, public property. Men would walk in and ticket all the things, apportioning them their place in the catalogue, their order in the days of sale, and the public would crowd in also, to feast their eyes upon the household gods hitherto sacred to George Godolphin.

How did he feel as he stood there? Was his spirit in heaviness, as was the case under similar misfortune of another man—if the written record he left to us may be trusted—that great and noble poet, ill-fated in death as in life, whose transcendent genius has since found no parallel.

> It was a trying moment, that which found him,
> Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
> While all his household gods lay shivered round him.

Did George Godolphin find it trying? Was his hearth desolate? Not desolate in the full sense that that other spoke, for George Godolphin's wife was with him still.

She had stood by him. When he first returned to Prior's Ash, she had greeted him with her kind smile, with words of welcome. Whatever effect that unpleasant scandal, mentioned by Margery, which it seems had formed a staple dish for Prior's Ash, may have been taking upon her in secret and silence, she had given no sign of it to George. He never suspected that any such whisper, touching his worthy self, had been breathed to her. Mr. George best knew what grounds there might be for it: whether it bore any foundation, or whether it was

but one of those breezy rumours, false as the wind, which have their rise in ill nature, and in that alone: but however it may have been, whether true or false, he could not divine that such poison would be dropped into his wife's ear. If he had thought her greeting to him strange, her manner more utterly subdued than there was need for, her grief of greater violence, he attributed it all to the recent misfortunes: and Maria made no other sign.

The effects had been bought in at Ashlydyat, but these had not: and this was the last day, almost the last hour of his occupancy of them. One would think his eyes would be cast around in lingering looks of regretful farewell—upon the chairs and tables, on the scattered ornaments, down to the rich carpets, up to the valuable and familiar pictures. Not a bit of it. George's eyes were bent on his nails which he was trimming to his satisfaction, and he was carolling in an under tone a strain of a new English opera.

They were to go out that evening. At dusk. At dusk, you may be sure. They were to go forth from their luxurious home, and enter upon obscure lodgings, and go altogether down in the scale of what the world calls society. Not that the lodgings were so obscure, taking them in the abstract; obscure indeed, as compared with their home at the bank, very obscure beside the home they had sometime thought to remove to—Ashlydyat.

George could not be prudent: he could not, had his life depended on it, been *saving*. When the time approached that they might no longer stay in the bank, and Maria, in writing to him in London, reminded him of that fact, and asked where they were to go and what they were to do, George had returned for answer that there was no hurry, she might leave it all to him. But the next day brought him down; and he went out, off-hand, and engaged some fashionable rooms at three guineas a week. Maria was dismayed when she heard the price. How was it to be paid? George did not see precisely how, himself, just at present: but, to his sanguine disposition, the paying of ten guineas a week for lodgings would have looked quite easy. Maria had more forethought, and prevailed. The three-guinea a week rooms were given up, and some taken at half the rent. She would have wished a lower rent still; but George laughed at her.

He stood there in his careless beauty, his bright face bent downwards, his tall fine form, noble in its calmness. The sun was playing with his hair, bringing out its golden tints, and a smile illumined his face, as he went on with his song. Whatever may have been George Godolphin's short-comings in some points of view, none could reproach him on the score of his personal attractions. All the old terror, the carking care, had gone out of him with the easy bankruptcy—easy in its results to him, compared to what might have been—and gay George, graceless George, was himself again. There may have been something deficient in his moral organisation, for he really appeared to take no shame to himself for what had occurred. He stood there calmly self-possessed; the perfect gentleman, so far as looks and manners could make him one; looking as fit to bend his knee at the proud court of St. James's, as ever that stately gentleman his father

had done, when her Majesty touched him with the flashing sword-blade and bid him rise up Sir George.

Once would my heart with the wildest emotion,
Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou;
Now I regard thee with deep——

The strain was interrupted, and George, as he ceased it, glanced up. Meta, looking, it must be confessed, rather black about the hands and pinafore, as if Margery had not had time to attend to her within the last hour, came running in. George shut up his knife and held out his arms.

"Papa, are we to have tea at home, or after we get into the lodgings?"

"Ask mamma," responded George.

"Mamma told me to ask you. She doesn't know, she says. She's too busy to talk to me. She's getting the great box on to the stand."

"She's doing what?" cried George, in a quick accent.

"Getting the great box on to the stand," repeated Meta. "She's going to pack it. Papa, will the lodgings be better than this? Will there be a big garden? Margery says there'll be no room for my rocking-horse. Won't there?"

Something in the child's questions may have grated on the fine ear of George Godolphin, had he stayed to listen to them. However lightly the bankruptcy might be passing over George's mind on his own score, he regretted its results most bitterly for his wife and child. To see them turned from their home, condemned to descend to the inconveniences and obscurity of these poor lodgings, was the worst pill George Godolphin had ever had to swallow. He would have cut off his right arm to retain them in their position; ay, and also his left: he could have struck himself down to the earth in his rage, for the disgrace he had brought on them.

Hastening up the stairs, he entered his bedroom. It was in a litter; boxes and wearing-apparel lying about. Maria, flushed and breathless, was making great efforts to drag a cumbrous trunk on a stand, or small bench, for the convenience of filling it. No very extensive efforts, either; for she knew that such might harm her at present in her feeble strength.

George raised the trunk to its place with one lift of his manly arms, and then forced his wife, with more gentleness, into a chair.

"How can you be so imprudent, Maria?" broke from him in a vexed tone, as he stood before her.

"I was not hurting myself," she answered. "The things must be packed."

"Of course they must. But not by you. Where's Margery?"

"Margery has a great deal to do. She cannot do it all."

"Then where's Sarah?" resumed George, crossly and sharply.

"Sarah's in the kitchen getting our dinner ready. We must have some to-day."

"Show me what the things are, and I will pack them."

"Nonsense! As if it would hurt me to put the things into the box! You never interfered with me before, George."

"You never attempted this sort of work before. I won't have it, Maria. Were you in a fit state of health to be knocking about, you might do it; but you shall certainly not, as it is."

It was his self-reproach that was causing his angry tone; very keenly at that moment was it making itself heard. And Maria's spirits were not that day equal to sharpness of speech. It told upon her, and she burst into tears.

How terribly the signs of distress vexed him, no words could tell. He took them as a tacit reproach to himself. And they were so: however unintentional on her part such reproach might be.

"Maria, I won't have this; I can't bear it," he cried, his voice hoarse with emotion. "If you show this temper, this childish sorrow before me, I shall run away."

He could have cut his tongue out for so speaking—for his stinging words; for their stinging tone. "Temper! Childish sorrow!" George chafed at himself in his self-condemnation: he chafed—he knew how unjustly—at Maria.

Very, very unjustly. She had not annoyed him with reproaches, with complaints, as some wives would have done; she had not, to him, shown symptoms of the grief that was wearing out her heart. She had been all considerate to him, bearing up bravely whenever he was at Prior's Ash. Even now, as she dried away the rebellious tears, she would not let him think they were being shed for the lost happiness of the past, but murmured some feeble excuse about a headache.

He saw through the fond deceit; he saw all the generosity; and the red shame mantled in his fair face as he bent down to her, and his voice changed to one of the deepest tenderness.

"If I have lost you this home, Maria, I will get you another," he whispered. "Only give me a little time. Don't grieve before me if you can help it, my darling: it is as though you ran a knife into my very soul. I can bear the loud abuse of the whole world, better than one silent reproach from you."

And the sweet words came to her as a precious balm. However bitter had been the shock of that one rude awaking, she loved him fondly still. It may be, that she loved him only the more: for the passions of the human heart are wayward and wilful, utterly unamenable to control.

Margery came into the room with her hands and arms full. George may have been glad of the divertisement, and he turned upon her, his voice resuming its anger. "What's the meaning of this, Margery? I come up here and I find your mistress packing and lugging boxes about. Can't you see to these things?"

Margery was as cross as George that day, and her answer in its sharpness might have rivalled his. Direct reproof Margery had never presumed to offer her master, though she would have liked to do it amazingly, for not a single condemner held a more exaggerated view of Mr. George's past delinquencies than she.

"I can't be in ten places at once. And I can't do the work of ten

people. If you know them that can, sir, you'd better get 'em here in my place."

"Did I not ask you if you should want assistance in the packing, and you told me that you should not?" retorted George.

"No more I don't want it," was the answer. "I can do all the packing that is to do here, if I am let alone, and allowed to take my own time and do it in my own way. In all that chaffling and changing of houses when my Lady Godolphin chose to move Ashlydyat's things to the Folly, and when they had to be moved back afterwards in accordance with Sir George's will, who did the best part of the packing and saw to everything, but me? It would be odd if I couldn't put up a few gowns and shirts, but I must be talked to about help!"

Poor Margery was evidently in an explosive temper. Time back George would have put her down with a haughty word of authority or with joking mockery, as the humour might have taken him. He did not to-day. There had been wrong inflicted upon Margery; and it may be that he was feeling it. She had lost the poor savings of years —the Brays had not allowed them to be great ones; she had lost the money bequeathed to her by Mrs. Godolphin. All had been in the bank, and all had gone. In addition to this, there were personal discomforts. Margery found the work of a common servant thrown upon her in her old age: an under girl, Sarah, was her only help now at the bank, and Margery alone would follow their fallen fortunes to these lodgings.

"Do as you please," was all George said. "But your mistress shall not meddle with it."

"If my mistress chooses to set on and get to work behind my back, I can't stop it. She knows there's no need to do it. If you'll be so good, ma'am," turning to her mistress, "as just let things alone and leave 'em to me, you'll find they'll be done. What's a few bits of clothes to pack?" indignantly repeated Margery. "And there's nothing else that we may take. If I was to put up but a pair of sheets or a tin dish-cover, I should be called a thief, I suppose."

There lay the great grievance of Margery's present mood—that all the things, save the "few bits of clothes," must be left behind. Margery, for all her crustiness and her out-spoken temper, was a most faithfully-attached servant, and it may be questioned if she did not feel the abandoning of their goods in a keener degree than did even Maria and George. The things were not hers: every article of her own, even to a silver cream-jug, which had been the boasted treasure of her life, she had been allowed to retain; even to the little work-box of white satin-wood, with its landscape on the lid, the trees of which Miss Meta had been permitted to paint red, and the cottage blue. Not an article of Margery's but she could remove; all was sacred to her: but in her fidelity she did resent bitterly the having to leave the property of her master and mistress, the not being at liberty to pack up so much as a "tin dish-cover."

Maria, debarred from assisting, wandered in her restlessness through some of the more familiar rooms. It was well that she should pay them a farewell visit. From the bedroom where the packing was going on, to George's dressing-room, thence to her own sitting-room,

thence to the drawing-room, all on that floor. She lingered in all. A home sanctified by years of happiness cannot be quitted without regret, even when exchanged at pleasure for another; but to turn out of it in humiliation, in poverty, in hopelessness, is a trial of the sharpest and sorest kind. Apart from the pain, the feeling was a strange one. The objects crowding these rooms; the necessary furniture costly and substantial; the elegant ornaments of various shapes and sorts, the chaste works of art, not necessary but so luxurious and charming, had hitherto been their own, hers in conjunction with her husband's. They might have done what they pleased with them. Had she broken that Wedgewood vase, there was no one to call her to account for it; had she or George chosen to make a present of that rare basket in medallion, with its speaking likenesses of the beauties of the whilom gay French court, there was nobody to say them nay; had they felt disposed to change that fine piano for a different one, the liberty to do so was theirs. They had been the owners of these surroundings, the master and mistress of the house and its contents. And now? Not a sole article belonged to them: they were but tenants on sufferance: the things remained, but their right in them had passed away. If she dropped and broke only that pretty trifle which her hand was touching now, she must answer for the mishap. The feeling, I say, was a strange one.

She walked through the rooms with a dry eye and hot brow. Tears seemed long ago to have gone away from her. It is true she had been surprised into a few that day, but the lapse was unusual. Why should she make this farewell to the rooms? she began asking herself. She needed it not to remember them. Visions of the past came crowding upon her memory; of this or the other happy day spent in them: of the gay meetings when they had received the world, of the sweet home hours when she had sat there alone with him of whom she had well-nigh made an idol—her husband. Mistaken idolatry, Mrs. George Godolphin! mistaken, useless, vain idolatry. Was there ever an earthly idol yet that did not mock its worshipper? I know of none. We make an idol of our child, and the time comes when it will turn round to sting us: we make an idol of the god or goddess of our passionate love, and how does it end?

Maria sat down and leaned her head upon her hand, thinking more of the past than of the future. She was getting to have less hope in the future than was good for her: it is a bad sign when a sort of apathy with regard to it steals over us; a proof that the mind is not in the healthy state that it ought to be. A time of trial, of danger, was approaching for Maria, and she seemed to contemplate the possibility of her sinking under it with strange calmness. A few months back, the bare glance at such a fear would have unhinged her: she would have clung to her husband and Meta and sobbed out her passionate prayer to God in her dire distress, not to be taken from them. Things had changed: the world in which she had been so happy had lost its charm for her; the idol in whose arms she had sheltered herself turned out not to have been of pure gold: and Maria Godolphin began to realise the forcible truth of the words of the wise King of Jerusalem—that the world and its dearest hopes are but vanity.

III.

MRS. PAIN TAKING LEAVE.

MRS. CHARLOTTE PAIN, in her looped-up petticoats and nicely-fitting kid boots, was tripping jauntily through the streets of Prior's Ash. Mrs. Pain had been somewhat vacillating in regard to her departure from that long-familiar town; she had reconsidered her determination of quitting it so abruptly; and on the day she went out of Lady Godolphin's Folly, she entered on some stylish lodgings in the heart of Prior's Ash. Only for a week or two; just to give her time to take proper leave of her friends, she said: but the weeks had gone on and on, and Charlotte was there yet.

Society had been glad to keep Charlotte. Society of course shuts its lofty ears to the ill-natured tales spread by low-bred people: that is, when it finds it convenient to do so. Society had been pleased to be deaf to any little obscure tit-bits of scandal which had made vulgarly free with Charlotte's name: and as to the vague rumours connecting Mr. Verrall with George Godolphin's ruin, nobody knew whether that was not pure scandal too. But if not, why—Mrs. Pain could not be justly reflected on for the faults of Mr. Verrall. So Charlotte was as popular and dashing in her hired rooms as she had been at Lady Godolphin's Folly, and she had remained in them until now.

But now she was really going. This was the last day of her sojourn at Prior's Ash, and Charlotte was walking about unceremoniously, bestowing her farewells on anybody who would receive them. It almost seemed as if she had only waited to witness the removal from the bank of Mr. and Mrs. George Godolphin.

She walked along in exuberant spirits, nodding her head to everybody: up at windows, in at doorways, to poor people on foot, to rich ones in carriages; her good-natured smile was everywhere. She rushed into shops and chatted familiarly, and won the shopkeepers' hearts by asking if they were not sorry to lose her. She was turning out of one when she came pop on the Rector of All Souls'. Charlotte's petticoats went down in a swimming reverence.

"I am paying my farewell visits, Mr. Hastings. Prior's Ash will be rid of me to-morrow."

Not an answering smile crossed the rector's face: it was cold, impassive, haughtily civil: almost as if he were thinking that Prior's Ash might have been none the worse, had it been rid of Mrs. Charlotte Pain before.

"How is Mrs. Hastings to-day?" asked Charlotte.

"She is not well."

"No! I must try and get a minute to call in on her. Adieu for the present. I shall see you again, I hope."

Down sunk the skirts once more, and the rector lifted his hat in silence. In the ultra politeness, in the spice of sauciness gleaming out from her flashing eyes, the rector read incipient defiance. But if Mrs. Pain feared that he might be intending to favour her with a

little public clerical censure, she was entirely mistaken. The rector washed his hands of Mrs. Pain, as Lady Godolphin did of her stepson, Mr. George. He walked on, condemnation and scorn lighting his face.

Charlotte walked on: and burst into a laugh as she did so. "Was he afraid to forbid my calling at the rectory?" she asked herself. "He would have liked to, I know. I'll go there now."

She was not long reaching it. But Isaac was the only one of the family she got to see. He came to her charged with Mrs. Hastings's compliments—she felt unequal to seeing Mrs. Pain.

"What's the matter with her?" inquired Charlotte, suspecting the validity of the excuse.

"She is never very well now," was the somewhat evasive answer: and Isaac, though civilly courteous, was as cold as his father. "When do you say you leave us, Mrs. Pain?"

"To-morrow morning. And you? I heard you were going to London. You have found some situation there, George Godolphin told me."

Isaac threw his eyes—they were just like the rector's—straight and full into her face. Charlotte's were dancing with a variety of expressions, but the chief one was good-humoured mischief.

"I am going into a bank in Lombard-street. Mr. Godolphin got me in."

"You won't like it," said Charlotte.

"I dare say not. But I think myself lucky to get it."

"There'll be one advantage," continued Charlotte, good naturedly —"that you can come and see us. You know Mrs. Verrall's address. Come as often as you can; every Sunday if you like; any week-day evening: I'll promise you a welcome beforehand."

"You are very kind," briefly returned Isaac. They were walking slowly to the gate, and he held it open for her.

"What's Reginald doing?" she asked. "Have you heard from him lately?"

"Not very lately. You are aware that he is in London under a master of navigation, preparatory to passing for second officer. As soon as he has passed, he will be going to sea again."

"When you write to him, give him our address, and tell him to come and see me. And now good-by," added Charlotte, heartily. "And mind you don't show yourself a muff, Mr. Isaac, but come and see us. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Isaac, smiling as he thawed to her good humour. "I wish you a pleasant journey, Mrs. Pain."

"Merci bien. If——I say, is that Grace?"

Charlotte had cast her eyes to the rectory's upper windows. Mrs. Akeman, her baby in her arms—a great baby, getting, now—stood at one.

"She is spending the afternoon with us," explained Isaac.

"And wouldn't come down to me!" retorted Charlotte. "She's very polite. Tell her so from me, Isaac. Good-by."

The church clock boomed out five as Charlotte passed it, and she came to a stand-still of consideration. It was the hour at which she had ordered her dinner to be ready.

"Bother dinner!" decided she. "I can't go home for that. I want to go and see if they are in their lodgings yet. Is that you, Mrs. Bond?"

Sure enough, Mrs. Bond had come into view, and was halting to bob down to Charlotte. Her face looked pale and pinched. There had been no supply of strong waters to-day.

"I be a'most starving, ma'am," said she. "I be a waiting here to catch the parson, for I've been to his house, and they says he's out. I dun know as it's of any good seeing of him, either. 'Tain't much as he have got to give away now."

"I am about to leave, Mrs. Bond," cried Charlotte, in her free and communicative humour.

"More's the ill luck, and I have heered on't," responded Mrs. Bond. "Everybody as is good to us poor goes away, or dies, or fails, or sum'at. There'll be soon naught left for us but the work'us. Many's the odd bit o' silver you have give me at times, ma'am."

"So I have," said Charlotte, laughing. "What if I were to give you this, as a farewell remembrance?"

She took a half-sovereign out of her purse and held it up. Mrs. Bond gasped: the luck seemed too great to be realised.

"Here, you may have it," said Charlotte, dropping it into the shaking and dirty hand held out. "But you know you are nothing but an old sinner, Mrs. Bond."

"I knows I be," humbly acquiesced Mrs. Bond. "'Tain't of no good denying of it to you, ma'am: you be up to things."

Charlotte laughed. "You'll go and change this at the nearest gin-shop, and you'll reel into bed to-night blindfold. That's the only good you'll do with it. There! don't say I quitted Prior's Ash, forgetting you."

She walked on rapidly, leaving Mrs. Bond in her ecstasy of delight to waste her thanks on the empty air. The lodgings George had taken were at the opposite end of the town, nearer to Ashlydyat, and to them Charlotte was bound. They were not on the high road, but in a quiet side lane. The house, low and commodious, and built in the cottage style, stood in the midst of a productive garden. A small grass-plat and some flowers were before the front windows, but the rest of the ground was filled with fruit and vegetables. Charlotte opened the green gate and walked up the path, which led direct to the house.

The front door was open to a small hall, and Charlotte went in, finding her way, and turned to a room on the left: a cheerful, good-sized, old-fashioned parlour, with a green carpet, and pink flowers on its walls. There stood Margery, laying out some teacups and some bread-and-butter. Her eyes opened at the sight of Mrs. Pain.

"Are they come yet, Margery?"

"No," was Margery's short answer. "They'll be here in half an hour, maybe; and that'll be before I want 'em—with all the rooms and everything to see to, and only me to do it."

"Is that all you are going to give them for tea?" cried Charlotte, looking contemptuously on the bread-and-butter. "I should surprise them with a little dainty dish or two on the table. It would look cheering: and they might soon be cooked."

"I dare say they might, where there's conveniences and time," wrathfully returned Margery, who relished Mrs. Pain's interference as little as she relished her presence. "The kitchen we are to have is about as big as a rat-hole, and my hands are full enough this evening without dancing out to buy meats, and trying if the grate 'll cook 'em."

"Of course you will light the fire here," said Charlotte, turning to the grate. "I see it is laid."

"It's not cold," grunted Margery.

"But the fire will be like a pleasant welcome. I'll do it myself."

She caught up a box of matches which stood on the mantelpiece, and set fire to the fagots underneath the coal. Margery took no notice one way or the other. The fire in a fair way of burning, Charlotte hastened from the house, and Margery breathed freely again.

Not for long. A short space, and Charlotte was back again, accompanied by sundry parcels. There was a renowned comestible shop in Prior's Ash, and Charlotte had been ransacking it. She had also been home for a small parcel on her own account: but that did not contain eatables.

Taking off her cloak and bonnet, she made herself at home. Critically surveying the bedrooms; visiting the kitchen to see that the kettle boiled; lighting the lamp on the tea-table, for it was dark then; demanding an unlimited supply of plates, and driving Margery nearly wild with her audacity. But Charlotte was doing it all in good feeling, in her desire to render this new asylum bright-looking at the moment of their taking possession of it; to cheat the first entrance of some of its bitterness for Maria. Whatever may have been Mrs. Charlotte Pain's faults—and Margery, for one, gave her credit for plenty—she was capable of generous impulses. It is probable that in the days gone by, a feeling of jealousy, of spite, had rankled in her heart against George Godolphin's wife: but that had worn itself out; had been finally lost in the sorrow felt for Maria since the misfortunes had fallen. When the fly drove up to the door, and George brought in his wife and Meta, the bright room, the well-laden tea-table greeted their surprised eyes, and Charlotte was advancing with open hands.

"I thought you'd like to see somebody here to get things comfortable for you, and I knew that cross-grained Margery would have enough to do between the boxes and her temper," she cried, taking Maria's hands. "How are you, Mr. George?"

George found his tongue. "This is kind of you, Mrs. Pain."

Maria felt that it *was* kind: and in her tide of gratitude, as her hand lay in Charlotte's warm grasp, she almost forgot that cruel calumny. Not quite: it could not be quite forgotten, even momentarily, until earth and its passions should have passed away.

"And mademoiselle?" continued Charlotte. Mademoiselle, little gourmande that she was, was raised on her toes, surveying the table with curious eyes. Charlotte lifted her in her arms, and held up to her view a glass jar, something inside it the colour of pale amber. "This is for good children, this is."

"That's me," responded Meta, smacking her lips. "What is it?"

"It's—let me read the label—it's pine-apple jelly. And that's boned fowl; and that's gélatine de veau; and that's pâté de lapereau aux truffes—if you understand what it all means, petite marmotte. And

—there—you can look at everything and find out for yourself," concluded Charlotte. "I am going to show mamma her bedroom."

It opened from the sitting-room: a commodious arrangement, as Charlotte observed, in case of illness. Maria cast her eyes round it, and saw a sufficiently comfortable chamber. It was not their old luxurious chamber at the bank: but luxuries and they must part company now.

"Look here," said Charlotte, dropping her voice to a whisper.

She was pointing with her finger to the chest of drawers. Placed back, the only object on its white covering, was the miniature red trunk which Maria had given into her charge in the summer.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you greatly for taking care of it, Mrs. Pain."

"It is safe here now. You and the enemy have parted company. Though it were heaped full of diamonds, they'd not come and look after them here. Is it?"

"What? Full of diamonds?" Maria shook her head. "Indeed, I told you truth, Mrs. Pain, when I said there was nothing in it of value. It contains but a few letters and papers, and a lock or two of my dead children's hair."

"In-*deed!*" exclaimed Charlotte, with a sweetly innocent look. "Then you and I are different, Mrs. George Godolphin. Were the like calamity to happen to my husband—if I had one—I should consider it a praiseworthy virtue to save all I could from the grasp of the spoilers. Come along. We shall have Meta going into all the good things."

Charlotte reigned at the head of the table that night, triumphantly gay. Margery waited with a stiffened neck and pursed-up lips. Nothing more: there were no other signs of rebellion. Margery had had her say out with that one memorable communication, and from thenceforth her lips were closed for ever. Did the woman repent of having spoken?—did she now think it better to have let doubt be doubt? It is hard to say. She had made no further objection to Mrs. Pain in words; she intended to make none. If that lady filled Miss Meta to bursting to-night with the pine-apple jelly and the boned fowl, and the other things with unpronounceable names, which Margery regarded as rank poison when regaling Miss Meta, *she* should not interfere. The sin might lie on her master and mistress's head.

It was close upon ten when Charlotte rose to go. She put on her things, and bent over Maria in greeting. "Take care of yourself, Mrs. George," she said, in a kindly tone. "Now that the worst is over, things will soon come round again. And if you should find it convenient to get rid of Meta for a bit, send her up to me. I'll take great care of her."

Margery stood with the door open. George was taking down his hat.

"I protest and declare you shall not, Mr. George Godolphin!" exclaimed Charlotte, divining his intention of seeing her home. "Do you suppose I am going to take you from your wife, the first evening she is in this strange place?"

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"Do you suppose I am going to let you be run away with in the

dangerous streets of Prior's Ash?" returned George, with laughing gallantry.

"I'll guard against that," returned Charlotte. "I am old enough to take care of myself."

"Why, I should not be away ten minutes."

"Now, you know when I say a thing, I mean it," said Charlotte, in a peremptory tone. "You are not going with me, Mr. George. I have a reason for wishing to go home by myself. There."

George could only yield. Charlotte had spoken still in her kindness to Maria. In spite of her own attractive presence, Maria's spirits were lower than they might have been: and Charlotte generously left her the society of her husband. As to walking through the streets of Prior's Ash alone, or through any other streets, Charlotte had no foolish fears, but would as soon go through them by night as by day.

As a proof of this, she did not proceed direct homewards, but turned up a road that led to the railway. She had no objection to a stroll that moonlight night, and she had a fancy for seeing what passengers the ten o'clock train brought, which was just in.

It brought none. None that Charlotte could see: and she was preparing to turn back on the dull road, when a solitary figure came looming on her sight in the distance. He was better than nobody, regarding him in Charlotte's social point of view: but he appeared to be advanced in years. She could see so much before he came up.

Charlotte strolled on, gratifying her curiosity by a good stare. A tall, portly man, with a fresh colour and snow-white hair. She was passing by him, when he lifted his face, which had been bent, and turned it towards her. The recognition was mutual, and she darted up to him, and gave his hand a hearty shake. It was Mr. Crosse.

"Good gracious me! We all thought you never meant to come back again!"

"And I'd rather not have come back, Mrs. Pain, than come to hear what I am obliged to hear. I went streaming off for weeks from Pau, where I was staying, a confounded, senseless tour into Spain, leaving no orders for letters to be sent to me, and so I heard nothing. What *has* brought about this awful calamity?"

"What calamity?" asked Charlotte—knowing perfectly well all the while.

"What calamity!" repeated Mr. Crosse, who was rapid in speech and hot in temper. "The failure of the bank—the Godolphins' ruin. What else?"

"Oh, that!" slightingly returned Charlotte. "That's stale news now. Folks are forgetting it. Queen Anne's dead."

"What brought it about?" reiterated Mr. Crosse, neither the words nor their tone pleasing him.

"What does bring such things about?" rejoined Charlotte. "Want of money, I suppose. Or bad management."

"But there was no want of money; there was no bad management in the Godolphins' house," raved Mr. Crosse, becoming excited. "I wish you'd not play with my feelings, Mrs. Pain."

"Who is playing with them?" cried Charlotte. "If it was not want of money, if it was not bad management, I don't know what else it was."

"I was told in London, as I came through it, that George Godolphin has been playing up old Rosemary with everything, and that Verrall has helped him," continued Mr. Crosse.

"Folks will talk," said bold Charlotte. "I was told—it was the current report in Prior's Ash—that the stoppage had occurred through Mr. Crosse drawing his money out of the concern."

"What an unfounded assertion!" exclaimed that gentleman, in choler. "Prior's Ash ought to have known better."

"So ought those who tell you rubbish about George Godolphin and Verrall," coolly affirmed Charlotte.

"Where's Thomas Godolphin?"

"At Ashlydyat. He's in luck. My Lord Averil has bought it all in as it stands, and Mr. Godolphin remains in it."

"He is ill, I hear?"

"Pretty near dead, *I* hear," retorted Charlotte. "My lord is to marry Miss Cecilia."

"And where's that wicked George?"

"If you call names, I won't answer you another word, Mr. Crosse."

"I suppose *you* don't like to hear it," he returned in so pointed a manner that Charlotte might have felt it as a lance-shaft. "Well, where is he?"

"Just gone into lodgings with his wife and Margery and Meta. I have been taking tea with them. They left the bank to-day."

Mr. Crosse stood, nodding his head in the moonlight, and communing aloud with himself. "And so—and so—it is all a smash together! It *is* as bad as was said."

"It couldn't be worse," cried Charlotte. "Prior's Ash won't hold up its head for many a day. It's no longer worth living in. I leave it for good to-morrow."

"Poor Sir George! It's a good thing he was in his grave. Lord Averil could have prosecuted George, I hear."

"Were I to hear to-morrow that I could be prosecuted for standing here and talking to you to-night, I shouldn't wonder," was the answer.

"What on earth did he do with the money? What went with it?"

"Report runs that he founded a cluster of almshouses with it," said Charlotte, demurely. "Ten old women, who are to be found in coals and red cloaks, and half-a-crown a week."

The words angered him beyond everything. Nothing could have been more serious than his mood; nothing could savour of levity, of mockery, more than hers. "Report runs that he has been giving fabulous prices for horses to make presents of," angrily retorted Mr. Crosse, in a tone of pointed significance.

"Not a bit of it," returned undaunted Charlotte. "He only gave bills."

"Good night to you, Mrs. Pain," came the next words, haughty and abruptly; and Mr. Crosse turned to continue his way.

Leaving Charlotte standing there. No other passengers came down from the station: there were none to come: and she turned to retrace her steps to the town. She walked slowly and moved her head from side to side, as if she would take in all the familiar features of the landscape by way of a farewell in anticipation of the morrow; which was to close her residence at Prior's Ash for ever.

SUNDOWN.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Evening approaches: the all-tired Earth
Prepares for rest, and with a low still voice
Praises her great Creator, who hath given
A time for all things: after day the night,
And after toil the blessings of repose.

Apollo lingering leaves his favourite boy,
Bright-haired young Hyacinth,* whose violet eyes
Are dull with sleep, yet with a loving glance
Turns he towards the Sun-God as he smiles
A last farewell to the half-slumbering Earth.
Grandly he falls! The red oaks gleam with gold,
And the white heaving bosom of the sea
Floats in a liquid amber; majesty
Sits on the face of Nature, ere she doffs
The day-robes of her gorgeous sovereignty
For the grey silvered vestments of the night!
The dew-wet apple-blossoms, robed in pink,
Sweet-scent the misty night-haze, the white pear
Closes her fragrant treasures from the kiss
Of the enamoured South-wind, who anon
Steals from her snowy riches some small store,
And scatters perfume on the willing breeze.
Bathed in a flush of purple gleam the hills,
Their red crests showing 'gainst the brighter sky
Superbly beautiful; the pine-trees bend
To the slow-coming night-breeze, and around
Rest the white flocks—O God, how beauteous-fair
The tranquil calm thou spreadest o'er the Night.

An English sundown! Lives there on this earth
A scene of truer beauty? Brighter far
May blaze the splendour of an orient sky
In amethyst and opal, but to us,
To *us*, blessed sons of England—God be thanked!—
Gives he alone from his Almighty hand
These scenes of truest Beauty, truest Peace!

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* The metaphor is applied to the sun-rays falling on the blue hyacinth beds.

DIONYSIUS THE ELDER.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

MICHELET pauses in his narrative of the Sicilian Vespers to remark on the fate of Sicily for ages—ever the milch-cow, drained both of milk and blood by a foreign master. In her bosom it is, he reminds us, that all the great quarrels of the world have been decided—Athens and Syracuse, Greece and Carthage, Carthage and Rome, have made her their battle-field; and there too the servile wars were fought out. All these solemn battles of mankind, he says, "have been contested within sight of Etna—like the 'Judgment of God' before the altar." Then came the Barbarians,—Arabs, Normans, Germans. Each time that Sicily formed a hope and desire, each time she was summoned to suffer: she turned, and then back again to the same side, like Enceladus under the volcano. Such, according to the French historian, are the "weakness and incurable irreconcilableness" of a people composed of a score of races, and so heavily oppressed by the double fatality of history and climate. In fact, he asserts, that the only hours Sicily ever had of independence and healthy existence were under her tyrants, the Dionysiuses and Gelons of old; by whom alone, too, she was rendered formidable abroad.*

So again Mr. Leigh Hunt opens a chapter of Glances at ancient Sicilian history and biography, with some remarks on the fate of the fair island, which, being one of those small, beautiful, and abundant countries which excite the cupidity of larger ones, has had as many foreign masters as the poor Princess of Babylon, in Boccacio, who, on her way to be married to the King of Colchos, fell into the hands of nine husbands. Leontius gives a pleasantly particularised catalogue raisonné of the leading celebrities of Sicily, in the old, old times, from Phalaris of the bull, and Stesichorus of the lyre, and Damocles of the sword, to Marcellus and Verres. Of course, an item or two in the list are appropriated to the Dionysiuses and their associates. And thus the Elder of the tyrants figures on the gossiping roll of names:

"Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse (the Elder). He wrote bad verses; slept in a bed with a trench round it, and a drawbridge; and, for fear of a barber, burnt away his beard with hot walnut-shells. What a razor! Dionysius had abilities enough to become the more hateful for his capricious and detestable qualities. Probably he had a spice of madness in him, which power exasperated. Ariosto has turned him to fine account in his personification of Suspicion."

Other items, that deal indirectly with his majesty, are the following:

"Damon and Pythias, the famous friends. One of them became surety to Dionysius for the other's appearance at the scaffold, and was not disappointed. Dionysius begged to be admitted a third in the partnership! —the most ridiculous thing, perhaps, that even the tyrant ever did.

"Damocles, the courtly gentleman, who pronounced Dionysius the happiest man on earth. He was treated by his master to a 'proof of the

* See Michelet, Histoire de France, t. iii. l. v. ch. i.

pudding' which tyrants eat. He sat crowned at the head of a luxurious banquet, in the midst of odours, music, and homage; and saw, suspended by a hair over his head, a naked sword. This, it must be confessed, was a happy thought of the royal poet—a practical epigram of the very finest point. . . . .

"Plato; who visited both the Dionysiuses, to induce them to become philosophers! He might as well have asked tigers in a sheepfold to prefer a dish of green peas."*

The conduct and fortunes of the elder Dionysius are referred to by Mr. Stuart Mill, as a standard illustration, from that history which men call philosophy teaching by example, of the successive stages of the "despot's progress." Here, too, he observes,† the avenging Nemesis attends; but, as usual with the misdeeds of rulers, the punishment is vicarious:—the younger Dionysius, a "weak and self-indulgent, but good-natured and rather well-meaning inheritor of despotic power," having to suffer the penalty of the usurpation and the multiplied tyrannies of his energetic and unscrupulous father.

Mr. Grote's portrait of the latter, is that of a man all whose appetites were merged in the love of dominion, at home and abroad; and of money as a means of dominion: to the service of which master passion all his energies were devoted, together with those vast military resources which an unscrupulous ability served both to accumulate and to recruit. How the tyrant's treasury was supplied, with the large exigencies continually pressing upon it, we are but little informed. We know, however, that his exactions from the Syracusans were exorbitant; that he did not hesitate to strip the holiest temples; and that he left behind him a great reputation for ingenious tricks in extracting money from his subjects.

"Both the vague general picture, and the fragmentary details which come before us, of his conduct towards the Syracusans, present to us nothing but an oppressive and extortionate tyrant, by whose fiat numberless victims perished; more than ten thousand, according to the general language of Plutarch. He enriched largely his younger brothers and auxiliaries; among which latter, Hipparinus stood prominent, thus recovering a fortune equal to or larger than that which his profligacy had dissipated. But we hear also of acts of Dionysius, indicating a jealous and cruel temper, even towards near relatives."‡

This, indeed, is a salient point in the tyrant's character. For it appears certain, as the historian amply shows, that Dionysius trusted *no* one—*πιστεύων οὐδενί*, are Plato's own words; that though in the field he was a perfectly brave man, yet his suspicion and timorous anxiety as to every one who approached his person, were carried to the most tormenting excess, and extended even to his wives, his brothers, his daughters. "Afraid to admit any one with a razor near to his face, he is said to have singed his own beard with a burning coal. Both his brother and his son were searched for concealed weapons, and even forced to change their clothes in the presence of his guards, before they were permitted to see him." We are told, too, of an officer of the guards, named Marsyas, who dreamed that he was assassinating Dionysius, being

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* A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla, pp. 29 *sq.*

† Mill's Dissertations and Discussions in Philosophy, &c., vol. ii. p. 513.

‡ Grote, History of Greece, vol. xi. part ii. ch. lxxxiii.

put to death for this dream, as proving that his waking thoughts must have been dwelling upon such a project. Other examples of the like tragical freaks are to be read of in Plutarch, and in the anecdotes recounted by Cicero in his Tusculan Disputations and elsewhere. That about his brother Leptines, for instance, who was one day describing the situation of a place, and took a spear from one of the guards to trace the plan; a liberty which scandalised Dionysius beyond measure—and the result of which was the execution of the soldier who had parted with his spear for a few seconds, to oblige Leptines, and aid in the topographical demonstrations of that too demonstrative kinsman. Dionysius owned himself afraid of the sense and sagacity of his friends, because he knew that with sense and sagacity to put this and that together, to make deductions and draw comparisons, they could not but think it more eligible to rule than to be ruled, to govern than to obey. Their stolid ignorance would have been his bliss: in more instances than one or two, it was their folly to be wise.

Appian tells the story, and Montaigne repeats it after him, of a stranger who publicly said he could teach Dionysius an infallible way to find out and discover all the conspiracies his subjects should contrive against him, if he would give him a good sum of money for his pains. Dionysius, hearing of it, had the man sent for, and desired at once to be made master of a secret so precious. What was the art the man had to communicate? Quick! Let him name his terms. Well, his terms were a talent. That was a good deal of money. But Dionysius would not haggle—but would comport himself *en prince*. So the man should have the talent. And now, what was the art that cost so round a sum? All the art was, that, giving the ingenious gentleman a talent, his majesty should afterwards boast in all quarters that he had obtained a singular secret from him. Dionysius liked the idea—paid down a thousand crowns for it—and made political capital of it, from that day forth. It was not likely, as Montaigne, who relishes the idea too, remarks, that the king should give so great a sum to a person unknown, unless as a reward for some extraordinary and very useful discovery, and the belief of this served to keep his enemies in awe. "Princes," adds the shrewd old essayist, "do very wisely, however, to publish the informations they receive of all the practices against their lives, to possess men with an opinion that they have such good intelligence, and so many spies abroad, that nothing can be plotted against them but they have immediate notice of it."* But this stroke of practical policy would have hit the taste of Dionysius less, by a good deal, than the theory that cost him an ungrudged talent. He was of a turn of mind to appreciate the expansive powers of imaginative suspicion. A miserable turn of mind, but one that with him was at once beyond participation and beyond relief. A blighting, palsying presence, this of stealthy Suspicion; but a presence that was not to be put by.

> But thus it is with kings; suspicions haunt
> And dangers press around them all their days;
> Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,
> And wars and treasons are their talk at table.†

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* Essais de Montaigne, livre i. ch. xxiii.

† H. Taylor, Edwin the Fair, Act IV. Sc. 4.

So answers Dunstan his sovran when the latter intimates his apprehension of poison in his food, and is bluffly told by the blatant churchman that his food is poisoned by his own suspicions:

> 'Tis your own fault. Tho' Gurmo's zeal is great,
> It is impossible he should so exceed
> As to put poison in your food:—

an impossibility about which there may be two opinions; but there can be only one as to the wretchedness of royalty environed by such conditions of mistrust. When Philip Melanchthon, on the authority of a person who had filled an important post at the court of Clement VII., mentioned that every day, after the Pope had supped, his cup-bearer and cooks were imprisoned for two hours, and then, if no symptoms of poison manifested themselves in their master, were released—Luther, at whose table the story was told, burst out with the exclamation, "What a miserable life! 'Tis exactly what Moses has described in Deuteronomy: 'And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear, day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning, thou shalt say: Would God it were even! and at even, thou shalt say: Would God it were morning!'"* The feeling of such perturbed potentates may be expressed in the terms of Goneril's answer to Albany, when he opines, "Well, you may fear too far."

> *Gon.* ——Safer than trust:
> Let me still take away the harms I fear,
> Not fear still to be taken.†

Lewis the Eleventh, in his last days, is a grimly grotesque personification of this crowned (but cross-bearing) suspicion, as Comines pictures him at Plessis-les-Tours: "Voudroit-on dire que ce roy ne souffrit pas aussi bien que les autres, qui ainsi s'enfermoit et se faisoit garder, qui estoit en peur de ses enfants, et de tous ses prochains parents, et qui changeoit et muoit de jour en jour ses serviteurs qu'il avoit nourris, et qui ne tenoient biens ne honneur que de luy, tellement qu'en nul d'eux ne s'osoit fier, et s'enchaisnoit ainsi de si étranger chaines et clostures?"‡ It is to no purpose, says Montaigne, to have a guard of foreigners about a man's person, or to be always fenced around with a pale of armed men; for "whoever despises his own life is always master of that of another man."§ And, moreover, as Montaigne goes on to teach, this continual suspicion, that makes a prince jealous of everybody, must, of necessity, be a marvellous torment to him: whence it was that Dion, being warned that Calippus watched an opportunity to take away his life, had never the heart to inquire more particularly into it, but said he had rather die than live in the misery of always being on his guard, not only against his enemies but his very friends.‖ Those who preach to princes so circumspect and vigilant a jealousy and distrust, do, in Montaigne's judgment, under colour of security, preach to them ruin and dishonour. But,

> As Catoun saith, he that guilty is,
> Demeth al thing be spoke of him, I wis;¶

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* Luther's Tischreden, 448. † King Lear, Act I. Sc. 4.
‡ Mémoires de Philippe de Comines, l. vi. ch. xi.
§ Seneca, Epist. 4. ‖ Essais de Montaigne, I. 23.
¶ Chaucer, Prologe of the Chanounes Yeman.

which is Chaucer's philosophy of character in the instance of his *heauton-timoroumenos* of an ill-thinking canon,

——for suspeccioun
Of mennes speche ever hadde this Chanoun.

Every such self-tormentor bears about with him the penalty of his distrust—not the remedy. Not that he is at all the sort of poor creature popularly known as Nobody's enemy but his own;—for to every living creature he is potentially hostile, and to an improper fraction of them actually so. But he is emphatically his own enemy as well; and is ever punishing himself in the prodigious pain he takes to pre-judge others, and, by *pre*-payment, to pay them out.

Iago can affirm the subjective inconvenience, the internal and eternal discomfort, to which a temperament of this kind renders its owner liable,—

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

And Othello can think scorn of and cry shame on a life so hampered and beset with vile misgivings:

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No! . . .*

Addison comments on it as a characteristic of great and heroic minds, that they not only show a particular disregard to the unmerited reproaches cast upon them, but are altogether free from what he calls "that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting." To the histories of Alexander and Cæsar he points, as full of this kind of instances. And then he proceeds to remark that vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character,—and here is his flagrant instance ready made: "Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon, which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's Ear, and built with several little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it.

"The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overhear everything that was whispered in the dungeon."†

Mr. Addison, before getting out of Ear-shot of Dionysius, ventures to affirm, that a Cæsar or an Alexander would rather have died by the treason, than have used such disingenuous means for detecting it.

When the Maid of Orleans was immured in that loathsome cell in the donjon-keep of Crotoy, which had long been covered by the sands of the Somme, and from which, looking out upon the sea, she could sometimes

* Othello, Act III. Sc. 3. † Spectator, No. 439.

descry the English downs,*—added to the wretchedness of being linked to a beam by a large iron chain, and under the personal watch by night and day, *within* the cell, of three of the brigand ruffians called "houspilleurs," she was also subjected to espial from *without*. Winchester, the inquisitor, and Estivet, promoter of the prosecution (Cauchon's right-hand-man of business), had each a key to the tower, and watched her hourly through a hole in the wall. Each stone of this infernal dungeon, says Michelet,† had eyes. Cauchon and his crew found their account in this Argus-eyed policy. If stone-walls have ears, and eyes, at least let them be used to the gaoler's profit, not the prisoner's.

Shakspeare makes Richard III., who had more than a touch of Dionysian cleverness and sinister statecraft in him, extemporise a mechanical Ear, for all practical purposes, in the folds of his officers' tents, as they are encamped on Bosworth field:

> It is not yet near day. Come, go with me,

he bids his trusty tool and confidant, Sir Richard Ratcliffe;

> Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,
> To hear if any mean to shrink from me.‡

As to the Ear of Dionysius, *that* was a worthy device to give almost literal truth to the rhetorical hyperbole of the Preacher, the son of David, King of Jerusalem, when he said,§ Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.

The science of acoustics enabled his Sicilian majesty to do without bird-carriage for the vocables, or winged agency to tell the matter. The words uttered, however whisperingly, inside his Ear, were themselves *ἐπεα πτεροεντα, winged words;* and winged their way straight to their destination, among the secrets of his royal, his most *un*royal heart.

Need the reader be reminded of the Scottish Solomon's emulation of the Dionysian Ear, in Sir Walter's story of the Fortunes of Nigel? How James remembers him of having read "that Dionysius, King of Syracuse, whom," quoth the pedant-prince, parenthetically, "historians call *τύραννος*, which signifieth not in the Greek tongue, as in ours, a truculent usurper, but a royal king who governs, it may be, something more strictly than we and other lawful monarchs, whom the ancient termed *βασιλεῖς*—Now this Dionysius of Syracuse caused cunning workmen to build for himself a *lugg*—D'ye ken what that is, my Lord Bishop?" the Winchester prelate is asked; who answers, "A cathedral, I presume to guess." But the Scotch dialect being a topic upon which the bishop cannot pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, a cathedral happens to be entirely beside the mark. And his majesty resumes, in impatience at Southron stolidity: "What the deil, man—I crave your lordship's pardon for swearing—but it was no cathedral—only a lurking-place called the king's *lugg*, or *ear*, where he could sit undescried, and hear the converse of his prisoners. Now, sirs, in imitation of this Dionysius, whom I took for my pattern,

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* Michelet, Histoire de France, t. v. l. x. ch. iv.
† Ibid., A.D. 1431.
‡ King Richard III., Act V. Sc. 3.
§ Ecclesiastes, x. 20.

the rather that he was a great linguist and grammarian, and taught a school with good applause after his abdication (either he or his successor of the same name, it matters not whilk)—I have caused them to make a *lugg* up at the state-prison of the Tower yonder, more like a pulpit than a cathedral, my Lord Bishop—and communicating with the arras behind the Lieutenant's chamber, where we may sit and privily hear the discourse of such prisoners as are pent up there for state offences, and so creep into the very secrets of our enemies."* At which pawky exposé of pusillanimous kingcraft, Prince Charles casts a glance towards Buckingham, expressive of great vexation and disgust; and the duke shrugs his shoulders in appreciative response, but with a motion discreetly imperceptible, so far as James's goggle eyes are concerned.

But to return to Dionysius himself. The conditions of his existence —perpetual mistrust, danger even from the nearest kindred, enmity both to and from every dignified freeman, and reliance only on armed barbarians or liberated slaves—these are conditions which, in the language of Mr. Grote, "beset almost every Grecian despot, and from which the greatest despot of his age enjoyed no exemption." Yet, although philosophers emphatically insisted that such a man must be miserable, Dionysius himself, as well as the great mass of admiring spectators—mob and majesty uniting in contempt of ideology men, and Messieurs les Philosophes—would probably feel, as the historian says, that the necessities of the king's position were "more than compensated by its awe-striking grandeur, and by the full satisfaction of ambitious dreams." But the Syracusans, over whom he ruled, enjoyed no such compensation for that which they suffered from his tax-gatherers—from his garrisons of Gauls, Iberians, and Campanians, in Ortygia—from his spies—his prison—and his executioners.†

For himself, again, were there not the compensations of authorship, the consolations of literature? Was not Dionysius also among the poets, even as was Saul also among the prophets? Woe to the wight that should be caught whispering to the contrary, in the Ear of Dionysius! It was made a Star-Chamber business of, in Sicily, to mis-esteem or under-estimate the royal verses. Montaigne has a long paragraph on the phenomenon, yet a stubborn fact, that Dionysius valued himself upon nothing more than his poetry; and tells how, at the Olympic Games, with chariots surpassing all others in magnificence, he was represented by poets and musicians, who brought his majesty's verses thither wholesale, to be recited in the ravished ears of thousands on thousands. When the verses came to be declaimed by these "professionals," with all the emphasis and discretion, all the fluent grace and effective accentuation of practised elocutionists, the people were at first pleased and plauditory. But it soon struck the listeners that the matter, the substance, to which these experts were thus doing a deal more than justice, was wishy-washy stuff—the utter worthlessness of which not even so artfully artistic a delivery could long conceal. Even a real *maestro* in operatic composition, aided by a star to warble his sweetest on the boards, will not always avail to save a twaddle of namby-pambyism in the *libretto* from condign

* The Fortunes of Nigel, vol. ii. ch. xvi.
† See Grote, History of Greece, XI. ch. lxxxiii. *passim.*

perdition. The people who gave ear to the Dionysian lyrics, were first of all attracted by the masterly skill at recitative in the performers. Then the suspicion crept in that the words were a trifle rickety or so. Next came an entire conviction that the words were unmitigated and redemptionless trash. They laughed, and hooted, and jeered, accordingly, to their hearts' content; and from derision they worked themselves up to wrath and vengeance, and in a frenzy of resentment the hooters proceeded to acts of riot, pulling down his majesty's royally gilt and tapestried pavilions, and tearing *them* to pieces, as the Roman mob was for doing to Casca the poet, in person, for *his* bad verses.

At any rate, the king had furnished the Olympic critics with a "sensation" piece, and taught them a new Game to play, in that highly select circle of theirs.

But Sicilia was in frowns when the ill news came. Mr. Grote says that, when we are told that the badness of the poems caused them to be received with opprobrious ridicule, it is easy to see that the hatred intended for the person of Dionysius was discharged upon his verses. That of course the hissers and hooters would make it clearly understood what they really meant, and would indulge in the full licence of heaping curses upon his name and acts. That neither the best reciters of Greece, nor the best poems even of Sophocles or Pindar, could have any chance against such predetermined antipathy. And that the whole scene would end in the keenest disappointment and humiliation, inflicted upon the Syracusan envoys as well as upon the actors, this being the only channel through which the retributive chastisement of Hellas could be made to reach the author. "Though not present in person at Olympia, the despot felt the chastisement in his inmost soul. The mere narrative of what had passed plunged him into an agony of sorrow, which for some time seemed to grow worse by brooding on the scene, and at length drove him nearly mad. He was smitten with intolerable consciousness of the profound hatred borne towards him, even throughout a large portion of the distant and independent Hellenic world. He fancied that this hatred was shared by all around him, and suspected every one as plotting against his life. To such an excess of cruelty did this morbid excitement carry him, that he seized several of his best friends, under false accusations, and surmises, and caused them to be slain."*

But Mr. Grote is noway disposed to let his voice swell the common cry of mockers at a despot's bad verses. He recognises in Dionysius not only a triumphant prince but a tragic poet; competitor, as such, for that applause and admiration which no force can extort. Since none of his tragedies have been preserved, the historian can form no judgment of his own respecting them. But when he learns that Dionysius had stood second or third, and that one of his compositions gained even the first prize at the Lenæan festival at Athens in 368-367 B.C.—the favourable judgment of an Athenian audience is held, by the modern critic, to afford good reason for presuming that the despot's talents in poetry were considerable. It is freely allowed, however, that, at the vexatious time of the Olympic Games, which was some twenty years earlier, Dionysius the poet was not likely to receive an impartial hearing anywhere: for while

* Grote, XI. 46.

on the one hand his own circle would applaud every word—on the other hand, a large proportion of independent Greeks would be biased against what they heard by their fear and hatred of the author. If we believed the anecdotes recounted by Diodorus, we should conclude not merely that the tragedies were contemptible compositions, but that the irritability of Dionysius in regard to criticism was exaggerated even to silly weakness.* Philoxenus, a dithyrambic poet of some mark, who was either visiting or residing at Syracuse, was asked his opinion, after hearing one of his majesty's tragedies privately recited. Philoxenus gave what he was asked for,—his opinion; which, happening to be what it was, should have been the last thing for him to think of giving. So he thought, perhaps, when he found himself at the Quarries for speaking his mind. Next day, however, he was let out again: the more speedily, perchance, because Dionysius had a copy of verses to read to him, upon which the labour of the file had been so diligently exercised, that the despot was sanguine of propitiating the fastidious critic, this time. The story goes, that Philoxenus made for the palace, escorted by a body of guards,—in whose presence, then and there, the royal bard recited the poem on which he plumed himself—and, that done, forthwith desired Philoxenus to pronounce a true verdict. Instead of complying with a request that, to an honest man, would infallibly produce as ugly a sequel as before, and might bring something worse still, Philoxenus turned abruptly to the guards, and, with a dry air of decision that must have tickled all but the king, bade them take him back to the Quarries at once.

Haply, however, the king was tickled too; for it does not appear that the poet had a fresh term of imprisonment, with hard labour. On the contrary, he got on very well at court; having received a lesson for life, well learnt by heart; and thenceforth contriving as neatly, by "delicate wit and double-meaning phrases," to express an inoffensive sentiment without openly compromising himself, as the celebrated worthy in the "Spectator," who assumed such a very limited liability by the adjudicatory sentence, solemn and serene, that there was a great deal to be said on both sides of the question.

Mr. Grote, however, as we have seen, is not at all satisfied with the air of ridicule which Diodorus has cast over the Dionysiac émeute at the Olympic Games, and its effect on his majesty's mind, by recognising nothing except the despot's vexation at the ill success of his poem, as the cause of his mental suffering. It is improbable, the historian argues, that the poem of Dionysius—himself "a man of ability, and having every opportunity of profiting by good critics whom he had purposely assembled around him"—should have been so ridiculously bad as to disgust an impartial audience. Still more improbable is it, Mr. Grote thinks, that a simple poetical failure, though doubtless mortifying to him, should work with such fearful effect as to plunge him into anguish and madness. To unnerve thus violently a person like Dionysius—deeply stained with the great crimes of unscrupulous ambition, but remarkably exempt from infirmities—some more powerful cause is, in the historian's judgment, required. And to his critical scrutiny that cause stands out conspicuously, in the actual circumstances of the Olympic festival of 384 B.C.

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* Grote, XI. 36.

Dionysius, then, we are to bear in mind, had accumulated for this occasion all the means of showing himself off, "like Krœsus in his interview with Solon," as the most prosperous and powerful man in the Hellenic world; means beyond the reach of any contemporary, and surpassing even Hiero or Thero of former days, whose praises in the odes of Pindar he probably had in his mind. He counted, probably with good reason, Mr. Grote continues, "that his splendid legation, chariots, and outfit of acting and recitation for the poems, would surpass everything else seen on the holy plain; and he fully expected such reward as the public were always glad to bestow on such men who exhausted their purses in the recognised vein of Hellenic pious ostentation. In this high wrought state of expectation, what does Dionysius hear by his messengers returning from the festival? That their mission had proved a total failure; and even worse than a failure; that the display had called forth none of the usual admiration, not because there were rivals on the ground equal or superior, but simply because it came from *him*; that its very magnificence had operated to render the explosion of antipathy against him louder and more violent; that his tents in the sacred ground had been actually assailed, and that access to sacrifice, as well as to the matches, had been secured to him only by the interposition of authority. We learn, indeed, that his chariots failed in the field by unlucky accidents; but in the existing temper of the crowd, these very accidents would be seized as occasions for derisory cheering against him." To this must be added explosions of hatred, yet more furious, elicited by his poems, putting the reciters to utter shame. At the moment when Dionysius expected to hear the account of an unparalleled triumph, he is thus informed, not merely of disappointment, but of insults to himself, direct and personal, the most poignant ever offered by Greeks to a Greek, amidst the holiest and most frequented ceremony of the Hellenic world. Never in any other case do we read of public antipathy, against an individual, being carried to the pitch of desecrating by violence the majesty of the Olympiac festival.

"Here, then," the historian concludes, "were the real and sufficient causes—not the mere ill success of his poem—which penetrated the soul of Dionysius, driving him into anguish and temporary madness. Though he had silenced the Vox Populi at Syracuse, not all his mercenaries, forts, and ships in Ortygia, could save him from feeling its force, when thus emphatically poured forth against him by the free-spoken crowd at Olympia."*

But even granting that chagrin merely at the failure of a poem cost him so dear, by entailing the loss of reason, a long-subsequent success in another poem cost him yet dearer, by entailing the loss of life. Grant that the mortification of the Olympiac festival in the year 384 B.C. drove him mad. Extremes meet. The rapture he felt at gaining the first prize for tragedy, at the Lenæan festival of Athens, in 367 B.C., made an end of him altogether. Dionysius offered sacrifice to the gods when the good news reached him, and something more substantial than "happy man" was the dole of the messenger. The king made a great feast, and bade

* Grote, XI. 50 *sq.*, cf. pp. 35 *sq.*, 44 *sq.*

many; and with them he rejoiced and made merry, and not only drank more than he was used to, but more than he could away with; for the more was enough to make away with him. He died of wine and excitement and (*post hoc, propter hoc*) of fever, after a reign of eight-and-thirty years, in that fatal Lenæan year, 367.

Advisedly said we, more wine than he was used to. For Dionysius the Elder was notably a temperate man. His sobriety and continance were beyond impeachment. And in this regard, his good example became the more note-worthy, because it was not followed by those who came after him. We find that of all the princes descended from him, not one inherited the temperance which had contributed so much to his success.* Not one of them but has a bad name for lechery and sottishness; rakes and revellers all.

It may well be said, as respects the hurried-on termination of the elder despot's course, that, after all, thirty-eight years, of a career so full of effort as his, must have left a constitution sufficiently exhausted to give way easily before acute disease. Throughout this long period, says Mr. Grote, he had never spared himself:—he was a man of restless energy and activity, bodily as well as mental; always personally at the head of his troops in war—keeping a vigilant eye and a decisive hand upon all the details of his government at home—yet employing spare time (which Philip of Macedon was surprised that he could find) in composing tragedies of his own, to compete for prizes fairly adjudged.

It is one of Plutarch's anecdotes, that one day, when Philip of Macedon and Dionysius the Younger were mellow with drink, the former, with a *soupçon* of sneer in his face and tone, introduced some remarks on the odes and tragedies which Di senior had left behind him, and affected to doubt how the old gentleman could possibly find leisure for that idle trade. *When* could such things have been written by him? Di junior answered, with a spirit, "They were written in the time which you and I, and other jolly good fellows, spend over the bowl."†

Notwithstanding his bondage of fear against any attempts on his life, the personal bravery of the head of the family was beyond dispute. Twice we hear of his being severely wounded in leading his soldiers to assault. The historian has to note, as remarkable features in the character of Dionysius, his effective skill as ambitious politician—his military resource as a commander—and the long-sighted care with which he provided implements of offence as well as of defence before undertaking war. We find the Roman Scipio Africanus singling out Dionysius and Agathocles, both of them despots of Syracuse, with an interval of half a century, as the two Greeks of greatest ability for action known to him—men who combined, in the most memorable degree, daring with sagacity. This criticism, coming, as Mr. Grote says, from an excellent judge, is borne out by the biography of both, so far as it comes to our knowledge. No other Greek, he observes, can be pointed out, who, starting from a position humble and unpromising, raised himself to so lofty a pinnacle of dominion at home, achieved such striking military exploits abroad, and preserved his grandeur unimpaired throughout the whole of a long life. Dionysius boasted that he bequeathed to his son an empire fastened by

* Grote, XI. 186, 273.

† Plutarch, Life of Timoleon.

adamantine chains;* so powerful was his mercenary force—so firm his position in Ortygia—so completely had the Syracusans been broken in to subjection.

There cannot, Mr. Grote further remarks, be a better test of vigour and ability than the unexampled success with which Dionysius and Agathocles played the game of the despot, and to a certain extent that of the conqueror. Of the two, Dionysius he pronounces the most favoured by fortune. For although both of them profited by one auxiliary accident, which distinguished Syracuse from other Grecian cities, namely, the local speciality of Ortygia—which islet was so fortified as to provide the despot with an almost impregnable stronghold,† and seemed indeed expressly made to be garrisoned as a separate fortress, apart from, as well as against, the rest of Syracuse, and having full command of the harbour, docks, naval force, and naval approach;—yet had Dionysius, in addition to this, several "peculiar interventions of the gods in his favour, sometimes at the most critical moments;" such was the interpretation put by his enemies (and doubtless by his friends also) upon those repeated pestilences which smote the Carthaginian armies with a force far more deadly than the spear of the Syracusan hoplite.

On the whole, if Dionysius succeeded, in the face of obstacles that might have seemed insuperable, in fastening round his free-born, free-bred countrymen, as history shows him to have done,‡ those "adamantine chains" which they were well known to abhor—we may be sure, with Mr. Grote, that his plan of proceeding must have been dexterously chosen, and prosecuted with consummate perseverance and audacity. But we may also be sure that it was nefarious in the extreme. "The machinery of a fraud whereby the people were to be cheated into a temporary submission, as a prelude to the machinery of force whereby such submission was to be perpetuated against their consent—was the stock-in-trade of Grecian usurpers. But seldom does it appear prefaced by more impudent calumnies, or worked out with a larger measure of violence and spoliation, than in the case of Dionysius. He was indeed powerfully seconded at the outset by the danger of Syracuse from the Carthaginian arms. But his scheme of usurpation, far from diminishing such danger, tended materially to increase it, by disuniting the city at so critical a moment. Dionysius achieved nothing in his first enterprise for the relief of Gela and Kamarina. He was forced to retire with as much disgrace as those previous generals whom he had so bitterly vituperated; and apparently even with greater disgrace—since there are strong grounds for believing that he entered into traitorous collusion with the Carthaginians. The salvation of Syracuse, at that moment of peril, arose not from the energy or ability of Dionysius, but from the opportune epidemic which disabled Imilkon in the midst of a victorious career."

Himilco—to use the common way of spelling his name whom Mr. Grote writes Imilkon—escaped to Carthage with such of his men as pestilence and Dionysius spared, after paying a large sum to the despot for permission to retire on any terms. Anon there arrived, B.C. 392, a new Carthaginian army under Mago. These were forced to re-embark

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* Plutarch, Dion, c. 7.

† Cf. Grote, vol. x. pp. 636 *sq.*; vol. xi. p. 65.

‡ See Grote, XI. 66 *sq.*

almost as soon as they had disembarked, and to pay the expense of the war. Next, Dionysius defeated the allied towns of Magna Græcia; and about this time is said* to have received an embassy from the Gauls, fresh from and flushed with the burning of Rome. His was now

——a name of fear,
Unpleasing in a Grecian ear.

Both in Italy and Sicily he was an object of apprehension and mistrust, and to the dominion of both countries he seems at one time to have aspired. We read that, in order to raise money—for he had quite anticipated, ages beforehand, the practical philosophy of Horace's *quocunque modo, rem*, and of Iago's equivalent "Put money in thy purse"—he allied himself with the Illyrians, and proposed to them the joint plunder of the temple of Delphi. The enterprise was undertaken, but failed. He consoled himself, however, by plundering several other temples, including that of Proserpina, at Locri; and as he sailed back with a fair wind, laden, almost to his heart's content, with sacrilegious spoils, he remarked to his friends, no doubt with something like a chuckle in his tones, and a merry twinkle in his eye, "You see how the immortal gods favour sacrilege." And indeed the example of Dionysius—his long career of success, ending in a quiet death—is among those cited by Cotta, in Cicero,† to refute the doctrine of Balbus as to divine providence, and his vindication of the ways of gods to men.

From no theological stand-point, ancient or modern, but with the calm judgment of a political philosopher, Mr. Grote recognises in Dionysius a man not only of talents to organise, and boldness to make good, a despotism more formidable than anything known to contemporary Greece, but also systematic prudence to keep it unimpaired for nearly forty years. "He maintained carefully those two precautions which Thucydides specifies as the causes of permanence to the Athenian Hippias, under similar circumstances—intimidation over the citizens, and careful organisation, with liberal pay among his mercenaries. He was temperate in indulgences; never led by any of his appetites into the commission of violence."‡ This abstinence is justly alleged by the historian § to have contributed materially to prolong his life, since many a Grecian despot perished through desperate feelings of individual vengeance provoked by his outrages. A rationalistic, and not perhaps the less rational, attempt to explain how it came to pass that a tyrant of such dimensions, after a tyranny of such duration, managed at the last to die quietly in his bed.

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* Justinus, XX. 5.
† De Naturâ Deorum, III. 33, 81, 85.
‡ Cornel. Nepos, De Regibus, c. ii.
§ Grote, XI. 68.

RECENT PROGRESS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND.*

The impressions received of a new country are invariably more or less influenced by the temperament of the individual, and descriptions are in a similar manner affected by the idiosyncracies of persons. The land and climate may be everything that is desirable, but if there is not safe anchorage a sailor will grumble, and portray the country accordingly. The settler complains because the rich soil of centuries of decaying forests require to be cleared before it can be turned to profit, while the successful gold-finder yearns for the comforts of first-rate hostelries. Thus it is that so many contradictory accounts of British Columbia and Vancouver Island have reached this country. It is impossible to say what particular turns of mind will not find to depreciate. Dr. Wood, for example, who has contributed part of the natural history to Commander Mayne's book, describes many varieties of grouse as abounding both on the island and mainland, but they are so tame, he says, as to afford no sport! The blue grouse, for example, which attains the weight of four pounds and a half, may often be seen perched on the topmost branch of some tall pine-tree, from whence he refuses to move for repeated charges from an ordinary fowling-piece. "As," however, the doctor adds, "the country becomes cleared, their habits will probably change, and Vancouver Island will be as noticeable for good sport as Scotland." In the mean time, the hungry colonist or prospector may, perchance, rejoice that the grouse will sit still to be blazed away at. Persons of good sense will know how to estimate these different and contradictory accounts at their just value. There can be no doubt as to the future of British Columbia, albeit persons may starve in attempting to reach that country by the Rocky Mountains; there may be rain and frost, mosquitoes and other tormenting flies, isolation and dearth; there are drawbacks of climate in all countries, and there are always trials in newly colonised and unsettled regions; but to some these very drawbacks constitute part of the zest of enterprise and adventure, and only serve to stimulate to new exertions, and further conquests and successes. Of such a stamp were those, no doubt, who first trod the shores of the Disunited States, or penetrated into the dark pine forests of Canada, and of such a stamp will those be who brave the difficulties of British Columbia, and help to found families that will, possibly, be rolling in wealth when the death-knell of prosperity may have sounded for the old countries. Our particular weakness is impatience to see the land cleared, the inlets navigated, the greedy thirst for gold superseded by the more enduring toils for silver, lead, copper, iron, and other useful metals, known to abound in the rocky districts; the numerous coal mines worked, the traffic in lumber fully opened (a beginning has, we are happy to find, been successfully made), the inland lakes and prairies settled, the ports filled with shipping, the

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* Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. An Account of their Forests, Rivers, Coasts, Gold Fields, and Resources for Colonisation. By Commander R. C. Mayne, R.N., F.R.G.S. Murray.

overland route carried out, and the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, or Bow River, converted into a line of prosperous stages and halts on the highway from the Atlantic and the Pacific!—a line which our children will live to see traversed from one end to the other by iron rails.

In the mean time the manifest advantages held out to colonisation by these new regions, and the movement to which the discovery of gold imparted a sudden and adventitious impulse, has been sufficient to excite not only the rivalry of individuals, but also of nations; and we are indebted to the overbearing cupidity of the Yankees, in attempting to establish their claim to San Juan Island by force, for the exploratory expedition of her Majesty's ship *Plumper*, Captain G. H. Richards, the Arctic explorer, in command, Commander R. C. Mayne happily acting as lieutenant. We say happily, for he has been at the trouble of placing the vast amount of new and valuable information, obtained by the new surveys effected, within the reach of all. New inlets vying in interest, and possibly of greater future importance than those of Norway, have been discovered, both on the island, and especially on its western coast, previously supposed to be one long line of black, repulsive volcanic cliffs; and on the mainland, where these deep inlets now open the shortest roads to the interior. Dean Inlet, for example, to Fraser Fort, and Fort St. James, in New Caledonia; Salmon or Belhoula Inlet to the Cariboo diggings, far up in the interior; Bute Inlet to Alexandria and the Upper Fraser; Jervis Inlet and Howe Sound to Cayoosh, or Lilloett—the probable future capital of the country.

Entering the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which separates Vancouver Island from Washington, and which is from eleven to thirteen miles in width, densely wooded hills rise gradually to a considerable height on the shore of the island to the north; while on the southern, or American shore, the rugged outline of the Olympian range of snow-clad mountains, varying in elevation from four to seven thousand feet, and in breaks of which peeps of beautiful country may be seen, extend for many miles. The Strait may be said to terminate at the Race Islands, as it there opens into a large expanse of water, which forms a playground for the tides and currents, hitherto pent up among the islands in the comparatively narrow limits and the Gulf of Georgia, to frolic in. Off Neah Bay is a fishery, much frequented by the Indians, of halibut, cod, and other fish, which will, no doubt, Commander Mayne says, prove a source of considerable profit to the colony. It was, he adds, some time doubted by the governor and others, whether the true cod was to be caught on this bank; but "some years later, when we were here with the *Hecate*, we settled this in the affirmative, beyond a doubt."

Eight miles north of the Race Islands, in the harbour of Esquimalt, and three miles northward of that, lies Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island, and the present seat of government for both that colony and British Columbia. As a harbour, Esquimalt is by far the best in the southern part of the island. We have upon a previous occasion animadverted upon the neglect which this admirable harbour has met with at the hands of government. Commander Mayne joins in the same recrimination. Each new admiral, he says, that is appointed to the North Pacific station, appears to be more and more impressed with the evident value and importance of Esquimalt as a naval station. Had a floating dock

been built here it would by this time have more than paid for its construction, and we should not be dependent, as we are now, upon the American dock at Mare Island, San Francisco, for the repair of our ships of war. Considering, indeed, the uncertain state of our relations with the Disunited States, and more especially with California, such a state of things is more than disgraceful. Had war—which was at one time imminent, whilst this very survey was going on—broken out, the services of the *Hecate*, a powerful steamer, would have been lost to the country, from the absence of all means of repairing her.

Esquimalt has seen, and is still likely to see, many startling changes. Commander Mayne first made its acquaintance in 1849, when the *Inconstant* used to fire shot and shell as they liked about the harbour, and send parties ashore to cut as much wood as they needed. Now the said shore was occupied by rows of respectable, well-kept buildings, with pleasant gardens in front of them; the growth of the present town of Esquimalt is even of still more recent date. It sprang into existence whilst the survey was going on. "Nine years back we had to scramble from the ship's boat on to the most convenient rock: now Jones's landing-place received us; and in the stead of forcing a path over the rocks and through the bush to the Victoria Inlet, whence, if a native should happen to be lounging about in the Indian village of the Songhies, and should see us or hear our shouts and bring a canoe over we might hope to reach Victoria, a broad carriage-road, not of the best, perhaps, and a serviceable bridge, were found connecting Esquimalt Harbour with Victoria."

When Victoria was founded, no one ever dreamt then of the mineral wealth of the valleys that sloped from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, or that in a few years cities would spring up upon shores almost unknown to the civilised world. But, long before the present rush of immigrants to these regions, Victoria, as a port, had been virtually superseded by the adjacent and admirable harbour of Esquimalt. Very possibly, Commander Mayne observes, could the future have been foreseen, Victoria would not have been selected as the chief commercial port of Vancouver Island. But the selection has been made, the town is built, or building, the commerce already attracted. The fact must be regarded as accomplished beyond the possibility of change, and the only thing that can now be done is to connect it with the harbour of Esquimalt, towards which task the natural formation of the country lends itself admirably. But local jealousies unfortunately interpose here. The landholders of Victoria, believing that the elevation of Esquimalt into the harbour of the colony would lower the value of their property, persistently oppose the project of facilitating the connexion of the two. Time will do justice to such a selfish spirit of opposition to an irresistible progress.

The first and most important thing to be done on arriving was, after the determination of the exact spot where the boundary-line of 49 deg. north latitude met the sea, to settle the channel by which it was intended, by the treaty of 1844, that the boundary-line should pass to the Strait of Fuca. The point where this line came down to the sea, in Semiahmoo Bay, was found to differ only eight feet from that fixed upon by the American commissioners. Thence the *Plumper* proceeded to Nanaimo to coal. Commander Mayne says of this place, which has now passed

out of the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company into that of an enterprising British company, that with a more liberal outlay of capital, under judicious and enterprising management, it might drive a very flourishing trade at home and with California, where coal might be delivered at twelve to fifteen dollars a ton, which would be almost as desirable as the Welsh coal, which is seldom below twenty dollars, and sometimes fetches as much as thirty dollars a ton. "For domestic consumption, and for use in the factories," he adds, "I believe the coal of Nanaimo to be almost equal to that brought at such an immense expense and labour from the Welsh mines. Indeed, when I happened to be at San Francisco, I was informed by one of the leading iron-manufacturers there that they preferred mixing Nanaimo with Welsh coal when they were able to obtain it."

The whole of the summer of 1858 was taken up with making an accurate chart of all the disputed islands and channels, the first of which are all included in the Haro Archipelago. The treaty of 1844 appears to have been made under the impression that there was only one channel between Vancouver Island and the continent, and in ignorance that any islands existed there at all. Practically, at that time there was only one channel, for the *eastern*, or Canal de Rosario, was the only one about which anything was known, and had been used by all the navigators who had entered the Gulf of Georgia. Yet when the foundation of Victoria led to the use of the western channel, or Canal de Haro, the Yankees wished to carry the line, which was, by the treaty, to continue to "the centre of the Gulf of Georgia, and thence southward, through the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, to the Straits of Juan de Fuca," along the *western* channel, thus giving to them the whole of the archipelago which lay east of that channel!

Commander Mayne says that his official position in the survey precludes his entering into a discussion which is as unsettled now as it was then; but he says quite enough for any person of common sense to form an opinion upon the matter, supposing the facts as above stated not to be as conclusive to some minds as they are to ours. Which was the channel known and in use at the time of the treaty? Undoubtedly the eastern, and that was therefore "the channel" meant. The distance between this eastern channel and the westerly, which came afterwards into use, is about twenty miles, full of islands, varying in size from ten or twelve miles long, to a mere heap of trap with two or three pines upon them. The generality of these islands are, indeed, covered with pine-trees to the water's edge, through which knobs of trap show in places. The central and disputed group consists of the three important islands—San Juan, Orcas, and Lopez—and about thirty smaller ones. Of these, Orcas, the most northern, is the largest, and contains the finest harbours. It is mountainous, and in most parts thickly wooded, although in the valleys there is much land available for farming. On the east side of the island Mount Constitution rises nearly five thousand feet, and is a very conspicuous object from all parts of the Gulf of Georgia. Deer also abound more in Orcas than in any other of the islands.

San Juan, the best known by name, and in size the second of these islands, is eleven miles long, by an average of three miles wide. There is more land available for agriculture here than on any other of the group; and of this the Hudson

Bay Company took advantage some years ago, and established a sheep-farm upon it. This farm has ever since its establishment been in charge of Mr. Griffin, a gentleman whose kindness and hospitality render him every one's friend. It is situated on a beautiful prairie at the south-east end of the island, which, rising one hundred and forty feet above the water, looks most attractive to the emigrant passing onward towards the Fraser. I have never seen wild flowers elsewhere grow with the beauty and luxuriance they possess here. Perhaps I cannot illustrate the attractions of San Juan better than by saying it was the spot selected by his excellency the governor's daughter and niece in which to spend their honeymoon.

At one time the Company had as many as three thousand sheep on the island. Mr. Griffin's house is very pleasantly situated, looking out on the Straits of Fuca, and commanding a magnificent view of Admiralty Inlet. Directly in front of it lies a bank, which is a very favourite fishing station of the Indians, and where they catch a large number of salmon and halibut. This spot was, in 1859, the scene of a murder, which excited no little speculation, that will probably never be satisfied in this world.

Mr. Griffin told the story thus: He was sitting in his balcony one summer afternoon watching a vessel working her way up the Strait, when he saw two boats, each containing one man, pull past in the direction of Victoria. He was rather surprised at seeing them thus single-handed, but at that time, when the gold-fever was raging fiercely, every sort of boat was employed to cross the Strait, and he concluded that they were two Americans, making their way from Bellingham Bay to Victoria. They had hardly rounded the point, just beyond the farm, and passed out of his sight, when a small canoe with a single Indian shot past in the same direction. There was nothing in all this to attract particular notice, and Mr. Griffin was surprised when, an hour or so later, two boats, which he at once recognised as those that had so lately passed, drifted into view, floating back, to all appearance, empty. A canoe was at once sent out to them, when one was found empty, and in the other lay the body of a white man, shot, but not pillaged, even the provisions that were in his boat being untouched. Who shall say who his murderer was? Had his white companion shot him, landed, and pushed off his boat?—for, except in the boat in which the murdered man lay, not a drop of blood could be seen—or had the Indian killed him, and had his companion, on seeing the fatal shot fired, leaped overboard and been drowned? If so, it was in revenge, for nothing was taken from the boats; perhaps in performance of that duty which is still considered "sacred"—if one may use the word—among the Indians, of taking a life for a life.

San Juan Island is the only one of the whole group worth anything for purposes of colonisation, while it only contains a few thousand acres of good land. To allege, therefore, Commander Mayne pertinently remarks, that an island of such paltry extent is of any real value in this respect, either to a country possessing the adjacent island of Vancouver and territory of British Columbia, or still more to one possessing the hundreds of miles of fertile prairie in Washington Territory, Oregon, and California, is manifestly absurd. A study of the chart, however, will show quite clearly why the country that holds Vancouver Island and British Columbia must also hold San Juan Island, or give up the right of way to her own possessions. It will be seen at once that the party that holds this island commands the canal of Haro. The narrowest part of the channel from shore to shore is five miles. This distance from San Juan can certainly be kept by steamers, but they must be thoroughly

acquainted with the navigation to do so, as they must pass inside several reefs, and west of Sydney Island. To go up the centre of the channel—as big ships should do—San Juan must be passed at two miles' distance; so must Henry and Stuart Islands also, both of which would belong to the nation holding the east side of the canal of Haro.

"San Juan can be of no use to any country but Great Britain, except for *offensive* purposes; and, on the other hand, it cannot be of any use to her but for *defensive* purposes, as its eastern shore in no way controls or affects the Rosario Strait, from the western side of which it is eight miles distant at the nearest point, with Lopez Island between."

The same argument might be used against our holding possession of the islands which form the western side of the Rosario Strait, but here Nature befriends us; for, during our survey, we found there was a middle channel passing eastwards of San Juan, and a small island north of it, called "Waldron Island," which channel, though not so wide as either of the others, is quite safe for steam navigation. A boundary-line, therefore, passing down the middle channel would give to the nations on either side a road to their dominions perfectly free of interruption, and well out of shot of each other, for some years to come at least; and this certainly appears the simplest and best solution of the difficulty.

The alternative is good in a strategic point of view, but it is not flattering to a just sense of right. The Yankees possess all the vast mainland south of San Juan de Fuca Strait and of the forty-ninth parallel, of which as yet mere fragments, of the most limited extent, are under cultivation, or in any way turned to profit; and it is only a few years ago that Washington and Oregon Territories were ceded to a grasping and overbearing policy; yet they must now claim such portions of the archipelago in the Gulf of Georgia as command the passage between the harbour and capital of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, and that not for defensive purposes, for the Yankees have as yet no possessions on the shore of Washington Territory that would be worth attacking if any one should dream of such folly; nor yet for the value of the island, which is almost null, and certainly not to be compared with the mainland, but only for *offensive* purposes in the two senses of the word. This is not conduct worthy of a great power; it is a grasping, officious, and unprincipled system of proceeding, which will one day lead to the same reprisals on the part of the nations of the north as they grow up in number and prosperity, as it has done in the south, where the French eagles have planted themselves with the avowed purpose of controlling the utter disregard shown by the blustering advocates of the Monroe doctrine to the feelings, interests, or rights of the rest of the human family.

The *Plumper* remained exploring the Haro Archipelago till the 16th of May, and, on its return to Esquimalt, its crew found themselves in the midst of the gold-fever. Everything was bustle and movement. Many, Commander Mayne tells us, must have lost their lives attempting to cross from Victoria to the Fraser in boats and canoes, and many from exposure, want, and hard living at the mines. But even these were few in comparison to the hundreds lost in trying to cross the continent to California in 1849, whose bones are now bleaching in the Sierra Nevada. Although there was no revenue for the purpose, save the license for mining, the governor set to work opening up a route to the upper country, by which

the miners might journey with comparative safety, and supplies be conveyed to them. This route has been since known as the Harrison-Lilloett trail. The difficulties of the work, we are told, can scarcely be estimated by any one who has not seen British Columbian bush. "Cities" sprang up at the same time in Washington Territory, consisting of a liquor-store, a post-office, and two or three huts at Semiahmoo and Point Roberts. These "Bogus" cities, as the more staid Yankees call them, are to be found all over their country, and many of them, to use their own phrase, "cave in;" and this was soon the fate of Roberts and Semiahmoo cities, for in less than six months they were deserted.

The governor of British Columbia appears to have been a man quite up to the mark at such a crisis. Few, indeed, could have been more so. A blustering Yankee went to him one day with the notion of bullying him, and began by asking permission for a number of citizens of the Disunited States to settle on some particular spots of land. They would be required, he was informed, to take the oath of allegiance.

"Well," said he, "but suppose we came there and squatted?"

"You would be turned off."

"But if several hundred came prepared to resist, what would you do?"

"We should cut them to mincemeat, Mr. ——; we should cut them to mincemeat."

The story is not only good in itself, but it also shows the *animus* by which the Yankees are actuated in America. They think anything can be done by force, and that all that is done by force is justifiable. Her Majesty's government has been too considerate to press the San Juan question while the States have been embarrassed by domestic broils, but it is probable that if they had settled the question, Yankee-fashion, we should have heard nothing more about it.

Winter brought with it an exodus of the mining population to California. Those who remained at the mines, and braved a British Columbian winter, had much to suffer, and many privations to undergo. It was at one time, indeed, feared that the whole inland population would be starved outright. The report of disturbances at Yale, ninety miles up the Fraser, took Commander Mayne up that river in a canoe in the month of January. These disturbances were fomented by a Yankee of a very characteristic type—a man who had been a judge in California, had himself murdered many men, and has since been elected to the House of Representatives of one of the border states that lie east of the Rocky Mountains.

It was at this epoch that Colonel Moody, R.E., chief commissioner of lands and works, selected New Westminster, or Queenborough, as it was first called, for the capital of British Columbia—it having been decided that Derby, or New Langley, the spot first selected, was not desirable. The site of New Westminster is, we are told, so far as its geographical position is concerned, very good indeed, as it is also in a strategical point of view; but the bush there is very thick, while at Derby there was a large space of clear ground. It has many natural advantages, however, in which Derby is wanting, not the least being sufficient depth of water to allow the largest class of vessels capable of passing the sand-heads at the Fraser mouth to moor alongside of its wharves.

In the spring of 1859 a new difficulty arose from the immigration of the Northern Indians, a much finer and more warlike race than the Songhies, the tribe living at and in the neighbourhood of Victoria, or, indeed, than any of the Southern tribes. These Indians were quiet enough when sober, but they got drunk, whenever they had a chance, upon the produce of the sale of furs and skins, and then became quite unmanageable. They were all armed, having had to travel among hostile tribes. At first an attempt was made to send them back, but this having been found to be impracticable, they were settled in camps of their own, their muskets were taken away, a school was built for them, which was well attended, and they passed the summer quietly enough.

Commander Mayne was employed in the spring of 1859 on a survey of the Fraser River, the sand-bank at the entrance of which is called the Sturgeon Bank, from the number of those fish caught by the Indians upon it. The navigation at the entrance presents, however, no difficulties like the Columbia, and it is not uncommon to hear a settler of British Columbia, between which and Vancouver Island much rivalry already exists, make the assertion that the sole use evidently intended by nature for that island was to form a breakwater for the Fraser River and the other inlets of the mainland! The banks of the river for some seventy miles from its mouth are in places low, and liable to being flooded in the spring and summer. They are, however, very fertile, and a great deal of fine hay is sent hence to Victoria for forage. At New Westminster the bank rises, and forms an admirable position for the new town. Mary Hill, upon which it is proposed to plant the citadel, rises some three or four hundred feet. The town had already a thriving aspect. A church had been built, together with a treasury and a court-house. Its streets boasted also of two or three very fair "restaurants," some good wharves and stores, and several private houses. But, as Commander Mayne remarks, if, as seems most probable, the tide of colonisation continues to flow northward, and a route to the mines should be discovered up and from the head of one of the numerous inlets north of the Fraser, New Westminster may never repay the labour that has already been spent upon it. This, however, may be open to doubt, for supposing the future population to concentrate upon some more central spot, as Lilloett, New Westminster might still remain the port of the country. Fifteen miles higher up is Langley, where the steamers from Victoria are stopped by the shallowness of the river, and their cargoes, human and material, transferred to the stern-wheel steamers and the boats and canoes, which from this point do battle with the swift, uncertain stream, rendered a hundred times more difficult of navigation by the numerous snags.

At a distance of sixty-five miles from the mouth of the Fraser the Harrison river is reached, up which runs the Harrison-Lilloett route, which has now become the principal road to the inland settlements. The journey is accomplished first by steamer up the Harrison River and Lake to Port Douglas, thence by a broad waggon-road to Port Lilloett, a station at the south end of Lilloett Lake. From Lilloett, the lake affords a means of transport to Pemberton, whence another road is opened to the south-west end of Lake Anderson, which is almost connected with Seton, a lake of similar size, from the upper end of which the route to Cayoosh, or Lilloett, upon the Fraser, is only three or four miles. By this route

the dangers of the Fraser above Yale are avoided, and a distance of some one hundred and twenty miles of the most perilous travelling saved.

Hope, which is at the end of the steam navigation in the Fraser, is perhaps the prettiest town on the river. Indeed, until Cayoosh, or, as it is now called, Lilloett, is reached, there is no other settlement that will bear comparison with it. Yale, fifteen miles above Hope, is at the head of canoe or boat, as Hope is of the steam navigation. Above it are the rapids, known as the "Canons." These "Canons," of which there are two between Yale and Lytton, are narrow passes, through which the river forces its way between steep, in some cases perpendicular, banks, from three or four hundred to one thousand feet high. Miners will dare anything; and when Governor Douglas was at Yale, in 1859, he saw a man who had actually come down through the "Canons" lashed on to a large log of timber! The trails which lead alongside of these Canons are sometimes stopped by bulging and overhanging cliffs, the trail coming up to them on one side, and continuing again on the other. The difficulty is, of course, to pass the intervening space. This is managed by the Indians thus: they suspend three poles by native rope, made of deer-hide and fibre, from the top of the cliff, the inner end of the first and third resting on the trail, and the middle one crossing them in the front of the bluff. Of course there is nothing to lay hold of, and the only way is for the traveller to stretch out his arms and clasp the rock as much as possible, keeping his face close against it; if he gets dizzy, or makes a false step, the pole will, of course, swing away, and he will topple over into the torrent, which rolls hundreds of feet beneath! The landslips in the mountain crevices are also very dangerous. The Bishop of Columbia has, however, travelled in person by this perilous route. A road has since been begun from Hope to Boston Bar, at the mouth of the Anderson River, and forty miles above Yale, which will avoid the "Canons" altogether. At Boston Bar the Fraser valley opens out a little, and between it and Lytton several flats occur, which will some day, no doubt, be converted into pretty little farms. These flats, or benches, as they are called, are all covered with a long, sweet grass, of which cattle and horses are exceedingly fond, and which has a wonderful effect in fattening them.

Lytton consisted, at this epoch, of an irregular row of some dozen wooden huts, a drinking-saloon, an express-office, a large court-house, and two little buildings near the river. Commander Mayne turned off from this point up the Thompson River, by a succession of valleys sufficiently clear of timber to make settling easy, well watered, and covered with long, sweet grass. The scenery presented by this river and the Nicola is described as being most lovely, and as presenting a remarkable contrast with the coast, lined as it is with dense, almost impenetrable, forests. Here, also, they first met with the mounted Indians of the interior, who were very friendly. A small chain of lakes stretched from the Nicola to the Thompson River, which they joined at Kamloops, one of the forts of the Hudson Bay Company. The party started hence for Pavillon, on the Fraser, accompanied by St. Paul, the old chief of the Shuswap Indians. They had to ford several rapid rivers, and just before reaching Pavillon came to a small river which joins the Fraser some twenty miles above Lytton, the valley of which has become the high road

from Lytton to the Cariboo diggings. Near Pavillon Lake was a farm —the first that they had seen ploughed in British Columbia; the land was good, and the owners—Yankees, by-the-by—were chiefly occupied in growing vegetables for the miners. Pavillon—so called from a large white flag having been kept flying there, after the fashion of the Indians, over the grave of one of their chiefs—consisted at that time of a score or so of miners' huts, but it has since become a much more important place, forming a sort of head-quarters for the miners and the mule-trains, who, from Pavillon, branch north and south to the diggings at Alexandria, Cariboo, and Kamloops. At Pavillon, as at Lytton, the travellers were much tormented by the dust.

The party returned hence by the Harrison-Lilloett route to the mouth of the Fraser. The first station met with was Fountain, a much prettier site than Pavillon, and sheltered by the river-bend from the gusty north and south winds, which were so uncomfortable both at Lytton and Pavillon. Beyond this was a river, over which two enterprising "citizens" had constructed a bridge, for crossing which they charged the miners twenty-five cents. Sharp practice in a new country!

Lilloett, below this, is described as a very pretty site, decidedly the best, Commander Mayne says, that he saw on the Fraser River. It has now grown into a somewhat important town. On the opposite side of the river is another large plateau, on which the Hudson Bay Company were building a fort, to be named Fort Berens, after one of their directors. Hence there are "restaurants" on the trail down. The places so designated are simply huts, where the traveller can obtain a meal of bacon, beans, bread, salt butter, and tea and coffee for a dollar; while if he has no tent with him, he can select the softest plank in the floor to sleep on. At those on the Lower Fraser, sometimes eggs, beef, and vegetables can be got. In the Lilloett valley, the level spots were covered with wild peas, vetches, lettuce, and several sorts of berries. Several agricultural settlers were already there, and it is described as a lovely spot for settlement. Port Pemberton consisted at this time of a couple of "restaurants" and half a dozen huts, occupied by muleteers and boatmen. Eight miles from Port Lilloett is a hot spring, called St Agnes's Well, after one of the governor's daughters. The scenery on the Harrison Lake is described as much finer than on the upper lakes, and here were also many splendid cedars of the country, so called, as also in Japan, but in neither country are there true cedars. On the 19th of June the party rejoined the *Plumper* at Esquimalt.

It was at this epoch that, while the boundary commissioners were hard at their work, General Harney, who had lately been appointed to the command of Oregon and Washington Territories, suddenly landed soldiers on San Juan Island without any previous notice, and who still remain there. The island being at present held by equal bodies of troops (about one hundred men of each nation) of Great Britain and America. A grosser and more uncalled-for insult to another nation's honour can scarcely be imagined. If the Yankees wish to act by reason, the difficulty might be submitted to arbitration; if they wish simply to establish their right by force, it will undoubtedly lead some day or other to an arbitrament of a more disagreeable character, and for which British Columbia and Vancouver are scarcely well prepared; but neither are the

Yankees in that remote quarter. There are, as we have before endeavoured to make clear, three channels: that of Rosario Strait (most in use, and "the channel" *par éminence*) to the east; Haro Strait, with a devious course, between Moresby and Stuart Islands; and Middle or Douglas Channel. It would be better, then, to make the boundary-line course along the middle of the latter, which gives all the large islands to the Yankees, with the exception of San Juan, than to fight about such unimportant territories, the possession of which has been disputed in so truly a Yankee fashion.

The inlets which stretch inland at comparatively small intervals along the coast of British Columbia possess certain general characteristics. They run up between steep mountains three or four thousand feet in height; the water is deep, and anchorages far from plentiful; while they terminate, almost without exception, in valleys—occasionally large and wide, at other times mere gorges—through which one or more rivers struggle into the sea. Burrard Inlet, the most southerly, is, however, remarkable for its good anchorage and for its coal mines. When the Fraser is frozen up, the only access to British Columbia is by Port Moody, in this inlet, and which is only five miles from New Westminster. A right to construct a direct road to Alexandria by Bute Inlet has also been conceded to a company. Two other routes have been proposed from Belhoula Inlet; but, considering the probable extension of the Cariboo diggings northward to the Peace River, Commander Mayne thinks that the line of route proposed by other adventurers, running from Dean's Canal to the Nachuten Lakes, and along the river of the same name to Fort Fraser, will still bear off the palm, particularly if, as is very probable, Stuart River be found navigable for steamers from that place to Fort George, where it meets the Fraser. In the summer of 1859, Mr. Downie explored a still more northward route from Port Essington, but this route is so far north as to be unavailable for the greater part of the year. Port Essington is not a lucky name in the history of colonisation.

The *Plumper* received so much damage in these various and laborious surveys, that she was obliged to go to San Francisco in the spring of 1860 to refit, the British having, as we have before seen, no docks or repairing place in all Vancouver or British Columbia, the shores of which are covered with forest timber! This accomplished, the remainder of the summer was devoted to the survey of the north-east of Vancouver Island, and of Fort Rupert and Queen Charlotte Sound. There is more variety than would be imagined in the details of these surveys—overland expeditions to Nanaimo, ascents of mountains, shooting elk (wapiti) and deer, and, not least remarkable, the account of the earnest labours and successes of the Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indians. After an overland journey to Pemberton, during which they were nearly devoured by mosquitoes, the *Plumper* was joined by the *Alert* and *Termagant* in her labours.

The year 1861 opened by the crew of the *Plumper* being turned over to the *Hecate*, newly arrived, and in which they proceeded to explore the west coast, including Nootka, Barclay, and Clayoquot Sounds. These sounds are of the utmost importance, opening as they do a way to the interior of Vancouver Island, in a coast previously supposed to be iron-bound and unapproachable. Barclay Sound is, like all the sounds of the

west coast of Vancouver Island, subdivided into several smaller sounds or arms, some of which are very curious, running in a straight line, or very nearly so, five or six miles, between mountains three to four thousand feet high, with a breadth in many places of not more than fifty yards, and yet thirty or forty fathoms deep up to the head, which is invariably flat, with a river running through it. This surpasses anything yet met with even in Norway, the land of fiords and inlets, and holds out great promises to the future. Already a settlement called Alberni has sprung up at the head of this remarkable inlet, in which both coal and limestone are met with. Previous to the discovery of the latter, the colonists were dependent on clam-shells for lime. The soil is also very rich, and the timber magnificent—the Douglas pine, growing to an enormous size, and the white pine, oak, and yellow cypress also abounding. Alberni itself is reached by a natural canal, twenty miles long, which opens out into a large harbour. It is utterly impossible, indeed, to describe all the natural advantages of these different places. Those interested must go to the fountain-head—the excellent work of Commander Mayne. A tract of country has been granted in this sound to the Saw-mill Company, who are carrying on a brisk trade in spars and lumber with America, China, and Australia. It was here that the flagstaff which is erected in Kew Gardens was cut.

On the 15th of August, the *Hecate* had the misfortune to run upon the rocks, in making the Strait of Fuca, in a dense fog; but was luckily got off only with such damage as to necessitate the usual expedition to San Francisco—a cruise which, in as far as Commander Mayne was concerned, he having received the welcome news of his promotion in Clayoquot Sound, terminated in Southampton docks. In summing up the resources of her Majesty's dominions in the Pacific, Commander Mayne begins by disposing of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose pretensions to any further tenure of such vast and important territories he says should be rightly unheeded. That a waggon-road will some day be carried over the passes of the Rocky Mountains that lie beyond the Red River Settlement, and between that point and British Columbia, he entertains no doubt, and it may, he says, indeed be, that before long the whistle of the locomotive will be heard among them.

Besides gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, and plumbago have also been met with. Coal, we have seen, abounds in various places. The natural resources of British Columbia are, however, such as to give to it the greatest importance, quite independent of its mineral wealth. After the Cascade, or coast range of hills, all forest-clad down to the shores, are passed, and from Lytton upwards, the country assumes an entirely different aspect from that of the coast. The dense pine forests cease, and the land becomes open, clear, and in the spring and summer-time covered with bunch-grass, which affords excellent grazing for cattle. Several farms are now established in different parts of this upper and interior country. The position of the Cariboo diggings will soon lead to its settlement, as well as hasten the opening of a feasible road across the Rocky Mountains. Land may now be obtained in British Columbia, under the enactments of the new pre-emption system, readily, and at a very low rate, in those parts of the country as yet unsurveyed; which include, indeed, all but that immediately surrounding the settlements.

An intending settler has merely to fix upon the site of his farm, and give such a description of its locality and boundaries as he is able to the nearest magistrate, paying, at the same time, a fee of eight shillings for its registration. These regulations extend, however, to one hundred and sixty acres only. A settler desiring to pre-empt a larger quantity than that, must pay down an instalment of 2s. 1d. per acre. This payment entitles him to possession of the land until it is surveyed by the government, when the full value at which it may be assessed—which cannot, however, exceed 4s. 2d. an acre—becomes payable. In speaking of the resources of these colonies, the immense supplies of timber, fish, and game of many kinds, must not be omitted or lost sight of. There are also many wild fruits and edible roots and plants. Hops grow very well, and a species of tobacco and tea are indigenous in British Columbia, and are in common use among the natives. A more self-sufficing country it is difficult to imagine.

Lastly, the numerous tribes of natives are, thanks to the discriminating conduct of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies, friendly and well disposed. The missions among them have hitherto been most successful. Upon this subject we find the following interesting remarks made by Mr. Duncan, the most successful of all the missionaries: "During my conversation with Captain Richards, he said the business he had just had with the Indians convinced him that it was not our ships of war that were wanted up the coast, but missionaries. The Indian's ignorance of our power, and strong confidence in his own, in addition to his natural savage temper, render him unfit to be dealt with at present by stern and unyielding men of war, unless his destruction be contemplated, which of course is not. 'Then,' asked the captain, 'why do not more men come out, since your mission has been so successful? or, if the missionary societies cannot afford them, why does not government send out fifty, and place them up the coast at once? Surely it would not be difficult to find fifty good men in England willing to engage in such a work? And their expenses would be almost nothing compared with the cost which the country must sustain to subdue the Indians by force of arms!' Such are the earnest sentiments of one of her Majesty's naval captains while among the Indians." "And such," says Commander Mayne, "I may add, are the sentiments of myself—in common, I believe, with all my brother-officers—after nearly five years' constant and close intercourse with the natives of Vancouver Island and the coast of British Columbia.

ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA IN 1862.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE 38TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS).

LEAVING Courmayeur in a voiture we proceeded to Aosta (my second visit), where I again inspected the Roman antiquities, the bridge, the triumphal arch, amphitheatre, &c., all very interesting; but not being now the object of my mission, we passed on to Chatillon, where, leaving the voiture, I took to a mule, half way up the Val Tournanche, to a village bearing that name, and lunched at the little inn of Monte Rosa, kept by an old soldier, who deserves every encouragement, as he supplies all one's wants at moderate charges, and with great good will. I said a word or two in his favour in his "Livre des Etrangers," with which he seemed highly pleased, but it was no more than he deserved.

Soon after quitting this spot we passed a remarkable cascade, which found its way through a deep chasm in the rocks, truly a scene of savage grandeur, and reminding me of many a similar sheet of water in dear old Norway.

From the village of Val Tournanche I walked to Breuil, where I passed a few hours of the night, intending to leave before daybreak to cross the pass of the Col de St. Théodule. At the little inn at Breuil, surrounded by lofty mountains, conspicuous above all of which is the seemingly inaccessible Matterhorn, raising its defiant head unlike any other mountain, I fell in with Professor Tyndall, who was nevertheless about to attempt the ascent. It was late in the evening when he entered the salle à manger (if I may dignify the apartment by that name), and deeply interested as I was with his conversation about the glaciers, would have gladly sat up the greater part of the night with him. As it was, however, I took an abrupt departure at nine P.M., intending to rise at one A.M., and breakfast at two, which gave me four hours rest out of the four-and-twenty, which intention I carried into effect, starting ere break of day with three young men (brothers) from Wadham College, Oxford, who, with their guide, were bound for Zermatt by the St. Théodule. From what I had read of this pass in Murray—viz. "that it is the easiest of the high glacier passes of the Alps,"—"when the snow is firm mules are taken across," I thought I was about to have an easy, agreeable little tramp over the summit, which is nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea-level. But I found myself mistaken, as we had to flounder through the snow knee-deep, and to pass two or three rather ugly places, which Professor Tyndall the previous night cautioned us that we should find. As for any four-footed beast crossing it in its present state—even a chamois—I should doubt the possibility, and should strongly advise any one proposing to escort ladies across, to make inquiries first as to the condition of the Pass. How any female could have crossed it in its present state I am at a loss to conceive. After passing the summit, we were frequently sinking up to our thighs in snow. If this wading through the soft snow was anything but pleasant, I must not omit to say that the first part of the ascent on terra firma (from Breuil) was most charming and attractive.

We started in the dark, or nearly so. There was no moon, but the stars were out, and as they began gradually to fade away, the morning star still shone bright, and the dawn of day was most lovely, with its exquisite roseate tints lighting up the snowy peaks of the mountains which surrounded us. I never saw anywhere, in any part of Europe, nor on any mountain-side, hill, or dale, so great a variety and wonderful profusion of the most beautiful wild flowers. It might well be called a carpet, and that, too, of the most lovely mixture of colours.

On the summit of the St. Théodule is a little hut, in which one or two men pass a few weeks during the summer months, and where we got some mulled wine, which was most acceptable. It was a beautiful day, and the Breithorn, glistening in sunshine with its sparkling ice and snow, looked most inviting.

Three hours was all that would be required to make the ascent from this point. There was, moreover, the inducement of accompanying three "fine young English gentlemen, all of the present time;" highly educated, agreeable, good humoured, and with any amount of pluck, but, alas! I failed in the latter to-day. I had been ill at Aosta, probably from the sudden change of climate, for there is a vast difference of climate on one side of Mont Blanc and on the other, and particularly so from the glacier to the valley, and having been only four hours in bed at Breuil, I voted the Breithorn a bore, and declined the pressing invitation of my young friends. They were novices in the work, and seemed rather surprised at my suggesting that they should mount veils, and more so when I recommended them to grease their faces with a tallow-candle. The latter they declined to do upon any terms, but they got some kind of makeshift for the veils. Away they started with their guides, all tied together with the rope, and it was a pretty sight to watch them as they progressed, getting smaller and smaller, and looking like little black specks in the snow on the side of the mountain. After resting a short while on the summit of the St. Théodule, I proceeded with my guide, and arrived at an early hour in the afternoon at Zermatt, delighted beyond measure with the one grand feature of the route, the noble, lofty peaked Matterhorn, that majestic mountain and mass of rock, so angular and so precipitous that the snow cannot lodge long upon it, and envelop it, as it does on nearly all the other mountain peaks which surround it, and which shows its bold, uncovered head in a most remarkable and, as I have said, defiant manner. Professor Tyndall, however, will, I think, accomplish the ascent next season; bad weather frustrated him this last summer. He made the attempt the same day that I ascended Monte Rosa, on which occasion I noticed how the clouds clung like a belt round the Matterhorn all the day, the top, however, being generally entirely clear. I nevertheless doubted his success.

Zermatt itself is disappointing, and but for the Matterhorn would have little to interest me. The Riffelberg is the point of attraction. At Zermatt, however, I remained the night, and passed the following day (Sunday).

A friend of mine, a member of the Alpine Club, and a private of the 21st Middlesex (Civil Service), Lord Bury's corps, who made the ascent of Monte Rosa in 1859 (and from whose journal I shall hereafter quote), gives so clear an account of the formation of glaciers that I cannot do

better than insert it here for the information of my readers, as it is the best and most concise of any I have read:

"Where a glacier is much below the snow-line its surface will be clear ice, free from all overlying snow, which is melted by the summer sun and mild showers. Accordingly, its actual surface is exposed, its cracks and inequalities, its crevasses and its dangers, are open to the view, and if but moderately level there is no better or safer walking.

"If, however, the traveller ascends to higher levels and altitudes, he will find the surface of the glacier changed in its aspect. He will now find it entirely covered with snow (this, in the technical language, is called the nevé); and although it looks beautifully smooth, and much easier than its rougher but more honest face lower down, it is here that there are those dangerous hidden crevasses that have of late given to glaciers so bad a name. Under this crust of snow lurk exactly the same crevasses as show themselves openly in the lower portion of the glacier. In its crisp, frozen state in the early morning, the bridges of snow over the deep cold gulfs offer a firm and secure footing, and scarcely show the print of the nails that stamp a foothold upon them. But a few short hours afterwards, however, under the influence of a summer sun, they will crumble like dust under the pedestrian's weight, and but for the indispensable rope (to be tied securely round the waists of all, guides especially), he would be precipitated down the cold, blue, icy abyss some sixty, hundred, or more feet down; from which, as experience has now but too often shown us, no one must look again to emerge alive. Such was the unhappy fate of an English traveller in the Tyrol last September, from the shameful ignorance and neglect of his guide; and the year before, on the Fendelen glacier, near Monte Rosa, where a Russian gentleman perished yet more miserably, after several hours of peculiar agony, wedged in his icy prison. With a good rope, however, good practised guides, and some personal readiness and experience, there is, I believe, no real danger."

As regards this latter remark, I am sorry that I cannot altogether agree with my friend. I think the danger real unless there are at least five or six attached by the rope; then, and then only, is the danger reduced to a minimum.

It may be of use to others if I mention what befel the young Oxonians. They made good their ascent of the Breithorn, and arrived five hours after myself at the hotel. I observed that their faces were already much disfigured; but at night they were all three seized with dreadful pain in the eyes, one of them in perfect agony, so bad that he told his brother that he thought he could not live the night. This young man was next day all but totally blind, the others had their eyesight greatly affected. The landlady was used to this kind of thing, and like the generality of the fair sex, was most kind and attentive and assiduous in her endeavours to afford them relief. Their faces were terribly blotched and disfigured the following day. Two of them soon recovered, but the third was not able to see for two or three days. I have never had a particle of skin off my face, although I have not altogether escaped inflamed eyes.

This "snow blindness" is an extraordinary affection. It requires but an hour or two on the glaciers to produce it. Neutral tinted spectacles

are the best preservative, I believe, but I have never used them, finding the veil sufficient in my case; but as it is necessary to remove this in dangerous places, as it impedes the vision, I have in so doing got my eyes inflamed. Two gentlemen at the Riffel, who had been up the Cima de Jazzi, returned in a similar plight. One of them told me that he could not at first distinguish day from night, but he recovered in a few hours.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1861, when at Chamounix, that I suddenly resolved to try the ascent of Mont Blanc. It was on a Sunday afternoon at Zermatt, the following year, that, after resting a night there, I suddenly determined upon the ascent of Monte Rosa. Jean Marie Couttet and his nephew, Mark Tiarraz, were most desirous that we should go up by ourselves, unattended by any guide of Zermatt. Couttet had made the ascent once, and was perfectly confident that he could lead me safely to the summit, as he knew the route; but I did not feel myself justified in running the risk, which, if it came on to be bad weather, might (even with the most experienced guide of the locality) be serious enough. To be caught in a thick mist, or in a snow-storm, either on Mont Blanc or on Monte Rosa, or, indeed, upon any of the High Alps, would be a position of extreme peril at all times, and one I always shudder to contemplate.

I therefore determined to have one of the best known guides of Zermatt to accompany us, leaving the selection to Couttet.

At four P.M. he came to me to inquire my final determination, "as the weather," he said, "was on the change, and that it was desirable to profit by it, before it broke up." "It's like myself," I remarked, "on the balance, quite unsettled; but engage a first-rate guide that you can depend upon, and in a couple of hours we will start off, to sleep at the Riffel at all events." Shortly afterwards he brought into my apartment one Jean Krönig, whose services I engaged. He must have thought me a man of few words, for I was tired and bored, and was poring over a little book, descriptive of all the horrors of the ascent of Monte Rosa; so I only took a glance at him, and said, "Oh, he'll do, I suppose," or some such curt, uncivil remark.

It took about a couple of hours to ascend the Riffel. We met an Oberland guide coming down, who had accompanied my nephew and myself on a tour in 1860, and we were mutually pleased to greet each other with a hearty shake of the hand.

One gets much attached to these guides when they are men of the right stamp; and they, too, are no less attached to you, and would do anything to serve you. I hold them in the greatest admiration and esteem.

> Their humble virtues, hospitable home,
> And spirit patient, pious, proud and free:
> Their self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts:
> Their days of health, and nights of sleep: their toils
> By danger dignified, yet guiltless.

I have found them highly intelligent, courageous, devoted, and unselfish, ready to do anything in their power to contribute to one's safety or personal comfort, and to supply you with all the information in their power, and to meet your wishes in every way. And yet, some men

will tell you that they "have found guides an encumbrance rather than an assistance." They must have had some of the worst, I should think, and if so, they would indeed be an encumbrance. A traveller cannot be too careful in selecting his guides, if he means to do work. There are men of all sorts among them—some perfect rubbish, worse than useless, "an encumbrance" truly! Happily, I have escaped them, but good guides are beyond all praise.

Arriving in the evening at the little châlet on the Riffel, I obtained a comfortable meal, and retired to bed at nine P.M., intending to take three hours' rest, to rise at twelve o'clock, and start punctually at one A.M. But owing to Couttet being obliged to sleep in an adjoining house, and not being able to rouse the inmates and gain admittance, it was near two A.M. when he tramped into my room, and three o'clock before we were able to get fairly off on our errand. The delay of these two hours was a serious loss to us, and greatly prolonged our ascent of Monte Rosa, as will be seen in the narrative, adding not a little, too, to our labour in making good our return. Perhaps, however, it was the means of saving our necks in descending the Riffelberg to the glacier, the path being narrow and precipitous, and there was no lantern forthcoming at the châlet to guide us in the dark.

Fortunately the day was beginning to dawn; it only required a little caution. But I would here advise all travellers to provide themselves at Zermatt with this very necessary article; that is to say, if they follow my advice, and start at midnight, or as soon after as possible, which would be the best way, though not the usual one, I believe, in making the ascent.

Leaving the Riffelhorn, a very remarkable rock (of extraordinary shape), on our right, our party, consisting of Jean Marie Couttet, Jean Krönig, Mark Tiarraz, and myself, reached the Gorner Glacier at the foot of the Riffelberg without any dislocated limbs, and, at this early hour of the morning, found it hard frozen; but there were occasional treacherous spots, where the thin coating of ice gave way and soused one's feet into pools of water. This should be most studiously avoided. To start with wet feet might end in their being frostbitten, and if bad weather set in they would most assuredly become so. Many such casualties have occurred on the High Alps. My shoes (like my face) were so well greased, and came so much above the ankle, with the tongue stitched to the sides of the shoe, that, happily, I sprung no leak, and suffered from no excoriation of visage.

"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," is a good maxim. I generally greased my own shoes. In early life, "nolens volens," I had to grease many a cricket-ball, so, as we never forget any accomplishment we acquire in our youth, I found the greasing of shoes quite a natural occupation. As regards the greasing of the face with tallow, it requires, I admit, a strong mind; but I take to it kindly, as most men of sense would do when recommended by the faculty to swallow a black dose. Touching a tallow-candle, however, I must not mislead any one. I met a gentleman who had made the ascent of Monte Rosa just before myself, whose face was something the colour of a boiled lobster; but when I descanted on the merits of a dip, by which he might have preserved his beauty, he told me that nothing could be more dangerous, as it was no-

torious that arsenic was often mixed with the tallow to make it white, and that if it got into the system, it would be certain death. On naming this to Couttet, he said that "they did not know of such things here." The arts and sciences have not yet reached them. Poor benighted mortals! living on pure unadulterated food, when will the light of civilisation dawn upon you all!

As the study of the glaciers is one of deeper interest, however, than the study of defrauding your neighbour, even in the matter of a tallow-candle, I will now call the attention of my reader to a somewhat remarkable formation on the Glacier du Gorner Grat, which lies at the foot of Monte Rosa; I allude to what, for want of a name, I shall call the "Slab Structure." I do not find, nor does my memory serve me to have read, any allusion to it in the works of Agassiz (who made the glaciers of Monte Rosa his particular study), nor in those of Professors Forbes, Tyndall, or Wills, or other eminent men, although I think that they must have noticed it.

I found the whole surface of that portion of the Gorner Grat, which lies immediately at the foot of Monte Rosa, studded with innumerable slabs of ice, varying from six or eight inches in height, to twelve or eighteen, with *vertical sides facing due north*, and rising above the level surface of the glacier like so many tablets, which, with the light upon them, presented a very singular appearance, like a vast burial-ground; they were rounded off on the obverse side, and, in point of fact, were sections of cones, which, as every one knows, are common to all glaciers. In front of these tablets I found, without a single exception, a small reservoir, or basin of water in the ice, all partaking of one form, viz. the segment of a circle, at the bottom of which was a deposit of grit. The formation struck me as singular, being wholly unlike anything that I had ever observed on other glaciers, upon which for the last three years I had passed the summers, making them my study. Not being able to account for the formation, nor why the vertical sides of these semi-cones, with the basin at their foot, should invariably face *due north*, I merely call attention to the fact in the hope that others will take notice of it, and enlighten me upon the subject. Some of our small drinking-fountains placed against the wall of a building will convey some notion of the ice structure I allude to. I never saw a precisely similar formation on any of the glaciers I have visited.

Of all these there is not one, not even excepting the turnpike-road over the Mer de Glace from Chamounix by the Mauvais Pas to the Chapeau, which is so easily traversed as the Gorner Grat. It appeared to me, as I crossed it at this early hour of morning, to be entirely free from crevasses.

Viewed from the glacier, Monte Rosa is visible (as Professor Tyndall says) "from top to bottom." There it stands directly in front of you, and so deceived is the eye, that you think it can be but a small matter to reach its summit. Surrounded by gigantic mountains of snow and ice, there is no standard of comparison; but if St. Paul's stood at its foot, or one of the great Pyramids, it would not, I take it, appear quite so easy of access as it does, and would prepare the aspirant for a more difficult enterprise than he perhaps had contemplated.

The ascent of Monte Rosa commences directly from the glacier. We

climbed up some smooth polished rocks on to the snow, and soon afterwards reached some other rocks, after which our entire ascent was up the snow-fields. As on Mont Blanc so on Monte Rosa, there is a "grand plateau;" the latter, however, though a grand and comparatively level piece of snow, is quite insignificant as compared with the far-famed plateau of Mont Blanc, where I first found my respiration affected in ascending that mountain.

Here I did not suffer at all, and only in a modified degree afterwards, just enough to be disagreeable, as on the Col du Géant, but not to impede my progress, as it did on Mont Blanc. The sensation, however, was of a precisely similar character.

One of my guides, Jean Krönig, of Zermatt, suffered awfully in the head, and was constantly calling out. By way of cure (on our descent) he repeatedly placed large masses of snow or ice on the top of his felt "wide-awake," which, being soft and pliable, retained it in a cup. "O ma tête, ma tête," he would exclaim in great suffering, as he occasionally halted. This terrible kind of brow ague attacked all the guides on my ascent of Mont Blanc, but, strange to say, I felt nothing of it on either occasion.

From the grand plateau it is a continual ascent up the snow-slope. We were all attached to the rope, and it was necessary to cut steps in the ice occasionally, as it was hard frozen, and the footing insecure.

During my ascent of Monte Rosa I repeatedly looked back upon the Matterhorn, and thought of Professor Tyndall's bold attempt. The clouds clung all round it, as I have said, about two-thirds of the way up, and I feared that he had lost all chance of success this year, as afterwards proved to be the case. The Lyskamm and the whole of the connecting range were entirely free from clouds, but as we ascended, all mountains beyond were obscured, except the summit of Mont Blanc, which for ten minutes or more rose most majestically above the clouds, towering above the Lyskamm, and apparently just over it, though some thirty miles off at least.

I have often thought, even at Chamounix, that one realises the stupendous height of Mont Blanc much more when its summit only is seen rising in its majestic grandeur above the clouds.

The principal difficulty in the ascent of Monte Rosa is in the last portion of it—that part which is sometimes called the cone. It consists first of an exceedingly precipitous snow-slope, which can only be ascended by breasting it. To do this, it is of course necessary to cut steps in the ice all the way up. At the foot of this is a level spot of ice, where the guides leave what little provision they may have brought thus far, and where we all took a little repast. How different from the ascent of Mont Blanc, where we took nothing, and could not have eaten it if we had! Even the rope and bâtons were here deposited, and we had nothing but our ice-axes, which were also left when the rocks were reached, all of us being prepared for a stiff climb with hands and feet. The last step cut in the ice brought us on to the Arête. I found it to be like walking on the ridge of a very steeply pitched church roof, with a smooth precipice of ice slanting off almost vertically on one side, many hundred feet below, while on the other was a sheer descent into a fearful abyss.

The space on which we walked was not, as I found it, more than the width of a good sized plank.

Mr. Wills has most accurately described it in his work, "The Eagle's Nest, and Excursions among the great Glaciers." "In many places," he says, "at a couple of feet to our left, all was hard as ice and *smooth as glass*" (this is *literally* as I found it). "To our right was a few inches width of snow, and then a rocky precipice. The precipice was sometimes absolutely perpendicular, and of course quite bare of snow, and for scores of feet marked by the sheer descent, sometimes merely so steep as to be the next thing to perpendicular. Nowhere, however, could we see more than a dozen feet down the wall of rock, and then the next object was the glacier, a good thousand feet beneath. We trudged slowly up the snow," he continues, "for the ridge was very steep. I measured it in descending, and found the angle thirty-six degrees, and there was no room to zig-zag. At length the snow ended, and we took to a narrow ledge of rocks. The description usually given is literally true. It was in no place more than three feet wide, in many places not a third of that width. On the right is a precipice, on the left a bank of snow, so steep as to be just as bad."

Safely passing the Arête, some protruding rocks are reached, round which we dodged, sometimes on one side of this frightful precipice, sometimes on the other, and so sharply cut out in parts, that a mere twist of the body brought you from one side to the other—in our case, from summer to winter, for the sun had been shining on the rocks, which were agreeably warm to the touch on one side, and icy cold on the other, so much so as instantaneously to benumb the fingers. After a little more climbing and holding grimly on to the rocks, we had the great gratification of reaching the Höchste Spitze of Monte Rosa, where I hoisted my colours—my blue veil—holding it extended in my hands in a strong breeze, having left my flagstaff (my bâton) below.

I confess it was with no small delight that I found myself now standing on the second highest mountain in Europe, at an elevation of 15,284 feet above the level of the sea, being less than five hundred feet lower than Mont Blanc.* Having, on my return last year, been elected a member of the Alpine Club, in consequence of my ascent of Mont Blanc and other glaciers, the satisfaction was thereby increased.

My friend, to whose successful ascent of Monte Rosa I have previously alluded, thus accurately describes in his private journal the last climb, which makes the accomplishment so difficult and trying:

"We left, on a small level part of the snow, the knapsacks and remaining bottles and provisions, and got into our rope harness. We had a good English rope, which we had brought with us, some seventy-five feet long. This was fastened securely round each of us, with a firm knot under the left arm. First went one guide with a hatchet, then my companion, then our chief guide with crampions on his feet, then myself, and the rear was brought up by our third and youngest guide. In this order we climbed yet a little farther, and, turning to our left, were at once introduced to the real difficulties which make Monte Rosa so

* Tyndall.

striking a day's walk, and which, for a long period, made the highest peak to be deemed inaccessible. The route here rises so steeply that it is necessary to cut steps in the ice, all the way, with the hatchet, and at the same time to keep on the verge of the tremendous precipice, which goes sheer down, some fifteen hundred feet, to a glacier below, in order to get the advantage of a little loose snow and level path, some foot or foot and a half broad; whilst on the left is a steep slope of hard ice, so steep that, when once launched on its surface, there could be no stop, and the lower end of it lost in rocks or crevasses. In short, here commenced a very remarkable walk, of nearly two hours, along an exceedingly narrow ridge, steeply inclined, of alternately rocks and intervals of snow: these latter often barely one foot wide, with, on one side, a drop of some thousand or fifteen hundred feet, sheer down on to lower glaciers, and on the other, though perhaps less awful, quite as dangerous an ice-slope.

"I will not for one moment disguise the truth; I was exceedingly struck with the prospect. In fact, I was decidedly startled at the route which thus lay before me. I had expected some trial to both head and nerves; but the reality exceeded expectation, and my first impression was that the undertaking was far beyond me.

"I, however, braced myself up for the task, determined, if possible, not to add cowardice to rashness, and taking a deliberate look down the abysses, right and left, so as thoroughly to take in all their features, and remove any subsequent longing to take a furtive glance when it were better not to do so, I gave my undivided attention to the path we had to follow. Slowly and cautiously we crept over or round the sharp ridges of rocks, or intervening spaces of snow. In many of the worst places, but one of the five moved at a time, so that the rope held by those who had a firm footing, and were stationary, gave considerable confidence to the one in action. Still much caution and steadiness is of course required in this portion of the route. It is extraordinary, however, how soon after the first necessary effort, steadiness of head, nerves, and muscles may be commanded. The snow intervals, with the fearful depth on each side, were to me by far the most trying; but the rocks are more disliked by others. Going over a ridge is not so difficult; but worming round some projecting corner with the whole body actually overhanging the precipice, and feeling for a hold with hands and feet in the sharp angular inequalities on the rock, turning a corner which cannot well be craned round for personal inspection, clinging all the time to the face of the cold damp stone, is thought by some to be the worst bits. I, however, always think it a great point to get a firm hold with the hands, and therefore much preferred the rocks to the ice.

"Such is the upper or finishing touch of the route of Monte Rosa," says my friend, from whose manuscript I have, with his kind permission, been making extracts—his description being extremely accurate. "Slowly and cautiously," he continues, "we wound our way to what appeared to be the actual summit. That point attained, however, we found a considerable and precipitous descent in the rock, which we got down one by one; then another and a final ice-ridge, inclining steeply upwards; and at last the actual peak, which is reached by an all but

perpendicular climb up many feet of rough weather-split rock, in a kind of natural cleft, where the lower man's hands follow close upon his predecessor's feet: and a striking effect it was in perspective for myself, looking up at my three singularly fore-shortened comrades, one above the other, right overhead. About two hours are required for the whole of this ridge, or Arête as it is called, of Monte Rosa, which time is quite out of proportion to the ascent in feet, or actual distance gone over; but it is impossible to go very quick, and the various ascents give, I believe, little variation in the time occupied in this portion.

"A sharp scramble up the final rocks, and we were at last on the 'Aller Höchste Spitze' of Monte Rosa!"

I have alluded to the gathering clouds which surrounded the Matterhorn, and excluded from our view the intervening snowy peaks beyond the Monte Rosa range, the summit of Mont Blanc being alone visible for about ten minutes, as I have stated, and showing out beautifully.

This will prepare my readers for the disappointment of seeing nothing but a thick seething caldron of clouds below us to the westward. The magnificent panorama described so well by Alfred Wills was lost to us, just as the no less grand panorama seen by me from the summit of Mont Blanc was lost to him on his ascent.

However, we consoled ourselves with the uninterrupted view of the Monte Rosa range, which is very superb. After we had been about a quarter of an hour on the summit, up came some of the clouds, and assailed us roughly with a pelting shower of hail, or fine icy particles, which stung the face sharply.

As there was no prospect of any improvement in the weather, but a certainty of its becoming worse, and as it is no joke to be caught in bad weather on the summit of Monte Rosa, we unanimously agreed with Falstaff that, on some occasions at least, "discretion is the better part of valour;" so, after partaking of some strongly diluted cognac, and drinking the health of the fair lady who gave me my colours, we beat a retreat, not, however, without obtaining a trophy. We found in a bottle a card left by Professor Tyndall on the occasion of his first ascent, which I brought away, and have had framed, as a certificate of my own ascent, as no register is kept at the Riffel or at Zermatt. It contains these few words:

John Tyndall.
Christian Lauener.
10th August, 1858.
Sun and Cloud. Water boils 184 deg., 92 Fahr.

I value it greatly. Of course I replaced it by my own, and shall be very much pleased if any one brings it back to me. I also brought a fragment of rock from the very *summit*, on which it has been truly said not more than two persons can stand together. The first successful ascent of Monte Rosa was made only seven years ago, while Mont Blanc has been assailed these eighty years.

For my own part, I found no difficulty whatever in retracing our steps, either through the rocks which crop out of the ice and snow, or by the steps cut in the steep side which we had breasted on our ascent, and

which elicited from Jean Krönig the remark that I had marched across the Arête "comme un soldat"—a greater compliment than which, as a private of the 38th Artists, he could not of course have paid me!

Any one by proper and judicious training might, I imagine, be equally cool and collected, but Jean Krönig asserted, and I do not doubt the truth of his statement, that he had experienced the greatest difficulty and danger in ascending the cone with men who, losing all nerve, have trembled from head to foot. No man ought to attempt it who is apt to turn giddy. It is more difficult, I think, than anything encountered in the ascent of Mont Blanc, but the latter is infinitely more trying, and requires an amount of endurance far beyond that of Monte Rosa. I would rather make six ascents of Monte Rosa than one of Mont Blanc, granting me the same circumstances attending my ascent.

The distressing sensations were in so modified a form as scarcely to deserve notice. On Mont Blanc they are terrible to most people. In bad weather on Monte Rosa they might perhaps be the same. The cold is at times quite as intense, and the liability to be frostbitten of course the same under such circumstances. Mr. Wills suffered much; so did my friend. "After a quarter of an hour on the summit, I began," he says, "to feel very cold, for a high wind was blowing up there, and the thermometer stood at only 24 deg., which is at any time a low temperature for sitting in *al fresco*." His beard and moustache had been long frozen, and very heavy from pendant icicles, his teeth began to chatter, and altogether he was not sorry when they rearranged the preparations for their descent. Happily for me the cold was not very great, and I found two pair of socks sufficient for the feet, with extra under clothing, viz. two pair of flannel waistcoats and two pair of drawers, the guide carrying an overcoat in case of need. My beard, too, was not frozen as on Mont Blanc.

My descent of Monte Rosa was not marked by any particular incident, further than that I twice lost my footing (which I prided myself on not having done even once on Mont Blanc).

The snow was hard and slippery, and we were obliged to keep to the steps we had cut in ascending. I think the nails in my shoes were worn flat. I fell, and was held by the rope, or should have slid down about a thousand yards. So slippery was the snow, that I could get no hold to raise myself, but that the guides assisted me. No sooner was I on my legs, than after going a few paces I was down again, and hung by the rope a second time, rendering it hopeless to proceed. I suggested whether we might venture upon a glissade. The chief guide assented. We all seated ourselves one behind the other. Watching the steady course of my bâton descending induced me to believe that it was the best mode of progress. Away we all went, straight as an arrow, and soon found ourselves upon a more easy and gradual descent. We shortly came to soft snow, and afterwards to a more slushy substance. I here regained my alpenstock.

The afternoon sun, notwithstanding the clouds which encircled the mountain, had produced its effect. For two mortal hours or more we floundered through the snow knee-deep, and not unfrequently up to our thighs, while some of us would plunge in to the waist. On one occasion

I thought my friend Mark would vanish altogether, for he got well-nigh up to his armpits. We were none of us roped together. What footing he had, I know not, but his ever merry countenance indicated no alarm on his part. I need scarcely say this was killing kind of work, and that it greatly retarded our arrival at the Riffel; but we all took to it cheerily, and stuck to it right manfully. *Nulla dies sine limine.*

Poor Jean Krönig continued his exclamations, "O! ma tête! ma tête;" but as we approached the rocks above the Gorner Grat Glacier, and sat down to an agreeable repast, and to a bottle of bon vin—viz. a bottle of St. George—Krönig all at once got rid of his headache, and shook the ice from the top of his wide-awake. All our difficulties were fairly at an end. We recrossed the Glacier du Gorner Grat, and saw a lot of people on the Gorner watching our return. After an absence of seventeen hours we arrived at the châlet on the Riffel at eight P.M. I did not feel much fatigued, and, after enjoying a quiet supper in my own apartment, retired to roost.

The following day I took it easy, ascending only the Gorner Grat and scanning our route up Monte Rosa; and in the afternoon descended to Zermatt with my young friends, the Oxonians, who had come up to the Riffel to look at Monte Rosa, and who were not a little surprised to find that I had left my card on the summit, for I had not informed them that I had even contemplated paying this visit. The next day I walked from Zermatt to Viége (or Vispe), through the fine wild valley of Zermatt and St. Nicolai. It is a stiffish walk, but it was my last, as I proceeded by carriage to Siou, and by rail to Martigny.

And now farewell, gentle reader! and if you ever visit the High Alps, may you witness the glorious scenes which it has been my good fortune to do, and may you pass safely through them; but let me urge you to take every possible precaution in your power, and not to place too much reliance upon those who tell you that there is little or no risk. I have incurred enough to justify me in saying that there is great risk, and should you find it so, and "come to grief," neither you nor your friends can blame me for *under*rating it, at all events. On the other hand, should you happily incur none, and think that I have *over*rated the danger, there will be no harm done to any one.

Remember, too, to be prepared for the cold. Couttet tells me that two of the guides who were with him when Captain Forbes ascended Mont Blanc in 1858 were frostbitten, and both are since dead—but that the temperature on that occasion was higher than it was when he went up with me in 1861—"the degree of cold being then more terrible than he had ever experienced."

LORD STANHOPE'S MISCELLANIES.*

Some men can make everything they say agreeable, and everything they write interesting. Lord Stanhope is an instance. We do not pretend to speak of him in private intercourse. In public we have listened to him with pleasure. And as a writer he comes distinctly under our description. His "Life of Condé," while it satisfies the scholar, is read by all classes with the same interest as Southey's "Life of Nelson;" and we know that many have gone through his "Life of Pitt" (though it is in four volumes, and extends to seventeen hundred and eighty pages) with as much avidity as if it had been a popular novel.

Even his latest publication, small as it is in size, cannot be said to be

Of slender volume, and of small account.

If it only consists of a hundred and twenty pages, there is not one of them that does not contain something curious in itself, or curiously illustrative. It commences with some interesting letters of Pitt, which the possessors of his "Life" will regret had not formed part of its appendices. They may possibly appear in future editions. The first (which we consider as, perhaps, the best specimen of the great statesman's letter-writing that we possess) is to the Duke of Rutland upon the "Irish propositions" brought forward in 1785. Lord Stanhope had already shown us with what anxiety they were regarded both by Pitt and by the nobleman whom he addressed as a colleague and a friend. To himself their rejection was "a deep disappointment, a bitter mortification." It has been said by Lord Macaulay that he was "the first English minister who formed great designs for the benefit of Ireland." He had applied himself for almost a twelvemonth to their details, and, instead of attaining his object, the jealousy of both nations was excited afresh, and his own popularity for a time declined. His attempt to give freedom to the trade with Ireland was much like the attempt to give political liberty to the Neapolitans. The Irish could not then appreciate it, and even for our own mercantile classes the statesman was immeasurably in advance of his age. After a second letter on the same subject, we have others on the "Irish appointments of 1794-5." They refer to the appointment of Lord Fitzwilliam as Lord-Lieutenant, and to his strange disregard of every arrangement that had been entered into upon his taking office. Few men were so unselfish on these occasions as Mr. Pitt himself. "The task on our hands," he wrote to his colleague, Lord Westmoreland, "is difficult enough for all our joint efforts; and every sentiment of jealousy or resentment ought to be lost in a sense of its importance and urgency." If every man could thus think and feel, government would become an easy task. A republic would be as practicable, even for England, as a constitutional monarchy, and one half of our existing laws might be abolished. In the poet's single aphorism, that "we are *selfish* men," lie

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* Miscellanies: Collected and Edited by Earl Stanhope. Murray. 1863.

all the difficulties in the way of purer and more rational institutions than we are ever likely to possess.

The next of the Miscellanies, in point of interest, are the letters which show the estimation in which Mr. Pitt was held by those with whom he came into contact in daily and constant intercourse. The foibles of a hero can as little be concealed from his valet, as the disposition of a statesman from his private secretary. They must be adepts in dissimulation who can avoid the scrutiny of either. Mr. Pitt inspired the men who thus came near him with a feeling of regard that lasted during more than the usual period of human life. Mr. Adams, who died last year at Sydenham, at a very advanced age, wrote to Lord Stanhope only two months previous: "In thinking of him, I am too apt to dwell less upon the loftier qualities of his mind, and upon the great objects to which they were successfully directed, than upon the milder virtues of his delightful disposition, and his unvarying kindness of heart; which so much endeared him to all those who knew him well, and inspired them with the warmest feelings of attachment." And he again writes: "He was surely a man whom it was quite impossible to know without loving him. During his last administration—forsaken by old friends, which he bitterly felt; with declining health, and almost the whole weight of the government upon his own shoulders—so delightful was his temper that with all my shortcomings no harsh word or look ever escaped him, but all towards me was kindness and indulgence."

There was nothing in which the nobler qualities of his disposition were more strikingly shown than in his anxiety to obtain an adequate provision for the declining years of Burke. The great orator had often been his opponent; sometimes, as in the debates on the King's first illness, he had opposed him bitterly; but Mr. Pitt's only feeling towards his rival was to secure him the reward which his public services for thirty years deserved. In the present volume we have a copy of the "Memorandum" in which he himself set them forth. He urges his claim upon the ground of labours in parliament unrecompensed by admission to power; upon the difference in this respect between his own position and that of Barré, or of Dunning, or of Lord Auckland; and upon the losses necessarily attendant upon that "neglect of a man's private affairs," which is the inevitable consequence of an engrossing devotion to public life. The pension granted to him was sufficient for all the wants that he had then to satisfy. His letters acknowledging it have a melancholy interest. He had once had higher views. He was to have been raised to the peerage, with an adequate provision to sustain his rank. "Already" (Lord Stanhope tells us*) "was the title chosen as Lord Beaconsfield. Already was the patent preparing. Just then it pleased Almighty God to strike the old man to the very earth by the untimely death of his beloved son, his only child. There ended Burke's whole share of earthly happiness. There ended all his dreams of earthly grandeur." His proudest hopes "lay buried in the grave."

Two pages of the volume are next occupied with the origin and etymology of the "Martello Towers," a mode of defence considered, at

* Life of Pitt, vol. ii. p. 244.

one time, as second only to our navy. We are indebted to Sir George Lewis for the explanation. When piracy (he writes to Lord Stanhope) was common in the Mediterranean, the Italians built watch-towers near the sea, and gave warning of the approach of a pirate by striking on a bell with a hammer (Martello). "Hence these towers were called *Torri da Martello*;" and his lordship finds this explanation confirmed by passages in Ariosto; of which we may quote the following:

> E la campana martellando tocca
> Onde il soccorso vien subito al porto.
>
> (*Orlando*, canto x. stanza 51.)

Sir John Harrington does not seem to have understood the passage in its peculiar significance, when he translated it

> For straight a watchman standing in a tower,
> So high that all the hils and shore was under,
> Did ring the larum-bell that present houre
> He saw her fleet though distant farre asunder.
>
> (Ed. 1607, p. 76.)

Instead of *ring* it should have been "hammering *strike* the bell." We have not Stewart Rose's translation by us.

Following this is a letter from Sir John Moore to Lady Hester Stanhope, dated November 23, 1808; about six weeks before the battle of Corunna. It is in every way of value; and its closing sentence is touchingly connected with his fate.

"Farewell," he writes, "my dear Lady Hester: if I extricate myself and those with me from our present difficulties, and if I can beat the French, I shall return to you with satisfaction; but if not, it will be better that I should never quit Spain." We well remember seeing part of the wreck of his army arrive in England. How changed from the "good spirits" and "appearance" which he describes in his letter! and yet some of them were still as gay as if only returning from a review.

Amongst the most important of the correspondence preserved by Lord Stanhope are several letters by the late Sir Robert Peel. One of them, addressed to Lord Harrowby, immediately previous to the passing of the Reform Act, expresses an opinion that it would be better to compel the government to resort to the *coup d'état* of a fresh creation of peers rather than that the House of Lords should yield, against its conviction, on the second reading of the bill. This was in his days of high conservatism. "The nature of popular concessions, their tendency to propagate the necessity for further and more extensive compliances;" the loss of "all reverence and care for remaining institutions;" and an "appetite whetted for a further feast at the expense of the Church or the Monarchy," were dangers that he afterwards regarded with less of fear. His masterly defence (at the request of Lord Stanhope) of the character of Sir Robert Walpole is a valuable paper, and written with a clearness and impartiality that show no ordinary talent for historical composition.

We have next some still more valuable communications from the Duke of Wellington. First a comparison between his own position—its advantages and difficulties—and that of the Duke of Marlborough, whom he considers as "the greatest man that ever appeared at the head of a

British army." He, at the same time, sends to Lord Stanhope a letter preserved in the French *Dépôt général de la Guerre*, which shows that, in 1674, the young Churchill had applied for a commission as colonel of infantry in the army of Louis XIV.; and, in a memorandum on the Moscow Retreat, he gives an opinion "that the loss of the French army under Napoleon would have been accelerated, more disastrous and disgraceful, if the season had been wet instead of having been frosty." "In truth," he adds, "the army could not in that case have moved at all in the state to which all its animals were reduced at the time."

From these we turn to lighter subjects: to inquiries not altogether useless, as to the origin of the red uniforms of our soldiers, and the blue and buff of the Whigs. Lord Stanhope (then Lord Mahon) writes to Macaulay, "'Pray when was the British army for the first time clothed in red?' was the inquiry addressed to me yesterday by no less a person than the Duke of Wellington." Lord Mahon thought in the time of Charles the Second. The Duke thought it was earlier; "that Monk's troops, for example, were *Redcoats*." Macaulay says the Duke was right. The army of the Commonwealth wore red: and he quotes Hudibras in proof.

The uniform of the Whigs is not so easily accounted for. It was supposed, by some, to have been copied from the army of Washington; but Mr. Jared Sparks says that, on the contrary, the Revolutionists, as was much more probable, borrowed it from the Whigs. Others have traced it to a mixture of the Tory blue with the orange of William III.; and Lord Sidney Osborne thinks that the political followers of the Duke of Richmond adopted it from the uniform of the Goodwood Hunt, and that it thus became the distinguishing dress of his nephew, Charles Fox. Like many party distinctions, however, its origin cannot be very distinctly traced.

Out of consideration for the intellectual character of fallen royalty, we leave the verses by the Pretender unnoticed.

There is a short and very characteristic letter from Lord Macaulay, written on his return from his last tour in Italy; and the volume finishes with a discussion and correspondence between Sir Robert Peel, Macaulay, Lord Mahon, and Hallam, as to the question, "Were human sacrifices in use among the Romans?" Sir Robert Peel (with a knowledge of authorities that seems marvellous) rather leans to the affirmative; and the amount of learning that is brought to bear upon the controversy could have been retained by no ordinary men in the midst of very different, and often harassing, pursuits.

We might have dwelt longer upon Lord Stanhope's volume; but the subjects we have already indicated will sufficiently show that it must be estimated by a higher standard of value than the number of its pages.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

I.

HOW FREEDOM CAME AT LAST.

When De Vigne went back to the hotel, he found a letter from his steward, asking him to go down to Vigne, where business matters required his absolute and personal attention. He read the letter, put it down, and thought a minute over its contents. Vigne was hateful to him: he had never been there since he had quitted it on that fatal New Year's Day which had bound him to Constance Trefusis. Every association connected with it was one of keen and stinging pain, interwoven as they were with the one great irremediable mistake and misery of his life. One place, indeed, was dear and sacred to him—that one green grave under the shadowy elms, where his mother lay; but even there lingered and haunted bitter regret and vain remorse, since it was his folly, his headstrong and wilful passion, which had sent her there—the mother whom he had loved so tenderly from the early hours when, as a young boy, he had loved to lean against her knee, sitting under the very shadow of those elms that now sheltered her grave under their fostering foliage. Vigne was full of dark and bitter memories to him: he had not visited it now for eleven long years, exiled from his ancestral home by the gaunt spectre of the folly which there had first clung around his life, to bear him such after-fruits of misery. Yet now, whether Alma's love had made life bear a different colouring, he felt a vague wish and longing to see the old home where his careless childhood and his happy youth had passed; the home where so many of his forefathers had lived; the home—nearest and holiest tie of all—the home where his mother had died. Alma would not be in England, whither she was coming with the Molyneux, for two days; if he should go and dwell with her in Italy or Southern France, he wished to see the old elm woods of Vigne before he left the country; he wished to see his mother's grave—his mother, the only woman that had ever loved him purely, devotedly, unselfishly, till Alma, poor child! spent all her wealth of love on him. Something impelled him to go down to Vigne as strongly as he had before loathed even the mention of revisiting it. That day he threw himself into the train, and went down to spend twenty-four hours under that roof where he had once slept the sweet, untroubled, dreamless sleep of childhood ere he knew the bitter sorrow and the delirious joys of manhood. They did not know he was coming, and there was no welcome for him (so best, he could ill have borne it, remembering how he had quitted it); there was only the flag flying from the west turret because he was returned in safety from the Crimea, and the old lodge-keeper's recognition of him as she looked into his face and burst into tears, for

she had worshipped him from his birth (though De Vigne, in his wayward, mischievous, high-spirited, care-for-nothing childhood, must have been a very troublesome divinity), and had never thought to see him again before she laid her aged bones to rest. The old familiar things came with a strange thrill of memory upon him. Every turn of the approach—the shadowy double avenue, with its giant elms swaying their massive boughs backwards and forwards in the sunlight; the great sweep of park and woodland, forest and pasture, stretching away farther than the eye could reach; the clear, sweet ripple of the river, rushing under the hawthorns, white as new-fallen snow; the scamper of the startled hares under the fan-like ferns; the distant belling of the rare red deer, trooping under the arching trees, in the blue distance; the grand front of that magnificent pile that his ancestors had left him in heritage, with its stately terraces and turrets, its stretching lawns and gardens—a home too fair to be deserted by its lord and left to silence and to solitude—a home that should have had revelry in its halls and sweet laughter ringing to its stately roof, and love and joy filling its forsaken chambers with their soft silvery chimes—all came back upon him with a very anguish of memory, such a tightening of the heart, as we feel looking on the face of an old friend long parted, and tracing the difference in him and us since the joyous days of old gone by for ever. He loved the place, for its own sake; he had been proud of it, for its grand beauty and its historic aroma, when he was yet a child, playing light-hearted, free, and careless under the shade of its stately woods. He had loved it until it was cursed with the shadow of his unhappy marriage; till the dark memory of the woman who had taken his name haunted and poisoned the air, and filled every well-remembered scene of his home with the relentless ghost, ever pursuing, never eluded, following in the full glare of a noontide sun, as in the voiceless silence of the midnight hours; the spirit of an error in judgment, repented of, but irremediable: no sin, but what costs us dearer as the world goes—a folly.

That ghost pursued him at each step through all the old familiar scenes. He could not enter the great hall where he had seen her the first night she came to Vigne, standing under the gas glare in her dazzling, voluptuous, but ever coarse beauty, with her scarlet wreath over her raven hair, and her scarlet cloak flung half off from that divine form that had won and tempted his eye-love; he could not mount the wide staircase where he had seen her on his marriage-day, her eyes flashing in triumph under her bridal veil, that diamond ceinture round her waist that was now turned into gold at the Mont de Piété; he could not enter his home, so fair, so stately, with its wide windows opening on to the sloping lawns and sunny woods beyond, that were all, far as the eye could reach, his; the ghost of the Past—the Past which his own madness had made, and no power of his could now unmake—haunted and pursued him too bitterly! Still less could he have entered his mother's room, undisturbed by his order from the day she died; the chamber sacred to the memory of one who had loved him with so rare, so self-denying, so infinitely patient, unwearying, and tender a devotion; the mother whom the fruit of his own headlong madness had slain from the very depth and strength of her love for her wayward and idolised son.

How fair Vigne looked that day, with the sunlight of the budding

summer on its white terraces and green woodlands, all around silent and hushed, save the murmur of the leaves and the soft rush of the river, and the distant belling of the deer that came on the warm, hushed air! It was a strangely sad and silent return—a return for twenty-four hours!—to his noble ancestral home after an absence of nine years. It was not so that the lords of Vigne in bygone time came back to their stately manor after fighting a good fight at Acre or Antioch, Worcester or Edgehill, Blenheim or Ramillies. Alone he turned slowly from the house and walked across the park, leaving the grand old pile behind him standing on its knoll of velvet turf, with its famous elms closing around it, and waving their green tree-tops up to the blue clear heavens above—a home worthy of a royal line, forsaken by its master, and left to hirelings and servants in all its fair and stately beauty—with its legends of honour, and its memories of glory and of greatness. He left the house and walked across the park alone, save an old staghound, well-nigh blind, who had leaped upon him at the first sound of his step, and who now followed him with measured tread across the soft-yielding grass, and under the chequered shade that the great forest-trees of Vigne flung across his path. He walked across the stretching sunlit park, where he had passed so many happy hours as a boy, riding, shooting, fishing, lying under the elm-boughs in the dreamy beauty of such another summer day as this, thinking to himself what a brilliant, glorious, shadowless thing he, De Vigne of Vigne, would make of life when he should grow to man's estate. He walked along, strange commingling thoughts rushing through his brain of his mother, of Constance Trefusis, of Alma Tressillian, of his life, so full as it had been of adventure and excitement, revelry and sport, daring and pleasure—his life so brilliant before that one fatal mistake which marred and darkened it, which now but for that one error would have been so cloudless, crowned as it was with the strong, deep love of manhood, and the passionate devotion, the unswerving fidelity of such a heart as few men win to beat response to theirs. There rose before him the two women who had had so much influence upon his life; the one coarse, insolent, lost to shame, to mercy, and to decency, who had tempted with fifty devils' force in the dark gloom of the Royal Forest, goading him with insult, twitting him with brutal jeer, and luring him to murder; the other delicate, refined, loving, impassioned, with not a thought he might not read in her clear eyes, not a throb of her young heart that did not beat for him, leading him with her soft voice, and her noble trust, and her unselfish love to a higher, fairer, purer life, teaching him faith in human nature. They rose before him as he walked along, cutting the ferns and grasses as he passed, thought, and memory, and passion all at work, his nature as fiery, restless, wayward, impassioned, as when, years before, under the elms of Vigne, he had wooed the milliner of Freston-hills, the scrub and protégée of old Fantyre. He walked on under the great trees that had watched over his race for centuries, bitter thoughts rising in him at every step, and stung to keener pain rather than softened at the knowledge of the warm, loving heart that was so wholly his, and would be his, let him try it how he might, or ask what sacrifice he would; walked on until he came to the low ivy-clad fence which parted the churchyard from the park of Vigne, and there, under the great waving elm-trees, tossing their bows in the summer air, with the lilies and the

purple violets clustering round its pure white stone, he saw his mother's grave, the simple headstone bearing her name, lying in the soft summer sunshine, with the birds singing sweet low requiems around, and the church bells swinging slowly through the air, and the great elm-boughs sighing a Miserere for her whose life had been pure as the lilies, and sweet and humble as the violets that clustered round her tomb. And here even the living were forgotten in the memory of the dead, and De Vigne threw himself down beside the grave, calling on her name, as though his voice must waken the woman who had loved his slightest whisper, and never been deaf to any prayer of his. All the love he had borne his mother, all the love she had borne him, rushed upon his mind with an anguish of regret; if he had listened to her counsel, ever gentle, never ill timed or unwise, she might have been now living, and the curse of his marriage would not have been on his life, nor its stain upon his name.

If—ah, *if!* How much of our life hinges upon if! She had been very dear to him. The sound of her voice, the tenderness of her smile—the voice that had never spoken harshly to him, that smile that had never failed to welcome him; her gentle nature that his wayward will so often had tried; her unwearying affection, which would so fain have guarded him from every adverse fate; all that had made his mother beloved and reverent and precious to him; all that had made her words have weight with him in his high-spirited, dauntless, self-willed boyhood, when he would listen to no other; all that had made her death a remorse and a regret that a lifetime would not efface—came back upon him in a flood of memories, as he saw the summer sunlight glistening on her grave, and felt the bitterness, the sharpness, the keen, lasting, cruel sorrow of that mystery of Death which wrenches a human life so strangely from those who would so fain hold it back from that dark and ruthless tomb, where no regret, however bitter, can follow to atone for wrong, and no voice, however loved, can hope to waken a response.

The sunshine streamed around him, playing fitfully on the marble as it fell on it through the parted foliage of the overhanging elms. The violets and the lilies of the valley filled the air with their fragrance; the chimes tolled out slowly from the old church tower; all was silent around him, save the carols of the birds and the myriad nameless hushed murmurs and whispers that stir the solitude of a summer's day, with the low and solemn voices of the earth. In the stillness—where no human eyes looked on him—he lay there on the green sods, with the bitterness of a yearning and futile remorse heavy upon him, as he remembered the words of her prophecy, "You will love again, to find the crowning sorrow of your life, or drag another in to share your curse!"

And like the cut of a lancet on fresh-opened wounds fell words spoken beside him:

"You are thinking, Major, of what a mistake you made eleven years ago, and what a fortune you would give to be able to undo it!"

Such an intruder in such a place—coarse insult by his mother's grave—he, who held his dearest friends at a distance from his deeper feelings, to be broken in upon thus rudely by such an intruder! He started up, and swung round to meet his ex-valet, Raymond. A deep flush of anger rose over his face; the man quailed before the fire that flashed from his eyes,

and the chill and bitter fury with which his features seemed to change into the set coldness of stone, as he motioned him away, too low and too contemptible a foe to honour by laying his hand upon him.

"Begone, or your insolence will cost you dear. How dare you, you hound, come before me again."

"Hound! Humph! Wasn't it true what I said, Major?" asked Raymond, with a smile. "Wouldn't you give a good deal to anybody who made a free man of you again?"

Without stopping for a minute to consider what might be the import of his words, stung past endurance by the impudent leer with which the man dared to address him, De Vigne, ever quick to make his muscle do battle for him, and apt to revenge insults as his ancestors had used to do in ages less polite and—perhaps—less cowardly, seized Raymond by his coat-collar—the man's presence was sacrilege beside his mother's grave—lifted him up, and flung him across the fence on to the grass and ferns and wild thyme of the churchyard beyond.

"Learn how I bear insult from curs like you! A month at the treadmill will do you good."

"Bien obligé, monsieur," muttered Raymond, as he gathered himself slowly up from his turfy bed. "Your grasp is no child's play, Major! But listen one moment, sir; do listen. I mean you no insult, by Heaven I don't! I ask, because I can tell you what may be of great importance. If I could make your wife *not* your wife, would you listen to me then, sir?"

Like lightning the blood leapt through his veins at the words "your wife not your wife." The simple thought put suddenly before him brought with it too strong a rush of possible joy, too delicious a vision of what *might be*, for him to hear it calmly or retain his self-possession and reserve!

"Not my wife!" he muttered, his voice hoarse and stifled in its agony of suspense. "Good God! Have you warrant for what you say?"

"Full warrant, Major. I can do for you what no divorce laws can, thanks to the timorous fools that frame them. If those gentlemen were all fettered themselves, they'd make the gate go a little easier to open. I *can* set you free, but how I won't tell you till we come a little to terms."

Free! Not to Bonnevard, pining in the darkness and wretchedness of Chillon, did freedom, even in its simple suggestion, bring such a flood of delirious joy as it brought to him. Free! Great Heaven! the very thought maddened him with eager, impatient, breathless thirst for *certainty*, mingled with the cold, chill, horrible doubt that the man was cheating, misleading, and deceiving him. He sprang over the fence to his side, and seized him in a grasp that he would have vainly striven to shake off.

"Great Heaven! If you have truth in what you say, tell me all—all—at once; do you hear?—all!"

"Gently, gently, Major," said Raymond, wincing under the grasp that held him as firmly as an iron vice, "or I shall have no breath to tell you anything. I can set you free, sir; and I don't wonder you wish to be rid of her! But before I tell you how, you must tell me if you will give me the proper price for information."

De Vigne shook him like a little dog.

"Scoundrel! Do you think I will make a compact with such as you? Out with all you know, and I will reward you for it afterwards; out with it, or if it be a hoax it will be the worse for you!"

"But, Major," persisted the man, halting for breath, "if I tell you all first, what gage have I that you will not act on my information, and never give me a farthing?"

"My word!" gasped De Vigne, hurling the answer down his throat. "Do you think me such another scoundrel as yourself? Speak; do you hear? Is she not my wife?"

"No, Major; because she was mine first!"

"*Yours?* Then——"

"Your marriage is null and void, sir."

De Vigne staggered against the fence, dizzy and blind with the delirium of his sudden liberty, the unloosing of those cruel fetters fastened on him by Church and Law, which had clung to him, festering to his very bone, and bowing him down with their unbearable weight Free! from the curse that had so long pursued him; free from that hateful tie that had so long made life loathsome to him; free from that she devil who so long had made him shun all of her sex, as men shun poisons they have once imbibed to the ruin of health and strength! Free, his name once more his own, purified from the taint of her claim upon it; free!—his home once more his own, purged from the dark and haunting memories of an irremediable past; free from the bitterness of his own folly, so long repented of in agony and solitude; free to cast from him by law, as he had long done from heart and mind, the woman whom he loathed and hated; free to recompense with honour in the sight of men the strong and faithful love which would have given up all for his sake, and followed him withersoever he should choose to lead, content if she were by his side to go with him to any fate.

Dizzy and blind and breathless with the strength of the new-born hope, he staggered against the grey and ivy-tangled wall of the church, and forgetful of Raymond's presence, seeing, hearing, heeding nothing, save that one word—free! the blood flowing with fever-heat through all his veins, every nerve in his body throbbing and thrilling with the electric shock.

He covered his eyes with his hand, like a man dazzled with the sudden radiance of a noontide sun. Then he grasped Raymond's arm again.

"Will you swear that?"

"Yes, sir, on the Bible, and before all the courts and judges in the land, if you like."

De Vigne gave one quick, deep sigh, flinging off from him for ever the iron burden of many years.

"Tell me all, then, quick, from beginning to end, and give me all your proofs."

He spoke with all the eager, wayward, restless impatience of his boyhood; the old light gleamed in his eyes, the old music rang in his voice. The chains were struck off; he was free!

"Very well, sir. I must go back a good many years, and make a long story of it. Nineteen years ago—'tisn't pleasant to look back so long, sir—Lucy Davis, the handsome milliner of Frestonhills, was a very dash-

ing-looking girl—as you thought, Major, at that time—and I was twenty-two, always weak where women were concerned, and much more easily taken in than I was when I had seen a little more of human nature. My name was Trefusis, sir, not Raymond at all. I took an *alias* when I entered your service. My father was a Newmarket leg, and he made a good pot of money one way and another; and he had more gentlemen in his power, and more of your peerage swells, sir, under his dirty old thumb, knowing all that he knew, and having done for 'em all that he had done, than you'd believe if I was to swear it to you. He wanted to make a gentleman of me. 'Charlie, my boy,' he used to say, 'with brains and tin you may be as good as them swells any day; they hain't no sort of business to look down on you. I've done dirty work enough to serve them, I reckon.' He wanted to make a gentleman of me, and he gave me a capital education, and more money and fine clothes than any boy in the school. But what's bred in the bone, sir, will come out in the flesh. He went to glory when I was about eighteen, sir, leaving me all his tin to do just whatever I liked with, and not a soul to say me nay. I soon spent it, sir; every stiver was gone in no time. I bought horses, and jewellery, and wine. I betted, I played; in short, I made ducks and drakes with it in a very few years with a lot of idle young dogs like myself; for though the money would have bought me a very good business, or kept me straight if I'd lived closely and quietly, it wasn't enough to dash with as if I'd had a fortune at my fingers' ends, like yours, sir. But I was a weak young fool in those days, specially weak about women; a handsome woman might turn me round her finger just however she chose, and I'd no strength whatever against her. High and low, Major, men are all alike for the beaux yeux. Jimmy Jarvis—you will have heard of him, sir?—Jimmy was going to have a mill with the Brownlow Boy, at Greystone Green (perhaps you remember that's only two miles out of Frestonhills), and I went down with two or three others to see the fight. While I was in Frestonhills, sir, I saw Lucy Davis in the milliner's shop in High-street, and I fell straight in love with her for her great black eyes and her bright carnation colour. I thought I'd never seen anything half so handsome in all my days; and she was a magnificent girl at that time, sir—magnificent without a doubt. If she'd been a duchess's daughter people would have made a fine row about her. I went to church to see her the next day, and bowed to her coming out; and so we got acquainted, sir, and I fell more and more in love, and I wouldn't have stirred from Frestonhills just then to have made my fortune. That was a year after you had left, sir. But I knew nothing about *your* affair, sir, then—trust her!"

(Oh! for the woods of Vigne to hear a valet talk as rival to their lord. Yet in the olden times, in their hot youth and their inflammable passions, I dare say those haughty gentlemen had whispered love-vows to their mother's fair-faced handmaiden, and looked into the soft brown eyes of Sybil, the forest-ranger's daughter, under the cool shadows of those very elms, long midsummers before; for a young man's taste is easily pleased, and, in youth, we ask no more than the bloom on the lip and the tint on the cheek.)

"I was in love with her; I made myself out a gentleman; I talked

grand of marble halls and gorgeous doings, like Claude Melnotte; I bought her presents fit for a countess; I set all my wits to work to win her, and she was a very hard-mouthed, touchy young filly at that time, sir, with a very careful eye to her own interests, and very sure not to do anything till she thought it was for her own advantage. At seventeen, sir, Lucy was a shrewd, calculating, hard-hearted woman of the world, an intrigante to do young fellows by the dozen. Half the women that go to the bad, sir, do it because bad is their bias—because they like vice better than virtue, find it more lucrative, and it pleases their vanity or their avarice. *Love* has very little to do with it, sir; there are bad women as well as bad men, I take it, though the papers and the preachers do term them all innocent angels! Well! I was in love with Lucy, and she thought me a man of fashion and of fortune, and married me; the register is in the church of Frestonhills; you can see it, sir, any day you like. In six months I thought myself a very great fool for having fettered myself—most people think so, sir, some time or other, poor folks even more than rich. Lucy's temper was that of a devil—always had been—and when she found out that all my riches would very soon make themselves wings and flee away, you may suppose it was not softened very much. She helped me to spend my money, sir, for twelve months, leading me about as wretched a life as any woman could lead a man. We lived chiefly abroad, sir, in Paris, and at the German Baths; then the tin was all gone, and Lucy grew a very virago, and, as she had taken me only out of ambition, it was a hard cut to her, I dare say, to find me a mere nobody, with nothing at all to speak of in the way of money, much less of rank. She led me a shocking life, sir. We parted by mutual consent; we could not get on at all, and we hated each other cordially. I left her at Wiesbaden, and went my own ways; she had spent every shilling I had. Some time after I was fool enough to forge a cheque; it was found out, and they shipped me off to the colonies, and Lucy was free of me. Some years after, I learnt what she did with herself; at Wiesbaden old Lady Fantyre was staying, rouging, gambling, and living by her wits, as you know she always has done, sir, ever since anybody can remember her. She saw Lucy at the Kursaal, and Lucy had improved wonderfully in twelve months: she could get up a smattering of things very fast; she could dress well on little or nothing; she had quick wits, and a haughty, defiant, knock-me-down manner that concealed all her ignorance, and carried everything before her. Old Fantyre took a fancy to her; she wanted to have a companion, somebody to make her up well for the evenings, and read her dirty novels to her, and humour her caprices, and amuse the young fellows at her little card-parties while she fleeced them at écarté or vingt-et-un. Lucy seemed just fit for her place. She didn't know she was married; Lucy made herself out an innocent, unprotected girl, whom you, sir, had deserted in an abominable way, and old Fantyre took her into her service. She thought Lucy's handsome black eyes would draw plenty of greenhorns to her supper-table and her cards, and you know, sir, the cards have always been the old lady's bankers, and very good ones, too, or I mistake. Now, Lucy was an uncommonly clever girl, hard-hearted and sharp-sighted; she humoured the old woman, she made herself necessary to her, she chimed in with all her sayings, she listened

to all her stories, she got into her good graces, and made her do pretty well what she chose. You remember, sir, perhaps, that when you and Lucy parted at Frestonhills she told you she'd be revenged on you. She isn't a woman to *forget:* if a cat scratched her, and she met that cat again ten years afterwards, she'd recognise it, and punish it. She'd kept you steadily in her mind, and meant to pay you off for it one fine day, whenever occasion served. She'd set her heart on punishing you the bitterest way she could, and thought, and planned, and schemed till she'd got it all complete. She told Lady Fantyre about you, and she induced her to think that if she could catch you and marry you, what a capital thing it would be for both of them, and how royally they could help you to spend your fortune.

"I must tell you, Lucy had heard that the government ship that had taken me out to Botany Bay had foundered, and she didn't know that I and a few others had managed to drift in the jolly-boat till an American cruiser picked us up. She thought I was drowned, or else she would have been a vast lot too wide awake to go in for bigamy. Old Fantyre listened, agreed, and took her to England, and introduced her as her niece. There, as you know, sir, you met her, and fell into her toils again. I don't wonder you did not know her; I never should. Years and society and dress, and the education she'd given herself, made such a difference. And how should you think of Lady Fantyre's niece being the same with the milliner girl of Frestonhills High-street? And she was far handsomer then than she had been at sixteen. She caught you, sir—you know how better than I; and at the church her devilish nature came out, and she took the worst revenge she could on you, by proclaiming who she was before all your friends. She knew if you'd only found it out afterwards, you'd have hidden it in your own heart; the world would have been none the wiser, and she'd have been cheated of half her revenge. Four years after you had married her, I came to Europe. I'd been staying in the United States, till I thought all fear of my being recognised for that bygone little affair had blown over; and I went as valet to the Duc de Vermuth. I often wondered what had become of my wife; till one Sunday, when I went to the Pré Catalan, I saw a lady in a carriage, talking and laughing with a number of young fellows round her. She was a remarkably fine-looking woman, and something in her face struck me as like my wife. At that minute she saw me. She turned as white as her rouge would let her, gave a sort of scream, and stared at me. Perhaps she thought she saw my ghost. At any rate, she pulled the check-string, and drove away from me as fast as she could, whether I was in the spirit or the flesh. Of course I didn't let her give me the slip like that. I followed her to a dashing hotel in the Champs Elysées, and just as she stepped on the pavé, after her grand green and gold chasseur, I stepped up to her, and just said, 'Well, old girl, how are you?' Horrible she looked—as if she longed to kill me—and, indeed, I dare say she did. She signed me to silence, and said, 'Not now; come at eight this evening.' I went; and she told me all her story, and offered me, if I would keep quiet and tell nobody she was my wife, to go shares with me in the money you allowed her provided she lived out of England. I thought about it a little. I saw I should get nothing by proclaiming our marriage. I closed with her, and I lived at my ease. But she grew screwy;

she didn't pay up to time. She used to anticipate the money, and then defraud me of my share. At last it came into my head, when I heard you had come back from India, to see what sort of gentleman you were, and whether you wanted your freedom bad enough to pay me a high price for it. You required a valet. I entered your service; and when I was sent down to Richmond with the parrot and the books and the flowers, and so on, for that little lady—no, Major, don't stop me, I mean no offence to her, and I must bring her name in to make my story clear—I thought the time would soon come, sir, when you'd give *any* price for your freedom, for I heard plenty of talk, sir, at that time, about you and her; servants trouble themselves more about their master's business than they do about their own. The day you dismissed me from your service, I was going to tell you, if you had only listened. But you were so impatient and so haughty, that I thought I'd let you go on in ignorance, and free yourself, if ever you wanted, as best you might. I entered Lord Vane Castleton's service then. You know he hated you bitterly, because he was gone quite mad about Miss Tressillian; had set his heart upon her, just because he thought she belonged to you, and was not to be had. It seems, sir, he had been very good friends with Lucy in Paris, and he wrote and told her you were in love again, and with somebody who, he thought, didn't know you were married, and that if she wished to put a stop to it, she should come over and tell Miss Alma. Over she did come, saw him first, and then went to St. Crucis; and after she'd been—I didn't see her, and didn't know she was in London—he sent me to bring Miss Tressillian to Windsor, while you were sitting in court-martial on Mr. Halkett. It was a dirty job, sir, I know, and a rascally one. Don't look at me so fiercely, Major, for God's sake. I am sorry I did it now, for she'd sweet blue eyes, that little lady, and I was never quite easy till I knew she'd got out of Lord Vane's clutches; she must have done it by some miracle, for no other woman ever got away from him before. Then you went to the Crimea, and Lucy paid worse and worse; to be sure, she gave me that diamond ceinture she wore on her wedding-day, your present to her, sir, I think, and it was good for a 1000*l.*, but they wouldn't give me so much at the Mont de Piété, and I owed more than half what they did give me. At last I thought I would try you again, if only to spite Lucy, who was living in splendour, and grudging me every shilling. I wrote to you at the Crimea—I called to speak to you at Mivart's—finally, I tracked you here. Now I've told you all my tale, Major. I know you well enough to know your word is as sure a bond as another man's cheque; and if you'll go with me, sir, to Trinity Church, Frestonhills, I'll show you the register of my marriage, sir, which makes yours null and void."

De Vigne leant against the old grey stone; his face was white with the intensity of the sudden joy, his breathing came short and thick, his eyes were dark as night, with the rapture thrilling through every nerve, till it seemed to stifle him in its intensity; his strong frame trembled like a woman's. The ecstasy of that hour! No criminal, condemned to death and suddenly reprieved, felt the warm rush of fresh air welcoming him as he issued—a free man—from the darkness of his prison-cell of doom, with deeper, more bewildering joy, than he realised and welcomed his liberty from the festering and bitter chains that so long had dragged

upon him—his liberty from the weary weight, the repented folly, the bitter curse of an Early Marriage.

He was silent, breathing fast and loud, struggling to realise this possibility of freedom. Then—he threw back his head with a proud, joyous gesture; he looked up to the glad summer sun shining above his head; he drew in with a deep long breath the free sweet air that streamed around him. He turned his eyes upon the man, flashing with their old, proud, brilliant, shadowless light.

"Right! I would pay *any* price for freedom. Let us go at once. I will not lose an hour—a moment!"

He went—and the sunlight played over his mother's grave, seeming to linger fondly there, touching the fragrant violets to a deeper blue, and the lilies to a purer silver. It was pitiful that the gentle and loving heart, stilled there for ever, could not awake to throb in unison with her son's joy, and know his freedom from that deadly curse whose blow had sent her to her tomb? Her love had been with him in his grief; it was cruel that her love could not be with him in his joy. Cruel? ah, truly!—on earth there is no more bitter thing than the death that is in the midst of life.

* * * * *

Frestonhills, unchanged, lay nestling among the green pastures and fresh woods of Berkshire, and all the old familiar places struck strangely on him as he passed them. There flowed the silver Kennet, bright and rapid as of old, rushing on its swift sunny way under the graceful bridges; and past the wild luxuriant hedges; and through the quiet, silent country towns and villages. There, on its banks, were schoolboys lying among the purple clover and under the fragrant hawthorns, as poor little Curly had done long years ago. There were the dark palings, and the great forest-trees of the park of Weivehurst, long changed to other hands before its rightful owner was laid to rest, his grave marked only by a simple wooden cross, under the southern skies of Lorave. There, against the blue heavens, rose above its woods the grey pinnacles of the old house where Alma Tressillian had made the roof ring with her childish laughter, playing on the dark galleries, or out under the golden laburnums that flung the same shadows on the lawn, now, as then. There was the old Chancery, its gable roofs and its low ivy-grown walls, as he passed. A lady glanced up, gardening among her geraniums and heliotropes—it was Miss Arabella—the ringlets very grey now. A little farther on, in the old playing-field, there were the wickets, and the bats, and the jumping poles, and four or five boys, in their shirt sleeves and their straw hats, enjoying their half-holiday, as we had done before them. So life goes on; when one is bowled out, another is ready to step into his shoes, and, no matter how many the ball of death may knock over, the cricket of life is kept up the same, and players are never wanting.

The register lay on the table under the arched Norman window of the vestry of the church where, twenty years before, we had fidgeted through the dreary periods of the rector's cruel sermon full an hour long, and cast glances over our hymn-books at the pastrycook's pretty daughters.

The great old register, ponderous and dusty, lay on the table, the sunbeams from the stained glass above falling on its leather binding and

its thickly-written leaves, full of so many records of man's joy and sorrow, crowded with so many names that now were empty sounds; penned by so many hands that were now crumbled to dust under the churchyard sods near by. The great register layon its table in the dark, quiet, solitary vestry—the last he had seen was the one in which he had signed his doom, eleven years before, in the church at Vigne. The old sexton unlocked the book, and with shaking infirm hand turned over the leaves one after the other. De Vigne leant against the table, watching for the entry, his breath short and laboured, his pulse beating with fever-heat, a mist before his eyes, a great agony of dread—the dread of *deception* tightening his heart and oppressing him to suffocation. If the man's story were not true!—if this, too, were a hoax and a fraud! Breathless, trembling in every limb with fear and hope, he bent over the book, pushing the old man's hand away; his agony of impatience could not brook the slow and awkward fumbling of leaf after leaf—by the palsied feebleness of age. He thrust the pages back one after another till he reached the year 18—. Entry after entry met his eye; from lords of the manor, their ancestral names dashed across the page; from poor peasants, who could only make their mark; from feminine signatures, trembling and illegible; marriage after marriage met his eager glance, but not yet the one which was to loosen his fetters and set him free. He turned the leaves over one after the other, his heart throbbing thick with wild hope and irrepressible fear. At last the setting sun, shining in through the rich hues of glory, the rubies and the ambers, the heads of saints, and the golden scrolls, and the blazoned shields on the stained window above his head, flung radiant colours on one dim yellow sheet, illumining with its aureole of light the two signatures he sought—the words that gave him ransom—the names that struck off his chains—

CHARLES TREFUSIS.
CONSTANCE LUCY DAVIS.

And as his eyes fell upon the page that freed him from the wife that had so long cursed his life, and stained his honour, and made his name abhorrent in his sight because she bore it, De Vigne staggered forward, and, flinging the casement open, leant out into the calm, fresh evening, stunned by his sudden deliverance as by some mortal blow, and gasping for breath, while the warm westerly wind swept over him, like a man who has escaped from the lurid heat and stifling agony of fire into the pure, sweet air of a breaking dawn.

He was FREE! The life that he had so madly sought to spend like water, and fling off from him as an evil too bitter to be borne, among jungles of Scinde and on the steppes of the Crimea, was once more rich, and precious, and beloved;—he learned at last what his wayward nature had been long ere it would believe, that the fate we deem a curse is oftentimes an angel in disguise, if we wait patiently for the unfolding of its wings from the darkness that enshrouds them.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

Of the seven Ionian Islands—the Heptanisos—which now in a united federal league are under the protection of the great and unconquered Albion, how many are the classic associations—the interesting sites of scenes which, either for their present matchless beauty or for their antecedents, are viewed with such feelings of admiration by all those who love what is beautiful in nature, or characterised in history, as being the subjects dwelt upon with enthusiasm by classic writers?—the Phœacia, where Ulysses suffered shipwreck, and where, even now, the figure of his ship is asserted by the present Greeks to stand, there being a rocky island in the form of a ship, which is invariably shown to the visitor as such, near the harbour of Corfu; the marshy Leucadia, where you are shown the beetling cliff from which Sappho is said to have leaped; the famed Tetrapolis, where the Cyclopean ruins of Samos, in their colossal magnitude, still arrest the gaze of the traveller—where the remaining stones of Palé, Proné, and Kranü, the other three great ancient cities, still present the mouldering ruins of grandeur—where the frequent mountains, gloomy and grand, though barren in appearance, are most prolific in their produce of grapes; the classic Ithaca, the spot most favoured of any of them, where yet you are shown the school which Homer was said to have studied at, and the castle which Penelope inhabited; the beautiful Zacynthus, now called the flower of the Levant, immortalised by Virgil:

Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthus;

the sequestered Cerigo, where Venus was born—the ancient Cythera; and the small rocky islet called Paxo—all these, under the modern names of Corfu, Cephalonia, Santa-Maura, Ithaca, Zante, Cerigo, and Paxo, are called the Septinsular Republic, and united in one government, whose parliament and house of judicature is at Corfu, which is much the most important of all of them, and the best locality, whether as regards climate, civilisation, number of inhabitants, produce, or presence of English residents. It is true that the appearance of Zante is strikingly fine, presenting in the interior a vast plain, where the richly-cultivated soil produces in the greatest abundance the grape, the passolini, or Zante currant, the mulberry, the orange, and lemon—where the wild myrtle abounds—and where the pitch wells are objects of much wonder. Out of these are drawn the pitch in a state perfectly fitted for use. I have myself seen several vessels filled with the pitch just as it came from the well. No implement of a more scientific nature than a common broom or a bucket was used in drawing it up. The soil of the ground which surrounded the wells was apparently common earth, and how the collection of black resinous matter had accumulated, I never heard accounted for. The upper surface of the well was water. The mountains also on this island, covered with olive groves, are singularly beautiful; and its silk manufactories are famed throughout the islands. The appearance of the vast extended plain, bespangled with flowers of every colour—of the oleander, rhododendrons, myrtle, and others—and teeming with the genial produce which the most kindly climate gives to the country, when seen from the mountain-top which lies south of this island, leads you to

understand the phrase which the Greek inhabitants use when speaking of it. They say it is "Zante fior di Levante." But both this island and Santa-Maura are subject to earthquakes. Cephalonia is also visited frequently by them; but I have always heard that the shocks of earthquake in the last-mentioned island have never been so violent as those which have been experienced by the inhabitants of Zante and Santa-Maura. In the town of Santa-Maura the houses are constructed so as to guard against these shocks of earthquake, being built with the upper stories projecting, and supported by wooden angular frames, which are called by the builders, knees. Paxo is a mere rock. Indeed, although it be well known that the olive oil produced in this small island is preferable to that of any of the others, it can scarcely be regarded but as a scene of exile for an unfortunate military officer, whose duty may destine him to inhabit it. I may speak of Cephalonia when we come to mention the disturbances which occurred there; but for the Englishman who wishes to enjoy a residence in the Mediterranean, Corfu is certainly the pleasantest locality. Here the walks lead through extensive olive plantations, vineyards, orange groves, plantations of wild myrtle, the grounds cultivated with corn and flax, the mountains planted with olives and cypress-trees. The harbour is a fine one, and in its adjacent temporary dock, called the Mendrachio, are numerous yachts, which belong to the officers of the regiments stationed in the island, or the official residents. In these, during most days of the sultry summer, the most delightful excursions can be had easily, within the reach of those fond of sailing. The harbours, or small bays, which lie at different intervals on the eastern coast of the island, all are well adapted for the lay of small vessels, and present scenes full of attraction to every visitor fond of rural scenery. The places for landing on the opposite shore, at Albania, are equally enjoyable in their way, and for sportsmen are more resorted to than the anchorages in Corfu. In the former, there is the grand, wild, mountainous outline that marks a country which yet retains the same characteristics as those spoken of by Gibbon, when he said that a country within a short sail of Europe is as wild and strange to its inhabitants as the backwoods of America. There, in the interior, the high mountain ranges of Pindus, Suli, and others, are covered at the top with snow for a great part of the year. The lowlands are mostly remarkable for their thick woody covers, and mountain caverns here and there placed at intervals. They display the same appearance which the wildest and most newly-discovered shores exhibit to the voyagers who sail to far-distant climes. There is the rude, untrimmed forest of thick underwood, the stone-covered plain, or the mountain cavern; but the names of the inland localities still remind you in several places of the mention which they bear in the Æneid of Virgil. Thus Butrinto is the "Celsam Buthroti urbem;" and further downward, passing Levitazzi, Gomenizza, Morta, and the harbour of the last-mentioned place, which is most commodious for all sorts of craft, you have the same names of localities as those spoken of by Virgil: the

Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis—

the "Scopulos Ithacæ;" and

Leucatæ nimbosa cacumina mortis—

which are yet called Samos, Ithaca, and Leucadia is sometimes given as the name of Santa-Maura. Before reaching this last island as you sail onward, you come to the bay of Arta, on whose western coast lie the ruins of Nicopolis,

> Where the second Cæsar's trophies rose,
> Now, like the hand that reared them, withering;

so that the Albanian shore (which, if it do boast of any beauty, it is certainly of a rugged character) is still replete with scenes of classic interest —in fact, to enumerate and to dilate upon them, would take volumes— Macedonia, the birthplace of Alexander, Epirus, Illyria, Tempe's Vale, and hosts of others. But for the peaceful loveliness of nature, the rich evergreen foliage of the olive groves, the balmy incense of the myrtle plantations in blossom, the walks of orange groves, the rocks on whose recesses the wild violets, fragrant and abundant, fill the still ether with their perfume, the vineyards teeming with their delicious fruit in profusion, the fields of gran turco, with their promise of plenteousness—with all these the sight and the senses are more delighted at Corfu than in any other of the seven islands. Indeed, I doubt if it be not more charming than any residence amongst the islands of the Mediterranean. It also is a very convenient distance from Italy and Greece. It is only a short sail from Trieste and Athens, and Patras can be readily reached from it. The transit from either of these places to Constantinople, Syria, or to Egypt, is very easy; and the steam voyage to any of them from Corfu is really so short, that, in these days of locomotion, such a trip is of every-day occurrence. So the advantages of a winter residence in Corfu are very many, and the number of visitors to its capital are numerous. A sketch describing the customs, dress, manners, religion, and habits of the Corfiotes, together with their feast-days and amusements, has been given in *Bentley's Miscellany* for November, 1859, and February, 1860; but there have been, since the time adverted to in those sketches, several disturbances in the Ionian Islands, which drew the attention of England to the sites where such scenes had taken place. I know not, however, if they have been as yet recorded in such a way as to make the public acquainted with the detail of them.

Corfu, which derives its name from a high mountain headland, κορυφη, which stands over the citadel of its town, and which is a most prominent object to those sailing up the Adriatic, has been usually free from the disturbances which its larger sister-island, Cephalonia, has been so often subject to. Whether this arises from the greater civilisation of the town, which is full of Italian shops, and traders from other countries, the presence of the English lord high commissioner, with the heads of the military departments and two full regiments, the superior fortifications in possession of the British, or the more peaceable character of the natives, I cannot say, but during the whole of the disturbances in 1849 it was just as quiet as any town in England would have been. The English there resident enjoyed themselves very much during the winter with the resources which the opera and the numerous parties at the lord high commissioner's palace, and at other houses, continually going on, gave them, and, during the summer, with yachting and pic-nic excursions. Of the produce which its soil is prolific in, numerous details

are given in many treatises. The salt-pits are a great source of wealth to the persons who own the property adjacent to the bay where the pits are laid. The olives are productive always to a certain extent, but it is only about once in ten years that a very abundant season occurs. The maccaroni works are well worthy of a visit. The wine-making and the vintage have been treated elsewhere. The island is certainly more generally a resort of Europeans of other parts of the continent, and less a Greek colony, than any of the others. The native Romaic is only spoken by very few of the gentry exclusively, and by some of the lowest order of the agricultural classes; but in the town every one understands Italian, and not a few of the gentry speak French and English fluently. The Greek nobility in Corfu have apparently lost sight of the illiberal habit of secluding the unmarried females of their families in the way usually practised by Greeks in other places.

Cephalonia in 1849.

To resume the sketch of the occurrences which took place in Cephalonia. At the close of the year 1848, that direful year for monarchies, and fatal one to Louis Philippe's power, which was one of the epochs in history marked by a convulsion which spread over the whole of Central and Southern Europe, the vigilant and efficient measures resorted to by Lord Seaton seemed to have had the effect of restoring tranquillity to the island. But, shortly after New Year's Day, a very remarkable time of year in the Ionian Islands, as all the Greek inhabitants invariably on the coming of the new year visit one another and offer mutual congratulations, the Black Mountain became the scene of a fearful tragedy. There was a half-pay officer, named Parker, who had been married to a Greek lady of Cephalonia, and who held a small appointment under our government which gave him the charge of travelling about the most unfrequented parts of Cephalonia; and he was called the forester of the island. Through that wild, bleak, inhospitable region he used, summer and winter, to be perpetually roving on foot. His habits of constant exercise and athletic frame had given him a wonderful power of endurance, and he was one of the best pedestrians I ever met with. In the month of January, 1849, he had taken up his residence in the cottage near the Black Mountain, and lived there with his wife, intending to remain stationed at it for a short period. Very soon after the New Year's Day ceremonials, the officers of the station had resolved upon having a party in the mess-room, and upon inviting all the Greek gentry in the island who were known in society to it. The invitations had actually been issued, and all parties were anxiously looking forward to the evening in question, when the feelings of the English inhabitants were shocked, and the state of the community quite disturbed, by a dreadful piece of intelligence which reached Argostoli about a week before the day named for the party. It appeared that Parker had gone out for a walk in the pine forest shortly after his having dined with his wife, and continued his stroll till he got into one of the most unfrequented paths of the wood. This was what his wife stated, and to her alone the English residents could trust for any information relative to him. That she had heard shots fired, and ran out in the direction

whence they came. There were no servants in the house. That she ran wildly through the forest, and at last came to the spot where she thought the shots issued from. That there she saw her husband's body lying; one bullet had gone through his leg, two through his chest, and one through his head. The body was still warm, but he had ceased to breathe. She ran down in a frantic state to the road which led to Argostoli, and never ceased till she had reached the town, and told the authorities of the dreadful murder. This took place late in the evening, and the next day a party went up, by order of the commandant, to bring the body of the unfortunate gentleman into Argostoli, and to have an inquest upon it. The verdict which they gave, of course, was that wilful murder had been committed by some parties unknown. But no Greek or inhabitant, no servant or resident, had been found to give any information relative to the cause or to the fact of having seen any armed persons or any disaffected characters either on the Black Mountain or elsewhere in the vicinity of the cottage. His wife was the only informant. This state of doubt, and the very uncertain character of the inhabitants of the island, showed the necessity of being on the watch strictly, and the general grief which was entertained by all the English gentry on finding that this respected individual had met with such an appalling death, made them, one and all, resolve to postpone the preparations for the party. He was buried with military honours. After this, a very great gloom pervaded the society of the island. The military were constantly on the *qui vive*. The alarms were frequent. The calls to attend at night in different localities of Argostoli under arms, and wait for several hours, until daylight, were of common occurrence. I recollect particularly two occasions, one in which we remained in a chapel to the north side of the town, and posted sentries all round the approaches. We were alarmed by a shot. One of the sentries, who was posted in a narrow lane, had his hand lacerated by a bullet which had been discharged at him, but by whom, it was impossible to discover. On another occasion, two shots had been fired at a sentry near the house where several of the military were stationed, but, being rather high in their range, had gone far over their mark, and had perforated the sails of one of the men-of-war which was lying in the harbour of Argostoli; so there was no doubt of a very hostile *animus* existing in the island to the British. The freedom of the press, which had been granted some little time before, had been the means of letting loose upon the world a flood of the wildest and most republican notions, which were published by the Greek residents in the island, bearing upon the necessity of the annexation of the island government to Greece, the throwing off the yoke of the British, and the free red republican sentiments which had found birth in Paris and been disseminated through Southern Europe at that time. The natives of the country used to be seen at work in the fields together, shouting out their songs, and evidently engaged in a train of thought, which their language, being strange to the English, could not assist the latter in seeing the drift of; but one song which I recollect particularly, commencing Ζητο Ελλας, &c., was a great favourite with the Greeks, and it was descriptive of Greece being the finest and first of countries, to which all others were at one time subject. The energetic and demonstrative manners of the population which inhabit Southern Europe have been often remarked, and in no

countries do the manners of the natives exhibit more of the animation which is inseparable from the French, and which is made the ridicule of the English, than in the Ionian Islands. But no violence of any kind was shown to any individual soldier or officer in the neighbourhood of Argostoli in the daytime. Often have I walked alone in the long lonely walk which leads from the back or inner part of the town of Argostoli to Metaxata, and so round through the mountain district to the town again.

This walk is a distance of thirteen miles, and when I first arrived in the island it had a charm for me, as I was anxious to see the house where the great poet Lord Byron used to reside. The road at first lay through an olive grove, which lies between the foot of the hill on which the town is situate and the country. After leaving the grove, I passed the high ground on my right for some way, and afterwards proceeded through a level country to Metaxata, a distance of about six miles from the olive grove. The only objects which attracted attention on the route were the detached farm-houses of the Greek landholders, where the principal occupation seemed to be, amongst the labourers, that of laying out the fruit —bunches of small grape, called in the country passolini. Those they had left on the frames, to dry in the sun, had become shrivelled up to the small size of the currants which we use in England in our puddings. After they have been collected in large quantities they are put into huge hogsheads, and the men stamp them down with their naked feet. From this island there are more of these currants sent than from any in the Ionian group, although the name given them in England by the grocers is Zante currants. When I arrived at the village of Metaxata, my first object was to inquire from an aged Greek which house it was that Lord Byron had lived in. He took me himself to a long, lumbering, store-house-looking building, the dwelling apartments of which were ascended by an outer flight of stairs, which had its entrance in a court-yard of small dimensions. This court-yard stood in the back part of the building, and it appears it was the place where the poet used to practise pistol-shooting. The old Italian carekeeper, who lived in the house, asked me to enter, and I went in with him. The upper part of the house had only four habitable rooms, and they were of low pitch, and very small. They would have been, apparently, more appropriate for a shopkeeper's residence than that of an English nobleman. The lower part of the house was also divided into ground-floor chambers; one was a large stable, and the other a kitchen. The carekeeper seemed intelligent, and told me what he knew of Lord Byron, whom he had often seen. He was a man of about sixty years of age. He showed me the marks of the bullets where his noble host used to fire pistols against the wall. I heard from many, both in Cephalonia and elsewhere, that Lord Byron when there used to ride out in company with the officers of the garrison frequently, and that he did not to them ever show himself the exclusive and unsocial being that he was believed to be by English travellers.

The village of Metaxata is near, and does not contain more than about fifty houses. The houses have an air of poverty, but are sufficiently well built. From this place there is a good road, which leads round to the harbour of Argostoli. A little before I got into the town I saw a curious-looking building—a Chinese pagoda—which had been erected by a Count Balsamachi, by way of an ornament to his grounds. This count is married

to the widow of the great Bishop Heber, so well known for his Indian travels, and the great goodness which his truly Christian spirit evinced. The town of Argostoli is certainly the largest town in the island, though Cephalonia was formerly the capital. The streets are broad and well laid out, and bear high-sounding names, such as Ulyssus-street, the street of Themistocles, the road of Parnassus, the highway of Dionysius, labelled in Greek characters on their corner houses. The bottom stories of the houses are, where they belong to shopkeepers, arched, and the arches enclose stores of currants in hogsheads, wine in barrels, haberdashery laid on shelves, dried fish and olives, and that dainty so peculiar to the islands, the caviare, or fish'ovarium, which is prized as a delicacy by the Greeks. The stores seem all to contain oil, groceries, sweetmeats made in conserves, chocolate, and, as it were, an *omnium gatherum* of all that is at all saleable, either for eating or for putting on. The Tribunale —a fine building in the centre of the town—was the most remarkable object in it. The shopkeepers—most of them—spoke the Venetian-Italian common to the islands. Whatever the morals or the principles of the Greeks might be, their manners were decidedly most prepossessing. Their love of music was very remarkable. Their songs, whether love ditties, or of a mournful character, sounded like the Italian romanzas. I recollect an instance of the partiality which the female portion of the community used to evince for singing. It was on the occasion of an officer who had gone in search of arms to one of the villages in the interior. He entered with a Greek guide and some soldiers into the house inhabited by one of the chief Greek landholders, who was supposed to be a ringleader in the commotions which had lately taken place in the island. The officer was a great performer on the guitar, to which he used to sing. After he had entered the house he commissioned the interpreter to go out in search of the arms with the soldiers. There were no men inside. He took up an instrument—a guitar—which was lying on the table, and played and sung for the ladies. One of the young ladies, on his finishing his song, embraced him. As her mother was present, and also a sister, it could have been only an ebullition of the pleasure which she felt in hearing the music that caused her to do this. But the impulsive burst of joy with which the inhabitants of the islands welcome any music that pleases them, is quite surprising to the tame and unimpassioned English.

There is another favourite walk in the vicinity of Argostoli which takes you along the quay—a broad, spacious, and lengthened route, which extends from the bridge that crosses the marsh to a plateau in front of the gaol. On this plateau the military parade, and drills take place, and the barracks are situated at its farther end. From the barracks there is a road leading to the sea. At the extreme point of this road there is a natural curiosity, which all the visitors of Cephalonia and its inhabitants view with wonder. It is a large stream, which flows with great force from the sea through a narrow creek, and descends by four channels into the earth, and after this all trace of the water is lost. A short distance from where the stream issues a mill has been constructed, which brings in much profit to the owner. After this the road takes a circuit, and you pass by a line of country where the aloes grow in great profusion by the side of the road, which takes you into the back part of the town of Argostoli.

These different walks were the principal places for taking exercise in the afternoons, but the mornings were generally taken up by the military drills. The leading agent who gave impetus to the movements in these was a character who never ceased to cause either excitement, amusement, or feelings of exasperation. Never before have I seen the spirit of petty tyranny, the vapouring airs of a man "dressed in a little brief authority," so conspicuously exhibited as in this individual. His natural demeanour reminded one of the words used by Dr. Moore when speaking of Zeluco as a planter: "He was in a situation where there was no one to control him, and the capricious cruelty of his disposition had no check to awe him." Daily the officers were subject to his personal attacks, in presence of the soldiers under them. I recollect one or two instances. One young officer, who had moved to a wrong position on the parade, was thus accosted: "Where is that duck-footed officer going?" This was said in reference to his feet, which were not symmetrical. Another, who was very tall, who had proceeded at a run in a wrong direction with his company: "Look at the man six foot high dancing off there! Call him back!" To another, who had gone to the wrong flank of his company: "Will any one shove that man into his right place? What would his mother say if she saw him now?" This officer had just heard the sad news of his mother's death. Also the frequent number of times in which the different detachments were harassed by this Field-Marshal Froth, as he was universally called, was truly annoying. However, after one occasion, in which he had sent the different officers of the regiments quartered there away from the mess-room at eleven o'clock at night, along with their companies, in various directions, the news of this proceeding reached Lord Seaton at Corfu, and his lordship thought it expedient to put a stop to the system of false alarms, and sent a resident down from Corfu, belonging to the Royal Engineers, who accordingly took charge of the civil administration of the island, and freed it from the martinet's control.

This was a source of great joy to the military; but shortly after this happened there was a great change in the government of the Ionian Islands, and much to the grief of all parties, inasmuch as the lord high commissioner, who had earned such golden opinions from all parties, and who had given such boons to the population as the freedom of the press and the vote by ballot, was removed from the command, owing to his period of service having expired. He carried with him on his departure the most cordial good wishes and the enthusiastic greetings of farewell from all inhabitants of Corfu, young and old, high and low, civil and military. He had the inestimable gift of managing to combine dignity with courteousness, and rendering both those under his command as soldiers, and under his sway as citizens, respectful, zealous, and amenable. When in moments of difficulty and danger, there was no man that reminded one more of the self-control and tact which were ascribed to Æneas by the poet Virgil:

> Curisque ingentibus æger,
> Spem vultu simulat.

The Greeks are certainly also a very difficult people to deal with. The specious placidity of manner, the crafty duplicity of mind, the thorough-paced treachery of soul which characterises them now, as it did formerly,

if the ancient writers may be believed, is still accompanied with much talent and eloquence, much of the

λιγυς πυλίων αγορητης
τυδ και απὸ γλώσσης μελιτος γλυκίων ρεεν αυδη.

They are fond of show, of exhibitions, and of society. They joined the parties given at the palace of Corfu, where the chivalrous old nobleman and his amiable family graced the banquet and the ball-room, and did all they could to conciliate and captivate the higher ranks of the Ionian inhabitants. But all the exterior show of complaisance which they exhibited, both in Corfu, at the palace, and in the other islands, when they met the English in society, was feigned and fictitious. They no doubt harboured the same feelings of resentment to the British which many of their countrymen in the islands evinced by their treacherous acts in the remote parts of the country afterwards. But the officers saw little of them at their own houses. The Greek gentry seldom, if ever, invite any one to their meals. Their days of festival are usually in summer-time, out in the air, *al fresco*. We used to meet in the hot summer and spring months at the bathing-places in the morning, where they, as well as the officers, used to enjoy the delightful pastime of swimming. In no place is this more enjoyable than at Corfu, and consequently every morning brought a vast assemblage of visitors to the scaffolding from which the men used to jump into the sea. Notwithstanding the circumstance of a soldier having lost his life by having been taken down by a shark while swimming in the bay, early in the spring of that year, one morning during the summer two officers, who were there stationed with their regiments, actually swam across the broad harbour, a mile across, to the island of Vido, which lies opposite Corfu citadel, and back again. The under-current which flows near the shore of the island of Vido was the chief impediment which they had to contend against. But such was the heat of the weather at the time that this was done, that they had accomplished their feat and returned to the scaffolding on the Corfu side before eight o'clock in the morning.

No change can be greater than that which is presented by the appearance of the rocky, wild, gloomy, and bleak aspect of Cephalonia to one coming from the abundantly-wooded and well-cultivated island of Corfu. The wilderness as contrasted with the garden—a change from the smiling paradise to the uncouth desert—is what meets the eye of the voyager. But it is not only the face of nature that seems different. The climate is considered very unhealthful in Cephalonia, and several officers and men had suffered there from low fever. There is a marsh which extends for a considerable distance inland from the harbour, which in the hot weather is pregnant with noxious exhalations. This, and the lofty mountains and darksome glens, in place of the myrtle groves, the orange plantations, the numerous woods of olive-trees, and the vineyards of Corfu, are very striking in their contrast. But the scenes which were enacted in the recesses of its sullen-looking and sombre mountain glens during the summer of 1849 were truly frightful and appalling. I question if any blacker act of cruelty or cowardice, any greater exhibition of the paltry and dastardly malignity of the assassin, any more heinous example of the "scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgiæ," was ever shown in ancient or

modern times than what happened, soon after Lord Seaton's departure, in the mountains of Cephalonia. The inroad of the Greek populace upon the town of Argostoli, the barbarous murder of poor Captain Parker, might have prepared the English for some further demonstrations of hostility to be shown to them by the Greeks, but this act to which I now refer was perpetrated upon the inhabitants of Cephalonia, who were their own countrymen. In a glen of one of the wildest mountain ranges in the island was situated the house of a Greek gentleman named Metaxa, the head of a family, which was well known in the island, and whose name was so widely spread throughout its villages and homesteads, that, like the names of the Highland chiefs, it formed a clan, as it were, whose members were obliged to resort to distinctive cognomens in order to be properly designated and distinguished by their different brethren. But this individual had given great offence to the Greek inhabitants by some means or other, and, as is usual with the lawless and refractory malcontents of any country, his refraining from joining the leaders in their rebellious proceedings was resented by them more deeply on account of his being a native of the island than if he had recently been established there. This man's house was far from any other, and in the adjacent hills, which were divided by the valleys, lonely and wild, he cultivated the dwarf plantations of vines, the "passolini," which produced so abundantly the currants for which the island is so famous. The mountain-sides were encircled by terraces, on whose flats the plants were in great numbers. The habitation was, as it were, an isolated spot, surrounded by terraces, and easily approachable by those who came on foot. One night, during the spring of 1849, a tribe of Greeks, in great numbers, headed by a man named Vlako, surrounded this house. They came pouring down from the different tops of the hills, bearing in their hands logs of wood, besides the fire-arms which numerous parties had in their possession, and which they had had concealed in the pits. Their first act was to place the billets of dry wood round the house, to the window-frames, to the doors, pile them up on the roof by ladders, and when they had done this, they set fire to these piles of wood in at least a dozen different places. The wood soon kindled—the flames arose—the house fixtures of old wood soon blazed away. The hapless inmates, consisting of the man, his wife, two children, and two servants, were first roused to their extreme danger by finding themselves wholly surrounded by the flaming rafters, and smoke issuing from all parts of the building, and saw that their escape from the frightful death was totally impossible. As soon as the cruel miscreants perceived that the deadly fire was issuing from every window and aperture of the building, they assembled in order, and took their departure to the trysting-place, which had been fixed on for their meeting previous to their departure to pursue this diabolical enterprise. Some hours after their departure, a party of two or three policemen saw the smoke at a distance, and, going towards the house, they found that the building was nearly a shell, and that the floors had tumbled in. They hurried in to Argostoli to give the alarm, and to bring back a party of the military. The party which returned were with difficulty enabled to enter the ruined building, and on doing so they discovered the bodies of the unhappy man, his wife, children, and servants, all of them burnt to ashes.

When the resident of the island—the officer who had been appointed to take charge of it by Lord Seaton—had heard a full account of this transaction, and had ascertained the truth of the dreadful lengths to which the Greek population had gone, he proceeded to inform the new lord high commissioner, Sir Henry Ward, and to detail to him the different circumstances which had taken place in Cephalonia. Horrors of a similar character I know to have taken place in other countries—in Ireland, where a family of the name of Sheen had been burned alive in their home, and the murderers, notwithstanding this, escaped—but so cold-blooded, cruel, and malignant was the deed now perpetrated by these islanders on those who were brethren to them in religion as well as in country, that the recital of the fact caused a sensation of thrilling indignation and intense disgust to seize the minds of all the English community in Corfu. The lord high commissioner, Sir H. Ward, first ordered a regiment to proceed to Cephalonia, and placed the island under martial law. This was reckoned a very severe measure in England, but it should be borne in mind that the *animus* which evidently was pervading the acts of the Greek population in the island required most stringent and coercive measures to meet it, and that the habitual treachery of their conduct rendered them totally undeserving of any soothing treatment. It was ascertained that Vlako, and the other ringleaders in this movement, had always been in the habit of availing themselves of the services of the Greek priests when they wished to excite the population to acts of atrocity. Thus the priest would enter a village with a cross borne before him, and would call on the primario, or head man, who was the leading citizen of the locality, and, in company with him, would proceed to denounce with curses the acts of some English functionary, and pronounce to the unlettered and rude inhabitants of the soil that the religion of their fathers had been desecrated, and that it would become them to stand forward as champions in defence of it. From those who derived all their hopes, their trust, and their concern in life, temporal and spiritual, from the clergy who were immediately over them, little could be expected of judgment or of mental power to withstand such denunciations; and the consequence of such frequent and such earnest appeals was the agitated state of feeling which the minds of the peasantry was thrown into. Even in the town of Argostoli—the head-quarters of the military—there was a house which was appropriated for the meeting of a Greek club, and over the door, in Italian, were the words that no English person was admitted there. The first act of the resident and the authorities in the island was to lay down a series of patroles and stations for the military, and to set on foot a search for the delinquents who were implicated in the murder of Captain Parker, and the burning of Metaxa's house. Throughout the whole of the island, in the villages, the glens, the passes, the convents, the large farm-houses, and the ruined buildings, the parties of military were stationed, and their constant marching and continual privations made the service not a little harassing to the troops. Of course the principal information which they could procure, through the medium of the police, was by urging parties to become king's evidence. This was, to a great degree, successful eventually; but previous to their being able to lay their hands upon the most culpable of the criminals, they had to undergo the greatest hardships, by watching, in situations pointed out to

them by spies, at night, and to practise the most incessant vigilance in order to waylay or to seize the principal offenders. By the provisions of the martial law an officer was empowered to seize on an offender who had been caught in the act of any transgression to the military commands, such as absence from his village, or haranguing the populace, or other misdemeanours of a like nature, and to inflict either corporal punishment there and then, or to send him into Argostoli for trial, if the case was of a serious nature. The inhabitants were thus actually subjected to be tried for their lives by a court-martial. The principal objection to such a mode of proceeding as this, lies in the very imperfect and vague notion which most young military men entertain of the principles of legal equity. The law of evidence is not sufficiently explained in any of the treatises on military law, so far as regards offences which are not of a military nature, so that, doubtless as it was that the flagrant acts of rebellion had been constantly perpetrated in the island, and were, in fact, rife in the vicinity of every military station, still the power of visiting such offences with punishment was vested in individuals far too inexperienced and too unqualified to act as judges. By the dictum of some young officers, aged about twenty, a priest—a man whose character for sanctity was most reverenced by the villagers in whose town he officiated—was sentenced to corporal punishment. This occurred in many instances. So many were the victims upon whom this punishment was visited thus summarily and swiftly, that actually before the expiration of the period of time to which the martial law extended, eighty persons had suffered corporal punishment. But this degradation, exemplary and exasperating as it was, was as nothing compared to the numbers who were capitally convicted. I have not an exact account of the number, but believe it nearly amounted to forty. I recollect an instance of fourteen prisoners who were sent into Argostoli to be tried for their lives. This was a solemn case, and ought to have been treated in a solemn manner; but as indicative of the careless and slipshod manner in which the course of judicial trials was conducted at that time in this island, it was positively the fact, that the officer who had sent them in for trial, having received from some of the officers in Argostoli a message that they were in want of provisions, had hung a turkey or a fowl round the neck of each culprit, and found means of thus sending into the town the supply of stock which his comrades were in want of. But the trial or the execution of the minor offenders were thought lightly of, neither was any event looked upon as important compared with the circumstance which absorbed the minds and the attentions of all parties, both civil and military—this was the capture of the arch-delinquent and leading incendiary, Vlako. He was the ruling spirit that had given impulse and impetus to all the acts which had been set on foot by the insurgents in the island. In every popular insurrection there is invariably a guiding character, a ringleader, who is the nucleus of sedition and the *teterrima causa* of commotion, and this man, from first to last, had enacted this part in Cephalonia. Towards his movements also the eyes of the governing authorities and their subordinates were invariably fixed. Every "day's report" brought some news of his having been somewhere, and varied, indeed, were the *canards* which were afloat with regard to him. Sometimes he had taken shipping and gone to Greece; sometimes he had managed to escape in a boat to the coasts

of Italy; sometimes he had eluded the vigilance of all the police, and had betaken himself to Corfu, in the wilds of the Albanian mountains, rugged and bleak, only a few hours' sail from Cephalonia. Many said he had found shelter, and that like the great Ali Pasha, he was occupying a mountain fastness, behind whose natural barriers, with a few followers, he might bid defiance to the attempts of the forces, however numerous, which should be sent against him. Scarcely a doubt could exist that all these reports, which rumour—

> Monstrum horrendum,
> Tot linguæ totidem ora sonant tot subrigit aures—

had spread so widely and diffused so generally, had been first propagated by the friends of Vlako, with the intention of deceiving the authorities, and endeavouring to place them on a wrong scent. The crafty dissimulation and the wily art of the Greek character was quite congenial to the plot of assuming the guise of a friendly spy, and volunteering the information for the purpose of misleading those so interested in the inquiry. The offers from Sir H. Ward of a large sum of money to any one who would bring this man in a prisoner, or of a smaller sum to any one who should bring his head, or give the information necessary to his detention, were for a long time of no avail. The natural animosity to the British, and the hope of being finally able to meet the British force with a corresponding adequate number of patriots, either from Greece or from the islands, were strong enough to overcome the great cupidity which the islanders were remarkable for. Meantime, the informers and the police, the military patrols and the courts-martial, proceeded in all directions of the island with their work of detection, examination, trial, and summary punishment. The Greek papers were long and loud in their descriptions of the tyranny and the violence which was displayed everywhere throughout the country, ports, farm-houses, and small villages of Cephalonia. I recollect being actually at the house of Sir H. Ward, paying a morning visit, when a Greek gentleman, an inhabitant of Corfu, came in. The ladies of the family were seated in different parts of the room, conversing. The Greek count addressed me in Italian, and asked me in that language if I had lately been in Cephalonia, to which I answered him in the same language that I had not been there for some months. He then said that he should think it was an agreeable reflection to me, as a humane man, that I had not been there lately, as "I had not then the pain of being cognisant of the cruelties which were daily being committed there." This dialogue was only partially understood by the family who were present, but it showed the strong impression which existed in the mind of the man, he not being able even to hide his feelings in the place and in the presence of those who surrounded him. If such were the sentiments of those living far away in Corfu, and close in proximity of the seat of government, what must have been the *animus* of the inhabitants of the island itself, goaded on by the every day's proceeding of the British? I have often thought, in reading over the description of any deed of agrarian outrage, or commotion of a general character, which has been detailed, for the information of the general public, in the newspapers that borrow their information from the acting authorities or police—and with regard especially to those horrors which take place so frequently in Ire-

land—that we hear only the half of the story; that however horrid, repulsive, and barbarous be the conduct of the ignorant and deluded perpetrators of the outrage, yet still we are not in possession of the facts which have stimulated their animosity, which have goaded them to frenzy, and which have worked upon their deluded and benighted minds to excite them to the awful resort of lawless violence. Again, the wretches, ignorant and debased, who have been led to the commission of such crimes, have generally no spokesman who could advocate their cause, or state the real nature of their feelings of hostility. I recollect living in the vicinity of the property of a nobleman who was landlord to vast tracts of land in Ireland, and who had unroofed and depopulated whole villages and homesteads in many parts. This nobleman used to ride out frequently, and pass through the country near where his tenantry resided. He would frequently call one of the settlers to him, and ask him in a patronising way if he had a lease for the house he was in. The man would answer him, "No, your lordship," and then commence heaping prayers and blessings upon him for a good, kind gentleman. He would answer him by saying instantly, "I'll take it away from you—take it away to-morrow," and leave the man confounded and dismayed. The next day the unfortunate settler would be visited by a bailiff, and find himself obliged to leave instantly. This occurred in numberless instances, and knowing that such was the case, I ceased to wonder at the frequent instances of such men in other parts of the country taking the law into their own hands, and was even surprised, when I considered the violent and passionate nature of the Irish character, that some of these hapless victims had not waylaid or fired at this nobleman. But the provocation of offence, the stinging sense of oppression, which works on the minds of men ignorant and misguided, would never have been taken into consideration even if they had done so. Far, indeed, would it be from justice to seek to palliate or to extenuate their revenge, but to find a cause for it would not be difficult. Neither was it difficult to trace the vindictive feeling which now pervaded the minds of the Cephaloniotes, when they saw their priests exposed to the degrading and ignoble punishment of the lash, and many of their countrymen hanged, after having undergone a short trial at Argostoli. The short, dry, summary, and careless mode of trial which is pursued at a court-martial was a very unsatisfactory process to those who are lovers of justice, and for the purpose of meeting the sort of misdemeanours which the Greeks were accused of, was very inadequate. The witnesses were by no means trustworthy; not knowing the Greek language, the officers were compelled to rely upon the version given by a Greek interpreter to the evidence of a native, in words whose truth was very problematical. The hold which the chief had over the minds of the people was similar to that which a captain of a band of robbers has over his gang, and such was the state of the mainland of Greece, and some of the adjacent islands, particularly Cephalonia, that these bandits were numerous, powerful, and generally feared throughout the country.

There was one captain of a gang of Kleptees, as they are called there, named Greevas, who, with his followers, had been in the habit of resorting sometimes to Santa-Maura, sometimes to Ithaca, and to other haunts which he had on the mainland contiguous to these islands, and who kept

the countries which he visited constantly under contribution. He was not inimical to the English government directly, but this man Vlako was well known to be the deadly enemy of the British, and his life was consequently held by a very precarious tenure. The delinquents, who had been seized through the exertions of the military and the police, had been those implicated in the murder of Parker and the burning of Metaxa's house, but all of them who had given king's evidence spoke as to their being instigated by this Vlako, and through their means guilt had been brought home to several, who had accordingly been brought to trial and hanged. The men who were flogged were the culprits who had transgressed in the way of exciting the populace to disturbance. It would be tiresome and useless to enter into detail of the different facts, and to enumerate the different individuals who were implicated in these transgressions, but the incessant vigilance and the harassing nature of the service which the troops endured were such as would remain indelibly imprinted in the memory of those who underwent them. The privations which they suffered were many, the provisions very meagre which they could procure. However, they were generally able to get country wine, and this beverage there is no place in the islands which one finds unprovided with. The heat of the weather rendered it comparatively of little consequence either to health or to comfort being housed in the dilapidated and comfortless farm-houses of the landholders throughout the country, but the incessant change, and the marching about from one locality to another, was most wearing to the minds and spirits, and also destructive to the clothes, which the soldiers had no means of changing.

Oftentimes after a long march, when they had just sat down to enjoy a meal, they were hurried away eighteen miles farther in pursuit of some of the rebels, whose steps the authorities had got trace of. Several ludicrous mistakes and disappointments occurred to the officers who were engaged in the pursuit of those rebels. One young man, who had been informed by a Greek of the circumstance that a rebel had taken refuge in a cave adjacent to a convent where he was stationed with his men, went out with three or four soldiers in pursuit of him. The Greek led him on forward through dells and mountain roads, by glens and stony passes of a moonlight night, and preceded him and his party for a journey of about four miles, when they lost sight of him; but thinking that they might have some chance of coming up with the rebel, they still pushed their course onward, and, seeing a dark object in the distance turning into a recess in the mountain, they hurried on to the direction where they saw it. When they got up to the mouth of the cavern, they found they had succeeded in coming in contact with a donkey. The "parturiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus" was instant to the minds of the brother-officers to whom this young officer told this story when he returned to the convent which he had left that night on this strange wild-goose chase. The cowardly, sneaking, and unmanly manner in which the Greek islanders had acted, holding themselves off, and hiding when any military force made its appearance, and at the same time taking opportunities of wreaking their revenge when they were in overpowering numbers, exasperated the minds of the British against them. There was one young officer of a violent temper, who was stationed in a remote village of the interior, and his party consisted of his captain, a doctor, and himself, together

with the company of soldiers. The officers' party were much in want of provisions, and one of the soldiers who had been given charge of the mess, and providing for the rationing to it in the country, brought back word one day that the villagers in the adjacent town refused to sell him any live stock; that he had seen pigs there, and that they would not part with them for money. The young officer, hearing this, issued forth alone, and, going to the village, seized on a pig, which was the first one that he had seen, and telling the householder at whose house he found it to follow him into his quarters, and that he would be paid for it, he cut the pig's throat and carried him into the house where the officers were staying. The captain, who was a strict disciplinarian, was so irate at such an undignified proceeding, that he spoke severely to the officer on his return with this singular spoil. The officer retorted upon him in the same sort of language, and the captain then not only put him in arrest, but sent charges against him. Even the doctor, whose risible muscles were not proof against the comic character of the scene, and who laughed and partially applauded the young officer, was involved in the misdemeanour, and charges were sent in against him as well as the young officer. They were both tried by different courts-martial. The severe and touchy character of the commandant of the garrison was such as to render it far from his disposition to afford any escape for a youth who had implicated himself in any *tours de jeunesse;* and, incredible as it may appear, the two courts of military officers were occupied for a period of upwards of two months in examining and trying, deciding and writing upon, these two cases of misdemeanour. Even then the result was not known of the fate which awaited the officers until the proceedings had been sent home; and so it was not till after three months had elapsed subsequent to the transaction that the young officer who had been found guilty of a degree of insubordination was aware that he was reprimanded for the same, and obliged to go into another regiment, and the doctor was allowed to resume the course of his medical duties, the charge which was brought against him being insufficiently proved. It was manifest that a little judicious management and some wholesome admonition would have been more beneficial to the service, and more effective in forwarding the purposes for which officers' services are required, than the undue and extreme severity which prompted the resorting to the measure of bringing these two young men to trial.

The grand object, also, of the military force being employed was marred in a great measure by the officers comprising the court being taken away from their active employment to officiate on the tiresome courts-martial, and the only person benefited was the acting judge-advocate-general, who earned a guinea for every day that the courts-martial were sitting. If the temper of the military commandant had been less implacable, and his judgment had been more subjected to the influence which lays down the precept—

Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis—

the misfortune to the officers and the detriment to the service would have been avoided. But what did it signify? No regard was paid to these two considerations! They were light as compared with the important point of soothing the offended dignity of the military com-

mandant! As to the prospects of the two officers, "their miseries were to be smiled at, their offences being so capital."

About the middle of the summer of 1849, the efforts of the government, the exertions of the soldiers, and the love of money, which the Greek partisans possess as much as any people on the face of the earth, were all conducive to the great end which was so ardently desired—namely, the capture of the arch-traitor Vlako. It was very remarkable that, during the whole course of the transactions which occurred in Cephalonia either in 1848 or 1849, there had been nothing like a fair stand-up fight between the Greeks and the military. The timid and faint-hearted natives had invariably lain concealed and secluded when any force had marched out against them, and, after their repulse at the bridge of Argostoli, had never dared to appear in force as opposing the police or the soldiers. It seems as if the undaunted character which belonged to the Achaians of old had completely deserted their successors in the present day, and nothing, save the duplicity and treachery which the ancient Greeks had been so much famed for, was still left to these sons of the same soil to indicate that they belonged to the race of which so many valiant deeds are recorded. As the poet says:

> The hearts within thy valleys bred,
> The fiery souls that might have led
> Thy sons to deeds sublime,
> Now crawl from cradle to the grave—
> Slaves, nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
> And callous save to crime;
> Without one savage virtue blest,
> Without one free or valiant breast,
> Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
> Proverbial wiles and ancient craft.

Even when the malcontents who had made themselves obnoxious to the ruling government were seized upon by the military or by the police, no attempt at resistance had ever been shown. It was thus also when the capture of Vlako took place. A large party of police, under charge of an English officer, received intimation of his being in the neighbourhood of one of the villages. He had been incessant in his different flights from village to village, and, wearied and faint from want of rest and perpetual fatigue, he had sought shelter in a house which some spies had tracked him to. There, in a corner of the cottage, which, like most of the Greek houses, had all rooms comprised under one roof without a partition, he lay down and fell fast asleep. The spies came up to the police, and told them of what they had seen. The commandant of the party, with ten of the men, with their arms concealed under their capotes, came stealthfully up to the cottage door. It was eight o'clock in the evening. They opened the door with a push, and rushing straight to the pallet upon which the man was lying, to which they were directed by the spies, they stood by his side. When Vlako opened his eyes, he found himself seized by three men, and looked for his firelock, which lay beside the pallet, but he saw that it was now no use to attempt resistance. He did not show, however, the least remorse or compunction for the number of atrocious crimes which he had perpetrated, but even pointed to three rings which he had fixed round the barrel of his firelock, and said that he had done so to commemorate its

having shot three men. One of these was known to be poor Captain Parker. Vlako was a middle-sized, athletic man, apparently forty years of age. The partisans and insurgents who had followed him and received his pay were none of them to be found now. He was

> Deserted at his utmost need
> By those his former bounty fed.

He was brought to trial; the evidences against him were numerous, and he paid with his life the penalty of his misdeeds. When this man was taken all apprehension of the malcontents ceased. They had before been sufficiently timorous, but now, without a leader, they were wholly contemptible.

Some months after his execution, I recollect seeing at Sir H. Ward's the firelock, marked with the three rings, which Vlako had carried, and which was by him when he was seized by the police. The different parties of military who had been detached throughout the island were soon after this recalled, and allowed to resume their duties in the head-quarters of the different islands. The inimical feeling to the British was still kept alive in the minds of the people by the free press, and the hosts of publications which were circulated in the Greek language throughout the country. The heads of the different villages, in their ballot voting, returned the members for the Ionian House of Assembly who were most adverse to the English cause, but the open demonstrations of the seditious and discontented inhabitants were completely hushed by the signal example which the government had made during the year 1849.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

> All that can be said is that two people happened to hit on the same thought.
> SHERIDAN'S *Critic.*

IN our number for October last, while noticing some remarks by the author of "Colossal Vestiges" on the beauty of Obelisks as works of art, we took occasion to observe that if we had not known, from a passage in the book itself, that it had been planned, if not commenced, some twenty years since, we might have supposed it to have been written with special reference to the proposed monument to the Prince Consort; and we continued as follows:

"Even in face both of the cost and risk, we must confess that we are amongst those who regret its abandonment as the form of our national memorial. It was the Queen's first wish; and (expressed at such a moment) it must have been based upon some deep motive, connected possibly with the tastes and feelings of the Prince himself. For monumental purposes we cannot conceive anything worse than the proposed building.* This seems to be felt by the projectors themselves, from their considering it necessary to 'supplement' the hall by a group of statuary

* The Commissioners' Report had been recently published.

on the opposite side of the road. We have great respect for those who compose the Commission, and whose desire to do what is best it is impossible to doubt; but their suggestions are unsatisfactory in every way. The hall can never be looked at as a monument, and its cost will diminish the funds that were intended for a distinct and separate object. The nearest approach to the abandoned obelisk—though liable to some objections—would have been a tower of Gothic architecture,* as a shrine for the statue of the Prince, surmounted by a light and lofty spire."

Now, singularly enough, a paragraph has been lately going the round of the newspapers (commencing with the *Times*), to the following effect:

"For the purpose of deciding on the monument which ought to be erected to the memory of the Prince a committee of noblemen and gentlemen was formed, on which are to be found the names of Lord Clarendon and Lord Derby. The decision of this committee was to erect on the north side of the Horticultural Gardens, and between those gardens and the Kensington-road, a splendid hall, to be devoted to meetings intended to promote the interests of art and science. On the other side of the Kensington-road the hall was to be confronted by a group of British statuary, representing the Prince with, we suppose, appropriate allegorical figures attending upon him. The plan was not well received, and has now been abandoned; and, instead of the two, a single monument is to be erected. It is to be what is called an Eleanor Cross, something similar to the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, or the monument erected to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh. The effect of the latter monument is much injured by its unfortunate position, about to slip, as it should seem, down the side of a steep hill, and much out of keeping with the very striking and romantic scenery by which it is surrounded. Still, no one can deny to it elegance of design and much architectural beauty. The Eleanor Cross which it is proposed to erect to the memory of Prince Albert is to be a building of much greater size and of imposing height. It is said that it is intended to give it an elevation of nearly three hundred feet, so that it will be a very conspicuous feature in any distant view of the metropolis. In the lower part is to be placed, properly secured from the effects of our moist climate and smoky atmosphere, a statue of the Prince. The whole structure is to be entrusted to Mr. Gilbert Scott, so that we doubt not that full justice will be done to the utmost demands of Gothic architecture."

And as Mr. Scott has corrected an error in the height, by writing to the editor of the *Times* that it is to be only one hundred and fifty feet, it may be supposed that the rest has been finally determined upon.

We do not attribute the change to our own suggestion; but we may congratulate ourselves that something very like the structure we proposed has been adopted. It is, at any rate, what *Mr. Box* would call "a curious coincidence."

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* Open, of course.

EARLY AT THE DAWNING.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

"With my spirit within me will I seek thee early."—*Isaiah*, c. xxvi. v. 9.

EARLY at the dawning,
When a misty sea
Floats o'er vale and lowland,
I have long'd for Thee:
In the hush of twilight,
As the stars decline,
I have sought and found Thee
With this heart of mine,
With its want and sorrow,
Jesu—Friend divine!

Early I would meet Thee
When this world is still,
Weary—e'en with pleasure,
Resting—e'en from ill;
When the lark springs upward
Off her dewy nest,
Pouring the sweet tumult
Thrilling in her breast,
On the fragrant silence
Of earth's waking rest.

Early at the dawning—
Praise! for shade and light,
For repose and labour,
Fruit and blossom bright,
For the green world's fulness—
Praise! when rosy day
Lights, among the rushes,
All the waves at play,
Wakes the choral thrushes,
Charms the night away!

Early at the dawning,
Jesu! thanks for all,
For each dreadful warning,
For each gentle call,
For the pleasant places
Where thy pilgrim past,
For what joy or sorrow
In my lot is cast—
So 'tis well for ever,
So 'tis peace at last.

THE HUGUENOTS OF GENEVA.*

It has been our province lately to remark, upon several different occasions, how widely and deeply the spirit of Reformation is spreading itself in France. Whether this is owing to the decline of Romanism, want of vitality in the Gallican Church, the progress of enlightenment, or the general latitudinarianism and indifference, seeking for something tangible upon which to rest its hopes and aspirations, it is not for us to decide; certain it is, that if many distinguished politicians and literary men devote themselves to exposing the abuses of priestcraft, and others, like Salvador, dream of a Gallican Church, with an emperor for its spiritual head, there are also many existing representatives of the Protestant cause in France who are ready to lift their voices, modestly, as in the instance of the good old minister of Metz recording the persecutions of his Church under the purifying ægis of a Maintenon, or in a more striking form, as in the instance of the well-known historian—the learned and pious descendant of the Huguenots of old—J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. The French people must no more be judged of, as a whole, by the superficial classes—more especially by those who hurry on the pathway of strangers, and crowd its capital and public places—than must its literature by those numerous light publications, thrown off for the amusement of the hour, which have so often called down the anathemas of the more punctilious. Any one who has moved in good society in France knows that none are more austere or less frivolous. Even in Paris itself, visit certain families in the Faubourg St. Germain, frequent the salons of the more eminent literary men—the Guizots and the Villemains—or cultivate the friendship of the learned professors in the Quartier Latin, whether attached to the Sorbonne, the College de France, the Jardin des Plantes, or any of the other institutions that honour the metropolis of France, and not only will such topics as theatres, light literature, and amusements be found to be utterly ignored, but he will be looked upon as an unwelcome visitor who ventures to intrude such into conversation. Throughout France the same thing will be observed: there are everywhere, extending in many instances to the business classes, instances of which will suggest themselves at once to every travelled mind, a certain number of calm, serious, contemplative individuals, to whom the frivolity, too much associated with a whole people as a national characteristic, is as foreign as it is to a philosophic German, an independent Swiss burgher, a haughty don, or a puritanical Scotchman. This more serious and enlightened class, while often deeply impressed with the vanities of the Gallican Church, hurt at the immoralities and family intrusion of the priest, and regarding Papal infallibility as a dogma unfitted for the day, do not fall away to indifference or apostasy, like the more thoughtless; they commune within themselves, often more than with one another; they seek for information in an earnest and a pious spirit, and their minds are everywhere open to a Reform, which would satisfy their conscientious scruples that there was

* Histoire de la Réformation en Europe au Temps de Calvin. Par J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. Tomes I. et II. Génève et France.

in it neither the leaven of priestcraft on the one hand, nor the cold austerity of Puritanism on the other.

"When," says D'Aubigné, "in some countries—in France, for example—the Protestant idea declined, the human spirit likewise lost its energy, dissolution invaded society once more, and that nation, so richly endowed, after having caught a glimpse of a magnificent aurora, fell back into the dark night of the traditional power of Rome, and of the despotism of the Valois and of the Bourbons. Liberty has never been solidly established except amongst people with whom the Word of God reigned."

It is to such a class that the well-known and brilliant works of Merle d'Aubigné address themselves. Some five volumes, of from six hundred to seven hundred pages each, have already appeared upon the History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century, devoted more particularly to the great epoch of Luther, and we have now before us two more goodly volumes of the same history, being an instalment towards the history of Calvin and his epoch.

It is true that the author remarks that this latter epoch, which comprises the Reform of Geneva, opening, as it does, with the fall of a bishop-prince, or almost a bishop-king—the downfal of an ecclesiastical state—gives rise to some comparisons with actual times; but, he says, they were not of his seeking. "The great question which occupies Europe at the present moment, was also that which occupied Geneva at the time that we describe. But that portion of our history was written anterior to these latter stirring years, during which the deeply important and complicated question of the maintenance or the fall of the temporal power of the popes has come, and continues incessantly to obtrude itself upon kings and people alike."

There are another class of persons on the Continent—philosophers, as they mostly esteem themselves—who look upon Christ simply as the apostle of political liberty. The history of the times of Calvin, of his predecessors and followers, is, D'Aubigné remarks, precisely the history of an epoch which addresses itself directly to this class—to teach them, as it does, that in order to possess liberty without, we must, first of all, possess liberty within. In order to arrive at the enjoyment of real liberty, men must, first of all, learn what freedom is in the heart. To effect this he must seek succour from one more powerful than himself—from the Son of God. The work of renovation accomplished by Calvin was, above all things, a renewal of the inward being, ere it began to exercise a great influence upon people. Luther converted princes into heroes of the faith, and most admirable were their triumphs at Augsburg and elsewhere; but the reform of Calvin addressed itself to the people, and created martyrs in its bosom, before it gave birth to spiritual conquerors of the world. Guy de Brés in the Low Countries, John Knox in Scotland, Servet in France, issued forth from Geneva, as did hosts of reformers in still more recent times, extending in England from the period of Elizabeth to that of William of Orange.

The spirit of the Reformation in Geneva lay, as elsewhere, in salvation by faith in Christ, who died to save us, and the renewing of the heart by the word and spirit of God. But there were also everywhere secondary elements, and that which particularly characterised Geneva (and which is, therefore, propounded as more particularly deserving of the attention of

men in the present day) was the love of liberty. Three great movements were accomplished in that city in the first half of the sixteenth century. The first was the conquest of independence; the second was the conquest of faith; the third was the conquest or renovation and organisation of the Church. Berthelier, Farel, and Calvin are the three heroes of these three epopées. These three movements were all of them essential and necessary. The Bishop of Geneva was also a temporal prince, as at Rome; it was difficult to carry away the crook, unless the sword was removed first. The necessity of liberty to the Gospel, and of the Gospel to liberty, is now recognised by all serious men, and the history of Geneva proclaimed the fact three hundred years ago.

The liberties enjoyed by Geneva date, with alternations of despotism, civil, military, and religious, from the most remote periods. They were at once Roman, German, and Christian in their origin. The Romans granted municipal privileges to one of the chief cities of the Allobroges. The independent spirit of the Goths was there softened and civilised by the mild influence of the Burgundians; the famous wife of Clovis, Clothilda, carried thence the spirit of Christianity among the warlike Franks.

Three different powers came alternately to threaten those ancient liberties. First came the Counts of Geneva, originally mere officers of the emperor, but who gradually became so many independent princes. These feudal chieftains took most pleasure in their castles, leaving the city to the bishops, who protected it without, and administered its affairs within, confiscating the liberty and the property of the citizens with equal indifference, till, in 1124, Aymon, Count of Genevois, ceded the city altogether to the first prince-bishop, Humbert de Grammont. The institution of prince-bishops, opposed alike to the principles of the Gospel and to the liberty of future ages, was an especial misfortune to Geneva. Antonio Gallenga, in his Catholic History of Piedmont (vol. i. p. 258), places the matter differently. He says that Gerold of Geneva, having taken part against Conrad the Salic, about 1047, the emperor, in punishment of this opposition, placed the city of Geneva altogether under the jurisdiction of the bishops.

Be this as it may, the small but united population of Geneva—it is one of their titles of glory—were the first to reject that amphibious being called a prince-bishop—corruptio optimi pessima—and the fall of the feudal-episcopal throne on Lake Leman was followed by that of others on the Rhine, in Belgium, in Bavaria, and in Austria, as, adds D'Aubigné emphatically, "the last will be that of Rome." "Christianity," he also observes elsewhere, "ought to have been a power of liberty; Rome by corrupting it made it a power of despotism. Calvin, by regenerating, rehabilitated it, and restored to it its primary functions."

The ambition of the Princes of Savoy, however, implicated the liberty and independence of Geneva even more than its counts and prince-bishops. They set the one against the other to serve their own purposes. Peter of Savoy, uncle to Eleonora of Provence, Queen of England, and created Earl of Richmond by his nephew, Henry III., took possession of the castle of Geneva in 1250 by force of arms, and the power of the house was further increased under Amadeus V. D'Aubigné represents the princes of the house of Savoy as liberal in Geneva merely to suit their own pur-

poses. The "Second Charlemagne," as Peter of Savoy was called, promised commercial franchises in order to withdraw the people from the temporal yoke of their bishops, and Amadeus V., "se fit liberal" simply because he knew that the spirit of a people is never so surely gained over as by establishing oneself as the defender of its rights. The Romanist Gallenga represents the relations of the house of Savoy with the Genevese in an entirely different light, and he asserts that the name of Savoy became associated in Geneva, as well as all over Switzerland, with the cause of freedom! It is manifest by the conduct of Amadeus VIII. that the Protestant historian places the matter in its true light. The Counts of Savoy, when dukes, applied for a Papal bull with which to annihilate those liberties which they had been obliged to tolerate because they could never vanquish them. It was in vain that the people objected that "Rome should not put its hands upon kingdoms." Martin V., however, confiscated the city in 1418, not to the benefits of the Dukes of Savoy, but to that of the Roman Church, and he nominated Jean de Rochetaillée prince-bishop. This usurpation was renewed four years afterwards, and the election of their bishops taken from the people. The Hermit of Ripaille —Pope Felix V.—wrought this usurpation in favour of the house of Savoy, and according to D'Aubigné, the prince-bishops of that house, and their governors, "were leeches that sucked Geneva to the very marrow of its bones." One of them, Jean Louis, gave over the archives of the city to the duke his father, who removed them with the privilege of fairs to Lyons. It was to these fairs, the right to which was lost in the obscurity of time, that Geneva was indebted for its prosperity. Venice was at that epoch the depôt for the commerce of the East, Cologne for that of the West, and Geneva for the centre. Merchants were now forbidden to visit the city, and Lyons was aggrandised at its expense. "Thus," says D'Aubigné, "the Catholic or episcopal power, which had deprived Geneva of its territory in the eleventh century, deprived it of its prosperity in the fifteenth. The shelter given to the persecuted Huguenots, and the industrial activity of Protestantism, were destined to raise it up from the prostrate condition in which it had been laid by the Roman hierarchy."

It was in vain that a reforming bishop—Antoine Champion—appeared in the latter end of the fifteenth century—the influence of the Dukes of Savoy prevailed until early in the sixteenth century—when the breath of Reformation which lighted up the people to liberty, faith, and morality, made itself felt in Geneva. Charles de Seysell, prince-bishop of the same city, who had during his lifetime supported the popular rights against the encroachments of Charles of Savoy, died in 1513, or, according to the chroniclers, was poisoned by order of the duke. The people, instigated by their eminent leader Berthelier, elected the abbot of Bonmont to the vacant see; the duke opposed to the nomination John, son of Francis of Savoy, Archbishop of Aux and Bishop of Angers, by a person of easy virtue, and who was hence historically known as the "bâtard de Savoie." This illegitimate scion of a noble house was to be elected to the episcopacy, upon condition of resigning the temporality to the Dukes of Savoy. Pope Leo X. was the more readily induced to accede to this arrangement, as he was at that very moment negotiating an alliance between his brother Julian, general of the Papal forces, and Philiberte, a princess of Savoy. Everything was soon satisfactorily arranged between

the Pope, the duke, and the bastard, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of the Genevese. When the Swiss deputies arrived to urge the claims of Bonmont, the ready answer they got was "Nescio vos." It was as final as the "non possumus" of our own times. Leo X. was not a lucky Pope. He was laying the seeds of Reformation in Wittemberg by the sale of indulgences, and he was doing the same thing in Geneva by the imposition of the "Bastard" over the scrupulous consciences of the Genevese.

Even within Geneva itself, the popular party was equally effectively opposed by the ducal and clerical, which was for the time being in the majority. The prince-bishop elect attempted to silence Berthelier by the gift of the "Châtellenie of Peney"—the governorship of a strong castle two leagues removed from the city—while he granted a pension to the elect of the people, the Abbot of Bonmont. The Genevese, he used to say, had two marked passions, the love of liberty and the love of pleasure, and the principle he adopted was to make them forget the one in the pursuit of the other. To this effect he kept open table, and encouraged a continued succession of feasts, balls, and banquets. The Savoyards did everything in their power to assist in the general demoralisation, till the scandals of the prince-bishop and his courtiers, as also of the priests and monks, and of not a few of the laity, excited strong remonstrances on the part of the magistrates and citizens. Berthelier, in the mean time, kept gaining over new allies to the cause of Geneva versus the Dukes of Savoy, to whom the temporalities had not as yet been made formally over. One of the most distinguished of these was Francis Bonivard, prior of Saint Victor, a little state, with territory annexed, of which the prior was prince-sovereign. The uncle of Bonivard, the previous prior, had had four guns manufactured with which to besiege his neighbour the Lord of Vitry, and on his death-bed repenting of his violence, he had requested that the guns should be converted into church-bells. Berthelier, however, succeeded in preventing these last injunctions of the old prior-militant being carried out, by providing other metal for the bells. "The church," he said, "will be doubly served; there will be bells at St. Victor, which is the church, and artillery in the city, which is the territory of the church." This priory was outside the gate of St. Anthony, near the site of the present Observatory. Another was Besançon Hugues, whose whole life was devoted to the cause of independence and to resistance to the usurpations of the house of Savoy. Charles III. had his eye upon the whole three, the affair of the guns having come before his council. "I shall have my revenge," he said. John of Savoy, as the bastard prince-bishop was now designated, seconded the duke with zeal. He began operations by taking away their judicial functions from the syndics, and casting the citizens into prison. One of these exploits nearly excited an insurrection. One of the most respected citizens—Claude Vandel—had made himself particularly obnoxious to the prince-bishop by his zeal in the cause of those who were immolated by his tyranny. He was in consequence himself seized, and led away by a subterranean passage to the episcopal dungeons. But Vandel had four sons, all occupying distinguished positions. The eldest, Robert, was a syndic; Thomas, the second, was a canon, and one of the first priests who embraced the principles of the Reformation; Hugues, the third, was ambassador to the Swiss republic; and Peter, the fourth, was

captain-general. These four brothers were not likely to allow their respected parent to be thus maltreated without an effort for his rescue. They appealed publicly to the whole body of their fellow-citizens against the outrage. The council demanded that the prisoner should be delivered up to the syndics. The prince-bishop refused, and the anger of the populace extended to all the pensionaries of the episcopacy. Berthelier, of whom the prelate had boasted "he had put a bone in his mouth to prevent his barking," tore up his letters patent as châtelain of Peney in the presence of the assembled council, and called upon his fellow-citizens to deliver the citizen whom the traitors had carried off. Bernard, whose three sons played an important part in the Reformation, ran to summons the people. But the prince-bishop had taken flight, and the episcopal council having judged the arrest of Vandel to be illegal, he was set at liberty.

The temptations of pleasure having failed to demoralise the haughty and intelligent citizens of Geneva, it was resolved to see what superstition might do. A monk, Thomas by name, was employed to effect miraculous cures. But Bonivard turned him into ridicule. "Imaginatio facit casum," he said; and he added, "He jumps from the cock to the ass like an idiot!" An attempt was also made to corrupt the youth of the city by debaucheries, in which the priests set the example. Berthelier counteracted this new means of seduction by pretending to enter into the evil practices himself, till it was said of him, "Bonus civis, malus homo!" But he was labouring to convert a school of tyranny into one of liberty. He turned the ribaldry and the jests of bacchanalian orgies against the house of Savoy and their creature the prince-bishop.

As usual, when two parties are thus placed in opposition, a slight incident brought about a crisis. The gouty prince-bishop was laid on a couch suffering, when he heard a noise in the street. "What is it?" he inquired. "A man going to be hung," replied the nurse; "if your lordship was to spare him, he would pray all the days of his life for your health." The bishop, who had just had an extra twinge, exclaimed, "Well, let him be set at liberty then." But this act of mercy brought the bishop into collision with the Savoyards. Criminals about to be executed had to be handed over to the Châtelain of Gaillard in Savoy. The liberal juris-consult Levrier, who saw in this trifling incident a source of dispute between the legitimate authority of the prince-bishop and the usurpations of the house of Savoy, upheld the rights of the former. La Val d'Isére and two other deputies had been despatched from Turin to reprimand the prince-bishop. Not satisfied with this, they attempted to induce Bonivard to deliver up the person of Levrier to the ducal soldiers at the bridge upon the Arve. The learned prior having declined the service, the deputies declared they would effect his abstraction themselves. "Will you?" said the prior; "then I shall lay by thirty florins to pay for a mass for your souls to-morrow." Levrier and Berthelier, informed of the conspiracy for the abduction of the former, called together the men-at-arms, and the prince-bishop and the deputies had to take themselves off to Turin.

A council then assembled at this latter city to discuss by what means the liberties of the Genevese could be best crushed, and their most able citizens put out of the way, at the very time these citizens themselves were

taking steps to secure their much cherished liberties. Both sides were prepared to have recourse to arms. Berthelier was urged to action by his democratic principles, the prior, Bonivard, by his love of letters and philosophy. Meetings of citizens, among whom De Joye and the martyrs Navis and Beauchet were, after those already named, the most zealous, were held almost daily or nightly. Their password was, "Who touches one touches the other;" and they bound themselves, if one was arrested, to liberate him by force of arms. Unfortunately, a spy of the prince-bishop's—one Carmentrant—got to be admitted to these meetings, and he afterwards declared that Berthelier had plotted against the episcopal life; and Bonivard having jocosely said of the bishop that if he caught him in his fishery (they had had some dispute as to right of fishing in part of the Rhône), one or the other would catch a bad fish, it was laid to his charge that he intended to drown him.

A certain Gros, or Grossi, judge of the three castles—Peney, Thiez, and Jutsy—had made himself peculiarly obnoxious to the liberals. One day (June 5, 1517) his mule came to grief. Berthelier and a few other scapegraces determined to have some fun out of the incident, and they engaged the abbot of Bonmont's fool, known as "Little John," to precede them, drums beating, through the streets, proclaiming that the skin of "l'ane le plus *gros* de Geneve" was for sale. "Is not that the house of Judge Gros?" inquired one of the bystanders. "Yes," was the reply; "and it is he who is 'le *gros* ane.'" And shouts of laughter welcomed the pun. The next day the judge demanded the arrest of those who were implicated in this buffoonery. The prince-bishop, he said, had alone the right to make proclamations, and it was high treason to usurp his privileges! Duke Charles deemed the matter of such grave importance, that he came himself to Geneva, accompanied by one of the most learned diplomatists of the day, Claude de Seyssel, to settle the question. This De Seyssel, a learned jurist, who, we are told, had translated Thucydides, Diodorus, and Xenophon, justly treated the whole affair as a joke, and those who took part in it were dismissed with a reprimand, some even with presents to win them over from the seditious. But it was secretly resolved to get rid, at the first opportunity, of Berthelier, "only to secure that big partridge," said the prince-bishop, "we must first of all catch some singing-bird. Put to the question, he will soon implicate others." The singing-bird was not long in being found. There was one Pécolat in the city, poor, for he had lost the use of one arm, but most joyous companion at table, and yet equally melancholy in his disposition when alone. Dining one day with the Bishop of Maurienne and the Abbot of Bonmont, both inveterate enemies of the prince-bishop, he had exclaimed: "Do not annoy yourselves so much about the bishop's acts of injustice, *non videbit dies Petri!*" ("He will not live as long as Saint Peter!") A common saying at the coronation of popes. This was reported to the bishop as attesting the existence of a conspiracy against his life. Shortly afterwards some fish pies, concocted of putrid fish, disagreed with some of the episcopal followers. It is even said that one of them died, which is not impossible. The fish, however, were declared to have been poisoned for the especial benefit of the prince-bishop, and it was resolved to arrest Pécolat as an accomplice. In order to carry this into effect, the Abbot of Bonmont, Bonivard, and other

liberals, were invited by the Count of Genevois to a grand hunt, and the bishop withdrew to his château of Thiez, whilst Pécolat was engaged to walk out with one Maule, and both were simultaneously set upon by an ambuscade, pinioned, and taken off to prison, the one being liberated, the other kept fast. The manner, however, in which the two were both made prisoners exonerated Maule from complicity in the affair in the eyes of the unfortunate Pécolat, who, on the contrary, imbibed angry suspicions against his friend Berthelier. It was in this frame of mind that he was put to the torture. Nothing, however, could be extracted from him by this cruel and ignominious process regarding the double meaning of the "non-videbit," or his complicity in the affair of the putrid fish, nor would he incriminate any of his fellow-citizens. It was only when pulled some four feet above the level of the ground, that sighing and drawing his voice, as it were, from the depths of his chest (Suspirans et ab imo trahens pectore vocem—Galiffe, Mat. pourl 'Histoire de Génève), he muttered, "Cursed be Berthelier, for whom I am thus made to suffer!" The next day the bishop had him suspended by a rope the whole time that he was at his dinner, and the servants passing to and fro said, "What a fool you are to let yourself be thus tortured. What is the use of your silence?" But at length they tied his hands behind and then lifted them above his head, and raised him thus with pulleys five or six feet above the ground. The resolution of the victim gave way before the frightful agony, and he said he would confess all, and truly; to whatsoever questions were then put to him, he answered "Yes." This success encouraged the prince-bishop, and, on the 5th of August, he put another prisoner to the question, till the fear of being arrested and subjected to the same process spread over the whole city. The streets became deserted, and only here and there were labourers seen at their work in the fields. Many citizens left the town. Berthelier's friends urged him to do the same, but he would not stir. "Heaven," he said, "would take away their power from his enemies by a miracle." At last the order for his arrest having been given, he was prevailed upon to withdraw to Friburg. The singing-bird was caught, and nearly strangled; the big partridge had flown away. Great was the vexation of the prince-bishop, while the people only laughed.

Disguised in the costume of an usher of the city of Friburg, Berthelier got safe through the city gates, and his first business on arriving in Switzerland was to claim the aid of the Swiss in opposing the cruelties and usurpations of the prince-bishop, John of Savoy, and of the duke, his relative, in Geneva. He addressed himself chiefly to the corporations, and soon won over adherents to the cause. It was at this epoch that the liberals of Geneva were first designated Eidesgenossen, "the confederates;" but not being able to pronounce the German word, they called themselves Eiguenots, which the French euphonised into Huguenots. So much for D'Aubigné; but others have derived the name from Besançon Hugues, who became one of the chief leaders of the independents. The party of Savoy were, on the other hand, designated as Mamluks, because as those renegades denied Christ to follow Muhammad, so the party of Savoy renounced liberty in order to subject the citizens to a despotic authority. (Manuscripts of the sixteenth century have it Mamalus and Maumelus.)

The prince-bishop, proud of his exploit in torturing poor Pécolat, had withdrawn to Thonon. A deputation, headed by D'Orsières, a venerable citizen, was sent to conciliate him, but he had the old man arrested in his presence and cast into a dungeon. Huguenots and Mamluks alike cried out against this breach of faith. The citizens flew to arms and closed the gates. Chappuis was at this crisis sent by Charles III. to appease the Genevese, and, above all things, to endeavour to counteract the Swiss alliance. The firmness of Berthelier defeated all these projects, and Charles was obliged to try the effect of personal persuasion with the Friburgers and Bernese. The Swiss complained of the treatment of Pécolat and the exile of Berthelier, and the duke promised amendment. D'Orsières had been set at liberty. It was agreed that Pécolat should be handed over from the episcopal authorities to the city syndics for trial. Seyssel, now Archbishop of Turin, alone persisted in declaring that a person accused of high treason should be tried at the capital of Savoy. Pécolat, in the presence of his judges, recalled the admissions exacted from him under torture, and being declared innocent, the episcopal judges, who constituted part of the court, insisted upon the reapplication of the question, but it was in vain, he said nothing, and the syndics persisted in their verdict, "*Non invenimus en eo causam*"—we do not find him guilty. The Mamluks had recourse then to a diabolical subterfuge in order to checkmate their opponents. They declared that the once boon-companion, Pécolat, was a priest, and must be tried by his peers. To this effect, the persecuted man was once more removed to the episcopal dungeons. His obstinacy was attributed to his being possessed by a demon, one of Berthelier's familiars, and who was supposed to reside more particularly in his beard. A barber was accordingly sent for to remove the prison growth, and leaving his razor on the table for a moment, Pécolat, who was afraid that his tongue might once more prove false upon the application of the tortures which he knew were awaiting him, made an attempt to remove the frail member. Physical and moral strength, however, failed him in the attempt, and he only inflicted upon himself a wound which the episcopal officers hastened to cure. The bishop himself was, however, indifferent to this incident; he declared that he would make him write his confessions under the application of the torture.

In the mean time, Bonivard obtained from the Archbishop of Vienne, the primate of all the Gauls, a citation for the prince-bishop and the episcopal court before the metropolitan, and he got the citation served upon the prince-bishop himself. The latter paying no attention to the summons, the primate ordered him to deliver up Pécolat under penalty of excommunication. The penalty was actually put in force, the prince-bishop and his officers were excommunicated, the churches were closed, and the populace in revolt delivered the persecuted Pécolat from the dungeons of Peney. This at the very time that the Duke of Savoy and the prince-bishop had obtained letters from the Pope annulling the metropolitan decrees, and forbidding the liberation of the prisoner. The episcopal officers bearing the Papal decree actually met the procession on its way from the castle of Peney to the city, but the people, excited by success, paid no attention to the summons, and the poor tortured man, unable to speak or to use his limbs, was consigned to the convent of the Cordeliers of the Rive, which was held to be an inviolable asylum, and

where he received those attentions which his miserable condition so imperiously demanded.

No one embraced the liberated prisoner with more ardour than Berthelier. The duke had granted him permission to return to Geneva "in order to be tried"—a process which the prince-bishop devoutly believed would end in his decapitation. But Berthelier, relying upon the Swiss alliance, was prepared to confront the danger. Three of the syndics, Ramel, Vandel, and Hugues, were Huguenots. Berthelier presented himself before the whole body to be tried. The two other syndics, Conseil and Navis—the father of a martyred son—demanded that he should be first placed in durance and submitted to the question. Blanchet, and Andrew Navis, son of the syndic, who had participated in the affair of the ass's skin, had in the mean time been arrested at Turin. Twice were they subjected to torture, but without any results. They were then condemned to be decapitated and quartered. This accomplished, the prince-bishop had three-quarters of these unfortunate young men suspended at the gates of Turin, the other quarter of each and the heads were salted, put into barrels, sealed with the arms of the count, brother to the duke, and sent over Mont Cenis. The bearers of these melancholy relics having reached the bridge over the Arve which separated the ducal territories from those of Geneva, they suspended the two heads and the arms to a walnut-tree that stood in front of the church of Notre-Dame de Grâce. This by favour of the night. The next day, the first who passed the bridge carried the news to the citizens, who hastened in crowds to the spot. "It is Navis," they exclaimed, "and Blanchet." Their features were perfectly recognisable, and beneath was the white cross of Savoy, with an inscription to the effect that they were Genevese traitors. The whole city was filled with horror and indignation. The women wept, the men groaned in their anger. Navis, the father, who was serving the cause of the prince-bishop so well in the prosecution of Berthelier, was thunderstruck. The mother was in despair. To the Huguenots these two heads became the signal for resistance. From that time forth the duke and the prince-bishop were only looked upon as two tyrants who sought the destruction and desolation of the city.

Berthelier went about from house to house advocating union with the Swiss, whilst an embassy, composed of three zealous Mamluks, was deputed to Pignerol, where the prince-bishop was at that time, residing amidst those poor Waldenses whom he detested as much as he did the Genevese. The only answer that the deputies could obtain from the prince-bishop was, that he would esteem the citizens loyal subjects if they would aid in putting to death Berthelier, and ten or twelve others whom he named. This reply was further not to be communicated to the council, unless they bound themselves by oath to execute the orders which were given to them. So strange and so excessive an act of despotism made even the Mamluks hesitate. The meeting could not bind itself to unknown orders, and it rose without the communication having been read. A council-general was then summoned to receive the mysterious mandate. The great bell of the cathedral rung, trumpets sounded, and the citizens buckled on their swords to assemble in the hall called La Rive. The same farce was enacted, only with threats on the part of the deputies that if they did not accept the terms indited by the prince-bishop, no man in

Geneva should be in safety of his life; and with retorts on the part of the Genevese, that they would cast the deputies into the Rhône if they did not take back their letter. It was henceforth decided that the council-general should alone decide upon all matters that concerned the liberties of Geneva.

The cruel execution and gibbeting of Navis and Blanchet, and the insolence of the sealed letter, were in the nature of acts that ruin the cause of those who commit them. If the prince-bishop had only enjoyed spiritual power he would never have attempted such, but by superadding worldly to religious domination, he lost both—a just punishment, D'Aubigné observes, for those who forget the words of our Saviour: "My reign is not of this world." The struggle between the laity and the clergy was no new thing. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in France, in Burgundy, and in Flanders, everywhere the prince-bishops and the feudal lords were opposed to the aspiration of the citizens for municipal privileges, or any other form of liberty and independence. Everywhere the cause of the first had triumphed, why should what had happened at Cambray, at Noyon, at Saint Quentin, at Laon, at Amiens, at Soissons, at Sens, at Reims, and at a hundred other places, not also take place at Geneva? Because times and people were changed, and in the sixteenth century the series of defeats, the culminating point of which has not even yet been arrived at, commenced at Geneva. To use the words of D'Aubigné, borrowed again from antiquity, "The epicurean hog, who sat upon the episcopal throne, at once cruel and unclean, trampled in the coarsest possible manner upon the most sacred rights, and prepared, without knowing it, for the glorious advent of the Reformation in Geneva."

Three hundred citizens had signed a petition for alliance with Switzerland, and Hugues and De la Mare were deputed to convey it to Friburg. The consideration of the alliance was also brought before the council-general. But these Huguenots and Mamluks opposed one another with so much violence, that it was impossible to come to a decision. There was a party among the liberals themselves who were also for delay. Berthelier was joined by a new man—de la maison neuve—in urging action and decision. The town thus became divided into two parties. The Huguenots wore a cross on their doublets and a feather in their hats, like the Swiss; the Mamluks wore a bit of holly, and pointing to it would say, as the Scotch of their thistle, "Whosoever touches me pricks his fingers." Street fights became common, and Savoy resolved to take still more decisive steps. The trial of Berthelier was proceeded with. On the 24th of January, 1519, a verdict of "not guilty" was pronounced. Montyon, the first syndic, a zealous Mamluk, but an honest judge, gave the sentence. It was a triumph of liberty and legality that for a moment compromised all the projects of Savoy. The duke resolved, however, not to be thus defeated. He began by sending a deputation, who denounced the chief citizens as conspirators, and who thus excited the whole body of Huguenots against them. On the 6th of February, 1519, the alliance of Geneva with Friburg was carried at the council-general, to the further confusion of the party of Savoy. There were bonfires, shouts, processions, and banquets, throughout the ancient city. The Mamluks, irritated, began to organise themselves. They were prepared to oppose the triumph

of the liberal and the Swiss party by force of arms. They urged the duke to adopt similar measures. The very city that bore the symbol of the two absolute powers on its flag—the key of the popes, and the eagle of the emperors—was proclaiming liberty in the State and liberty in the Church. All Europe began to talk about the Huguenots and the Mamluks as it had once done about the Guelfs and the Gibelins.

The duke, count, and prince-bishop regretted for a moment the excesses to which they had committed themselves. They attempted at first to annul the alliance by intriguing with the Friburgers. But the sturdy Swiss rejected the bribes of a corrupt hierarchy. They then attempted to bribe some of the chiefs of the Huguenots. The Bishop of Maurienne was employed on this disreputable service. It was at that time supposed that every man had his price. Berthelier, who was the first applied to, and who had so long been prepared to lay down his life for the cause of liberty and justice, rejected the bishop's overtures with the contempt they deserved, and the others followed the noble example thus set them.

Charles III. met, however, with greater success in Switzerland. He represented to the Diet that Friburg had acted in this matter without the consent of the cantons, and he obtained that a deputy should be sent to Geneva to exhort the people to desist from their enterprise. The Friburgers, however, held by the alliance, and their deputy arrived at Geneva at the same time as the representative of the Diet. The council-general was once more summoned. The answer given to the Diet was that they were not subjects to the duke, and that they would send a deputy to the cantons to attest that they had done nothing to his prejudice. The alliance was persisted in with loud acclamations, and the deputy of Friburg assured them of the support of Berne.

The duke no longer hesitated, then, to appeal to arms. Only he wished to have it in his power to say that he had a Genevese party, and that he interfered for its sake. To this effect he addressed himself to the Chapter of St. Peter, which represented Catholic interests in the absence of the bishop. The canons who constituted this chapter were, with one exception only, not Genevese. That exception was Navis, a brother of the young man who had been tortured, decapitated, and gibbeted. There were only two liberals among them—the Abbot of Bonmont, the rival of the Prince-Bishop of Savoy, and Bonivard, the learned and lettered Prior of Saint Victor. These canons of noble descent were so intoxicated with their importance that they were ready, like the well-known canons of Lyons, to claim the privilege of not being obliged to kneel at the elevation of the "bon Dieu," as the host is popularly called by the adherents of the doctrine of transubstantiation. The fat and jovial canons inclined their heads and bloated faces, one after the other, before the ducal programme. Bonivard alone raised his voice against it. He argued that the chapter had to deal with ecclesiastical and spiritual matters only, and not to concern themselves with temporalities—thus establishing a distinction long agitated, but never yet thoroughly carried out—so great is the influence of the Church in all states. When the decision of the chapter became known, the people assembled on the Place Molard, and resolved to pay a visit to the canons, who, to a man, were held in contempt for the disorderly lives that they led, and to bid them concern themselves with their own affairs, and not with those of the state; and

they would have carried out their intentions had it not been for the interference of Bonivard, to whom they appealed in their extremity, and who, torch in hand, opposed himself to their progress, quieting them by saying that the letter refusing the alliance of Friburg had not yet been despatched. The canons, terrified, agreed to alter the words of the letter, and said, in the quaint wording of the time, that they were desirous of living under no other protection but that of God and of "Monsieur Saint Pierre," and that as to the alliance of Friburg, they neither cared to accept it nor to refuse it.

The duke, upon this new defeat, raised an army as quickly and yet as secretly as he could. He wished to act without giving time for the interference of the Friburgers and the Bernese. The Savoyard lords summoned their vassals, and the army was placed under the command of Montrotier, a good soldier, cousin of Bonivard. Marching by night, he assembled ten thousand men around Geneva, before the citizens knew even of their approach. Charles III. was himself at St. Julian, only a league from the devoted city. "These turbulent shopkeepers," exclaimed some of the haughty lords, "must be subjected with a horsewhip." No sooner said than done. Fifteen knights started for the city, and handing their horses to their valets, presented themselves before the council-general booted and spurred. "His highness," they arrogantly announced, "being desirous to enter the city, orders that all arms be laid aside and the gates opened." The Genevese senators quietly answered, if the duke was coming on a peaceful mission the arms might be used for his protection. "His highness," retorted the knights, "will come into your city when and how he pleases." "Then," replied the syndics, "we shall not let him come in." At these words the knights rose to a man, and said, haughtily, "We shall come in spite of your teeth, and we shall do with you just what we like." And, stamping on the floor with their boots, they left the place and cantered off back to St. Julian.

There were ten or twelve thousand souls in Geneva, including women and children, while the Savoyards were ten thousand strong without. It is not surprising, then, that besides the party that was in favour of Savoy, there were also many who shrank from hostilities. "The spirit of the Reformation," says D'Aubigné, "was destined to give them, at a later epoch, the courage and endurance that was then wanting." Berthelier and his followers alone held firm, and Hugues went off to claim the aid of the Friburgers. The ensuing day the king-at-arms, Provena of Chablais, presented himself before the council with a still more insulting message. The council held firm; whereupon the herald cast his wand (gaule, the chroniclers call it) into their midst, and defied them on the part of the duke. The people were terrified, but the Huguenots prepared for resistance, and compelled the Mamluks to give aid. The duke deemed it wise, on seeing this, to temporise, and he asked to be allowed to enter the city with a suite of only a few hundred men. Another council-general was held, and the opposition party, who were in favour of conciliation, not gaining their point, they treacherously abandoned the city, and went over to the Savoyards. The canons and priests followed their example, and joined the duke at Gaillard. A plot was then laid to let the Savoyards into the city at night-time, but it was counteracted by the loyalty of an arquebusier, who, firing his piece at the

moment the Mamluks were about to open the gates to the enemy, roused the citizens, and the Count of Genevois and his horsemen were obliged to beat a hasty retreat. A herald had arrived in the mean time from Friburg, who recommended submission, and the duke having promised to enter with a limited suite, and to harm neither the commonalty nor any individual, he was at length admitted into the city. The duke, as might have been expected, broke his faith. He entered the city with his whole army, and Geneva was delivered up to the sack as if it had been taken by assault. Four syndics, twenty-one councillors, and a number of notable citizens, making altogether forty, were proscribed. Luckily, at this crisis, a body of Swiss, some thirteen or fourteen thousand strong, arrived at Liellins, and despatched a herald to the duke, summoning him, at his peril, not to hurt the Genevese citizens. Hugues had arrived at Friburg, and by his eloquence had won over this auxiliary force. It is an old and oft-tried proverb, that the most haughty and tyrannical are generally the most cowardly. The recreant duke, who had entered the city upon his "superbe haquenée" over the ruins of the gates, and the valiant count upon his "roussin" (entire horse), with breastplate and helmet with a great plume, felt that they had acted without faith both to the Genevese and to Marti, the envoy of the Friburgers, and they now changed their tactics, and proclaimed that if any one did harm to the citizens, it would be under penalty of the "hart" (being strangled). The Huguenots, on their side, picked up courage, and began to ridicule the men who had so treacherously obtained possession of the city. It was Lent, and the army had to feed upon the little fish now called féras, but at that time "besolles," so the citizens designated this war as that of the "Besolles"—a name that ever after remained to it. Zurich, Berne, and Soleure decided that the alliance of the Friburgers should be withdrawn if the duke, on his side, would withdraw his troops. He was only too happy to accept of the alternative, and the Savoyards left the city with much less haughtiness than they had effected their entrance, and leaving, sad to say, the plague behind them.

But worse even than the plague that decimated the city were the traitors who were within its bosom. Bonivard, who had fled from his priory, which was without the city, at the approach of the Savoyards, was betrayed by two friends—the Lord of Voruz and the Abbot of Mantheron—in whom he had placed every confidence, and was imprisoned in the Château of Grolée, on the Rhône, and afterwards in the well-known dungeons of Chillon. His priory was made over to the treacherous abbot, while Voruz received two hundred florins. The prince-bishop next re-enacted the part played by the duke. He asked for admission for himself and suite, promising to protect every citizen in his rights. He was allowed to enter with five hundred men-at-arms. Berthelier was at once arrested, walking in the meadows now called "Savoises," with a pet kid in his arms, and was imprisoned in Cæsar's Tower, in the Castle of L'Ile. The patriot was less concerned than his friends at his arrest. He had always foretold his end, and had held by the well-known Horatian proverb, "Dulce et decorum pro patria mori." He trusted also in his Saviour, for he wrote upon the walls of his prison, "Non morior sed vivans et narrabo opera Domini." D'Aubigné, how-

ever,—the days of Reformation not having yet come—would almost deprive the patriot of the credit of faith in his Redeemer—albeit he was so important an instrument, in the hands of Providence, in the much-wanted cleansing of the worship then paid to the great apostle of liberty and morality. It was indeed at this very moment (1519) that the Christians of Wittemberg were rising up against absolute power in spiritual things, that Berthelier was about to seal by his death the struggle of his Huguenot compatriots against absolute power in a temporal hierarchy. In the presence of death he sought for comfort in the Word of God and not in the rites of the priesthood, "which is the essence of Protestantism." Berthelier had also imbibed from antiquity the notion that the voluntary sacrifice of an innocent life out of love for one's country, has a mysterious power in ensuring its safety. But if he was willing to save Geneva, the Genevese were also resolved upon an attempt to save him. But the Mamluks joined themselves to the men-at-arms of the prince-bishop to prevent any attempt at rescue. Berthelier was led forth from the castle on the 23rd of August, 1519, and was decapitated, upon a little bit of land, so protected by the fortress on one side and the Rhône on the other, that fifty men could have defended it against all the citizens of Geneva. François de Ternier, Lord of Pontverre, one of the most violent enemies of the Genevese, who commanded at this judicial assassination, was himself put to death, at a subsequent period, on the same spot. The patriot's head was, after his death, promenaded through the city to Champel, the ordinary place of execution, where it was gibbeted, and thence it was removed to the bridge of the Arve, where the heads of Navis and Blanchet had so long swung. The Genevese, from that day forth, no longer looked upon their pastor the prince-bishop as aught but an assassin. The waters of the Rhône, they said, might flow over that cursed spot for ages, they would never wash out the blood that stained it.

A reign of terror followed in Geneva upon the execution of Berthelier, and all Huguenots were excluded from public offices; but, notwithstanding the edicts of the prince-bishop, they still continued to hold secret meetings. Amédée de Joye, who two years previously had taken a black idol of wood, much venerated by the Catholics, and called by them Saint Babolin, and cast it among its followers, exclaiming, "It is the devil, and he is going to eat you all up," was the next victim of importance; but his judges, seeing in this act only a joke, connived at his evasion. Others were, however, less lucky. Bonivard relates in his chronicles that people were imprisoned, beat, tortured, and hung and decapitated, till the whole city was in a state of consternation. Minds became superstitiously excited, and believed that a doom hung over the place. One frenzied girl ran about the streets, crying, "Le maz mugnier! le maz molin! le maz molu! tout est perdu!" Bad miller! bad mill! bad sheep! The miller was the prince, the mill the constitution, the sheep the people!

But neither the spirit nor the people of Geneva were as yet extinguished. The prince-bishop, who had long been struck down by disease and debility, was obliged to seek the warmer climate of Pignerol, and the Huguenots, disembarrassed of their persecutors, began to raise their heads again. They demanded the revocation of all edicts that were opposed to the ancient civic privileges from the episcopal vicar, or declared that they

would appeal to the metropolitan of Vienne. The vicar gave way, and the spirits of the patriots were proportionately raised. Levrier, whose brother-in-law, Chambet, had been tortured and maimed, merely because he was a Huguenot, was charged with a mission to Rome to demand the deposition of the prince-bishop, but the Pope anticipated the request by ordering the prelate not to return to Geneva. The Huguenots re-established at the same time their rights to vote and to election to public offices. The rich priests having refused to contribute their share to the war of the "Besolles," and cast the responsibility upon the working classes, the latter demurred. D'Aubigné will not have it that Luther interfered in any way at Geneva, save by his writings. This is doubtful. Bonivard avows that Luther had sent instructions to Geneva. The question is, were these of a practical or of a merely theoretical character? Be this as it may, his influence had already made itself felt in a place so well prepared by priestly tyranny and persecutions to receive it, and the egotism of the priests upon this occasion caused the words of Luther to be appealed to, that there was not one word in the Bible concerning the Papacy, and that the power of the sovereign-pastor ought not to be made use of to strangle the sheep of Jesus Christ, and to cast them to the wolves. The priests, hearing the name of Luther, organised processions to exorcise the arch-heretic of Wittemberg. One day that they had thus proceeded without the city, the Huguenots were actually on the point of closing the gates against them, and shutting the whole lot out of the city. They had learnt from Luther that "a Christian elected by Christians to preach the Gospel, was more truly a priest than if he had been consecrated by all the bishops and the popes." The counsels of the more wise and moderate among them prevailed, and they did not proceed to such extremities. The canons, priests, and monks, however, got such a fright, that they consented to pay their share of the expenses of the war. Montheron, to whom Bonivard's priory of Saint Victor had been made over, did not long enjoy the fruits of his treachery. Having gone to Rome, Bonivard relates, some abbots, who envied his cure, invited him to "a Romanesque banquet, at which they gave him some cardinal's powder, which purged his soul out of his body." It was with the same useful powder that the guilty soul of Pope Alexander VI. had been expelled from this world. The miserable John of Savoy was at this time extended on a couch of death at Pignerol. His death, according to Galiffe and Bonivard, was a most signal instance of Divine judgment. He was covered with foul ulcers, and suffered horribly. He was surrounded by greedy satellites, who awaited his last moments to pillage him. His room was filled with the shadows of his victims. The cross when presented to him appeared as if dipped in gore, and he rejected it with horror. Outrages and blasphemies mingled with the froth of a moribund on his trembling lips. But with his dying breath he acknowledged his guilt and his murderous acts.

D'Aubigné's work is, as will be seen up to this point, a stirring tale, full of incidents, narrated with unwonted spirit and picturesque power, and we shall possibly devote a few more pages to the consideration of the events that preceded the advent of Calvin in Geneva—one of the great epochs in the history of the religious and intellectual development of the human mind.